

The Illustrated
**LONDON
NEWS**

October 1980 75p



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6987 Volume 268 October 1980

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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade.* *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Colette. Musical based on the life of the French writer, played by Cleo Laine, directed by Wendy Toye. Story & music by John Dankworth. *Comedy Theatre, Panton St, SW1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklin as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an aging Shakespearean actor and his loyal dresser has settled into success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Duet for One. Frances de la Tour plays a crippled woman in Tom Kempinski's comedy transferred from the Bush Theatre. Directed by Roger Smith, with David de Keyser. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak" whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s, & who spent his last years in the London Hospital. Redoubtably acted by David Schofield & Peter McNery. *Lyttelton.*

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Flare Path. Terence Rattigan's play about bomber pilots & their wives during the Second World War. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Until Oct 11.

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

The Greeks, written & directed by Steven Berkoff. *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

The Hothouse, written & directed by Harold Pinter, with Derek Newark & Angela Pleasence. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play owes a great deal now to a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon, & to a full production by John Dexter. *Oliver.*

Loot. Comedy by Joe Orton, directed by Kenneth Williams. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until Oct 4.

Macbeth, directed by Bryan Forbes. With Peter O'Toole, Frances Tomelty & Brian Blessed. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.*

Macbeth. Sound & forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.*

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merchant of Venice. Directed by George Murcell, with Brian Oulton as Shylock & Jenny Oulton as Portia. *St George's.*

The Merchant of Venice, directed by Michael Meacham. With Timothy West as Shylock & Maureen O'Brien as Portia. *Old Vic.*

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

The Mummy's Tomb, written and directed by Ken Hill, with Adrienne Posta and Anna Sharkey. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Square, E15.* Until Oct 11.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Liz Robertson as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Oklahoma! Revival of Rodgers & Hammerstein's musical, directed by James Hammerstein. With John Diedrich, Alfred Molina & Rosamund Shelley. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

One Fine Day. Nicholas Wright's comedy set in a teacher training college in East Africa. Directed by John Burgess. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Oct 1-5.

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Oliver.*

Pal Joey. Musical directed by Robert Walker, with Denis Lawson & Siân Phillips. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.* From Sept 25.

The Passion. Newly extended version of Bill Bryden's production, with Tony Harrison. Part 1: the Creation to the Nativity; Part 2: the Nativity to the Judgment. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Part 1, Until Oct 17; Part 2, Until Oct 18.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Sacred Cow. One-man show of songs & sketches by Australian Reg Livermore. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Carteret & Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Oliver.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play; the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.* Until Oct 11.

Sweeney Todd. In spite of Stephen Sondheim's music, the expertise of two principals, Denis Quilley & Sheila Hancock, & an elaborate production by Harold Prince, this narrative of the "demon barber of Fleet Street" is oddly repetitive & unprofitable. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

Taking Steps. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman. With Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Patgett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Three Sisters. Trevor Nunn's production of Chekhov's play transferred from The Other Place. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* From Sept 25.

Time & the Conways. Allan Strachan directs this revival of J. B. Priestley's study of English family life between the wars. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.*

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels, with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-

fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Watch on the Rhine by Lillian Hellman. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Peggy Ashcroft. *Lyttelton.*

The Winter's Tale. New production with Moira Redmond, Alex Scott & Eric Lander. *St George's.*

First nights

Rattle of a Simple Man, by Charles Dyer, with Pauline Collins, John Alderton and John Challis. Directed by Peter Egan. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.* Sept 18.

Enjoy. New play by Alan Bennett, directed by Ronald Eyre, with Joan Plowright and Colin Blakeley. *Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Surrey.* Sept 29-Oct 11. Transfers to *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.* Oct 15.

King Lear, directed by Frank Dunlop, with Philip Locke, Andrew Robertson and Alfred Lynch. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Oct 1.

They're Playing Our Song. Neil Simon's hit Broadway musical with Gemma Craven & Tom Conti. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Oct 1.

Traitors, by Stephen Sewell, with John Castle and Emma Piper. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Oct 2.

Junio & the Paycock by Sean O'Casey, directed by Trevor Nunn. With Judi Dench & Norman Rodway. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Oct 7.

The Wild Duck. Ibsen's play, translated by Ronald Hingley, is directed by Michael Blakemore. With Nerys Hughes & Richard Briers. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Oct 7–Nov 1.

The Country Wife. Restoration comedy by William Wycherley. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Oct 7-25.

The Potsdam Quartet. Black comedy by David Pinner set against the conference of 1945. Directed by David Giles. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Oct 9–Nov 8.

Sugar & Spice. Contemporary play by Nigel Williams about a group of girls sharing a King's Road flat. With Toyah Willcox. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Oct 13–Nov 1.

Sight Unseen. New play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn & performed by his company from Scarborough. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Oct 14-25.

Nutcracker Sweet. Whirligig Children's Theatre perform a new play written & directed by David Wood. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* Oct 14-25.

The Importance of Being Earnest. The Leicester Haymarket Theatre's production of the original four-act version of Wilde's play, directed by Robin Midgley. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Oct 14.

Pygmalion by George Bernard Shaw. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Oct 15–Nov 1.

The Romans in Britain. New play by Howard Brenton, directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Oliver, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Oct 16.

The Last of Mrs Cheyne. New revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy. Directed by Nigel Patrick, with Joan Collins in the title role. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.* Oct 21.

The Provok'd Wife. Restoration comedy by Vanbrugh, directed by Peter Wood. With Geraldine McEwan & Dorothy Tutin. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Oct 28.

Hansel & Gretel. New play by David Rudkin, directed by Ron Daniels. With Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* Oct 29.

The Crucible. Arthur Miller's play directed by Bill Bryden. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Oct 30.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

Airplane. Possibly funny send-up of the American air-bound disaster movies. The problem is they were pretty risible in the first place.

All That Jazz. Ritzzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all the way through.

Bad Timing. A complex, allusive account of an obsessive love affair set in modern Vienna. Nicolas Roeg directs & the result has the fascination of an animated mosaic.

Being There. Or how an illiterate gardener became a Washington pundit. The late Peter Sellers in fine form but the fable looks stretched & implausible when set against a realistic background.

The Black Stallion. A truly awe-inspiring film about a boy who trains & rides a headstrong Arab

stallion. Carroll Ballard, the director, has created a durable masterwork.

Breaking Glass. Standard rock movie about the rise and fall of an exploited female star. Hazel O'Connor gives a glittering debut and Brian Gibson directs efficiently but we have heard (and seen) it all before.

Bronceo Billy. A simple-minded film about a tat circus that attracts a motley crew of fantasists. Clint Eastwood as the headman plays against the grain of his own naturally heroic presence.

Brubaker. Robert Redford plays a warden called in to investigate scandals & corruption on an American prison farm. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Yaphet Kotto & Jane Alexander.

Caddyshack. Rude, ramshackle film about the disruptive elements on a country-club golf-course. The kind of film that gets crudity a bad name.

Can't Stop the Music. Musical set in New York & Los Angeles about the rise to fame of a group The Village People. Directed by Nancy Walker, with Valerie Perrine & Bruce Jenner.

Chapter Two. Love story about a widowed novelist & divorced actress, directed by Robert Moore. With James Caan, Marsha Mason & Valerie Harper.

Courage, Fuyons! A whimsical French comedy about the amorous escapades of a natural coward (Jean Rochefort) who falls in with a blonde chanteuse (Catherine Deneuve). Jolly nonsense.

Don Giovanni. Joseph Losey directs this film of Mozart's opera with Ruggiero Raimondi in the title role, Edda Moser, Kiri te Kanawa & Teresa Berganza. Maazel conducts the Paris Opera Company.

Fame. Noisy, confident, overblown Alan Parker film about a group of young Manhattan student performers. You feel Parker is not much interested in the people themselves but the movie has all of Parker's usual raucous energy.

The Fiendish Plot of Dr Fu Manchu. In his last film the late Peter Sellers plays two roles—the 168-year-old doctor in search of the elixir of youth & the detective pursuing him. Directed by Piers Haggard.

Fingers. Violent story of a young man who wants to become a pianist like his mother, but is dragged into the world of gangsters by his father. Written & directed by James Toback, with Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown & Michael V. Gazzo.

Foxes. The story of four teenage girls growing up in Los Angeles. Directed by Adrian Lyne, with Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman & Randy Quaid.

Harlequin. A faith-healer is called in by an Australian government official to cure his son. Directed by Simon Wincer, with Robert Powell, David Hemmings, Carmen Duncan & Broderick Crawford.

Heartbeat. Thriller about a group of young Americans growing up after the Second World War. Directed by John Byrum, with Nick Nolte.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child. Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

The Last Flight of Noah's Ark. Disney film directed by Charles Jarrott with Elliott Gould as a bankrupt pilot flying a missionary, animals & two stowaway children to a South Pacific island.

Little Miss Marker. A remake of the old Runyon fable about the bookie and the tot but worth catching for the sake of Walter Matthau as Sorrowful Jones, a slit-eyed, melon-nosed seeming-misanthrope with a heart as big as Grand Central Station.

Long Weekend. First film by Colin Eggleston about nature striking back at a materialist city couple. Highly promising with horror suggested rather than stated.

Lover Boy. A boy of 15 falls in love with a call-girl. Directed by Bernard Queysanne, with Mimsy Farmer & Pascal Sellier.

McVicar. Based on the events surrounding John McVicar & his escape from Durham prison. Directed by Tom Clegg, with Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith & Cheryl Campbell.

The Marriage of Maria Braun. Hanna Schygulla plays a war-bride whose husband reappears after being presumed dead. Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

Mon Oncle d'Amérique. Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre in an examination of how crises bring about changes in human relationships. Directed by Alain Resnais.

Nijinsky. Based on the life of the Russian ballet dancer, starring George de la Peña as Nijinsky, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne & Anton Dolin. Directed by Herbert Ross.

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Mozart, Idomeneo. Oct 24, 7.15pm.

The Clerkes of Oxenford, director Wulstan. Byrd, Mass for five voices interspersed with Propers for All Saints' Day, Motets: Infelix ego, Miserere mei, Laudibus in sanctis, Defecit in dolore, Domine quis habitabit, Laetentur coeli. Oct 25, 7.30pm.

Academy of Ancient Music, director Hogwood; Emma Kirkby, soprano; Clare Shanks, oboe; Michael Copley, recorder. Venetian music of the 17th & 18th centuries. Oct 28, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Sacher; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano; Maldwyn Davies, tenor; Christopher Keyte, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 22 (The Philosopher), Mass No 11 in B flat (Creation). Oct 29, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Bach organ festival. Wolfgang Rübsam, organ. Oct 1; Margaret Phillips. Oct 8; Albert De Klerk. Oct 15; Keith John. Oct 22; Arno Schönstedt. Oct 29; 5.55pm. FH.

London Sinfonietta Voices, conductor Brooks. The American experimental tradition: Fulkerson, Ives, Heinrich, Farwell, Billings, Cage, Bruce. Oct 1, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. Mozart, Violin Concerto in D K211; Bruckner, Symphony No 7. Oct 2, 8pm. FH.

Maurizio Pollini, piano. Chopin, 24 Preludes Op 28; Debussy, Preludes from Book 1 Nos 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10; Stravinsky, Three movements from Petrushka. Oct 3, 8pm. FH.

Geraint Jones Orchestra, conductor Jones; Mitsuko Shirai, soprano; Hartmut Höll, piano; Winifred Roberts, violin. Mozart, Violin Concerto in G K216, Piano Concerto in B flat K456, Ch'io mi scordi di te, Non temer amato bene. Oct 3, 7.45pm. EH.

Taverner Players & Choir, conductor Parrott; Emma Kirkby, Patrizia Kwella, sopranos; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Richard Savage, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 60 (Il Distratto); Mozart, Mass in C minor K427. Oct 4, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Annie Fischer, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 1; Bruckner, Symphony No 7. Oct 5, 3.15pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Maag; Earl Wild, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 39; Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Mendelssohn, Incidental music to A Midsummer Night's Dream. Oct 5, 7.30pm. FH. **Aeolian String Quartet**; Pierre Fournier, cello. Schubert, String Quartet in A minor D804, String Quintet in C D956. Oct 5, 3pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, Jean-Bernard Pommer, conductor & piano. Stravinsky, Danses Concertantes; Mozart, Piano Concerto in F K413; Tchaikovsky, Souvenir de Florence. Oct 5, 7.15pm. EH.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; John Lill, piano. Stravinsky, Suite Pulcinella; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Fauré, Pavane; Schubert, Symphony No 3. Oct 6, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Pritchard; Dmitri Alexeev, piano. Bax, Symphonic poem: Tintagel; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 1; Dvorak, Symphony No 7. Oct 8, 8pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Previn; Cristina Ortiz, piano. Brahms, Variations on the St Anthony Choral; Prokofiev, Piano Concerto No 3; Elgar, Enigma Variations. Oct 9, 8pm. FH.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Rattle; Alison Hargan, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Peter Knapp, baritone. Symonowski, Stabat Mater; Mahler, Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). Oct 10, 8pm. FH.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell. Bach, Suite No 1, Brandenburg Concerto No 3; Fasch, Concerto Grosso in F; Handel, Water Music Suites 1 & 2. Oct 10, 7.45pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, Philip Ledger, director & harpsichord; Jose-Luis Garcia, violin; William Bennett, flute. Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 5; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. Oct 11, 8pm. FH.

Schütz Consort of London, London Baroque Players, conductor Norrington. Cantatas of the German Baroque: Schütz, Tunder, Hammerschmidt, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Zachow, Biber, Telemann. Oct 11, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, André Previn, conductor & piano. Strauss, Don Juan; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C K491; Debussy, Prélude à

l'après-midi d'un faune; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian). Oct 12, 3.15pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano. Mozart, Masonic Funeral Music; Strauss, Five songs; Stravinsky, Petrushka (original complete version). Oct 12, 7.30pm. FH.

Peter Katin, piano. Beethoven, Six Variations Op 34, Sonata in D Op 10 No 3, Schubert, Sonata in B flat D960. Oct 12, 3pm. EH.

Pro Opera Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Head. Siegfried Wagner, Der Kobold (concert performance in German). Oct 12, 7.15pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Lewis; Malcolm Binns, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), Symphony No 5. Oct 14, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Victoria Postnikova, piano; Jill Gomez, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Kenneth Woollam, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. Prokofiev, Dreams, Piano Concerto No 2; Tippett, A Child of Our Time. Oct 15, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Tennstedt. Mahler, Symphony No 7. Oct 16, 8pm; Oct 19, 3.15pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Stravinsky, Jeu de Cartes; Berg, Violin Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 4. Oct 17, 8pm. FH.

English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir, conductor Gardiner; Patrizia Kwella, soprano. Purcell, Ode for St Cecilia's Day 1683; Welcome to all the Pleasures, Masque of Aerial Spirits; Monteverdi, Vago augeletto, Lamento d'Arianna, Ah! troppo duro, Dolcissimo uscignolo, Chi vuol haver felice, Lamento della Ninfa, Movete al mio bel suon. Oct 18, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Vladimir Ashkenazy, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K414; Sibelius, Symphony No 5. Oct 19, 7.30pm. FH.

The English Concert; Trevor Pinnock, Kenneth Gilbert, harpsichords; Simon Standage, violin. Handel, Concerto Grosso Op 6 No 12, Op 6 No 9; Bach, Concertos in C & C minor for two harpsichords & strings BWV 1061, BWV 1060; Leclair, Concerto in A minor for violin & strings. Oct 19, 7.15pm. EH.

Vienna Symphony Orchestra, conductor Sawalisch. Mozart, Symphony No 36 (Linz); von Einem, Ludi Leopoldini—variations on a theme by the Emperor Leopold I Op 55; Bruckner, Symphony No 4 (Romantic). Oct 20, 8pm. FH.

Allegri String Quartet; Jack Brymer, clarinet. Brahms, String Quartet in B flat Op 67, Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op 115; Haydn, String Quartet in C (The Bird). Oct 21, 7.45pm. EH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Vaughan Williams, Symphony No 5; Prokofiev, Violin Concerto No 1; Stravinsky, The Rite of Spring. Oct 22, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Kraemer; William Bennett, flute; Steven Isserlis, cello. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 4; Haydn, Cello Concerto in D; Gluck, Dance of the Blessed Spirits (Orfeo); Musgrave, Orfeo II; Suk, Serenade in E flat. Oct 22, 7.45pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Abbado; Martha Argerich, piano. Mussorgsky, Oedipus in Athens, The Destruction of Sennacherib; Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Bartók, The Miraculous Mandarin. Oct 23, 8pm. FH.

Yitkin Seow, piano. Prokofiev, Rachmaninov, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy. Oct 23, 7.45pm. EH.

London Bach Society, Steinitz Bach Players, Bulmershe Girls' Choir; conductor Steinitz; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Sarah Walker, alto; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass; William Cole, organ. Bach, Mass in B minor. Oct 24, 8pm. FH.

London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir, conductor Gaddam; Jacquelyn Fugelle, soprano; Alastair Thompson, tenor; Graham Titus, bass; Leslie Pearson, harpsichord. Haydn, The Seasons (in German). Oct 25, 7.45pm. EH.

Segovia, classical guitar. Oct 26, 3.15pm. FH.

City of London Sinfonia, conductor Hickox; Christina Ortiz, piano. Handel, Concerto Grosso Op 3 No 2; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter); Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 2. Oct 26, 7.30pm. FH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Andrew Haigh, piano. A Night in Vienna. Oct 26, 7.15pm. EH.

Songmakers' Almanac, Felicity Lott, soprano;

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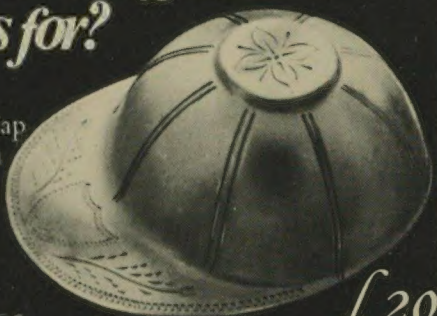
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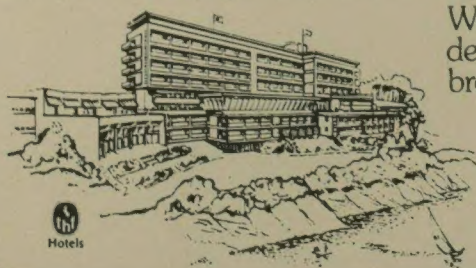
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Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Liederspiele: Songs & quartets by Schumann & Brahms. Oct 26, 7pm. PR.

Scottish National Orchestra, conductor Gibson; Yuri Egorov, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1; Schumann, Symphony No 4. Oct 27, 8pm. FH. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Tennstedt; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Schubert, Symphony No 9 (Great). Oct 28, 8pm. FH.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Paul Tortelier, cello. Mozart, Symphony No 25; Haydn, Cello Concerto in C; Tchaikovsky, Rocco Variations; Dvorak, Czech Suite. Oct 29, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Pope. Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). Oct 30, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ashkenazy; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 4. Oct 31, 8pm. FH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Paul O'Dette, Christopher Wilson, lutes. Italian & English lute solos & duets. Oct 1, 7.30pm.

Musica Antiqua of Cologne, director Goebel. Pachelbel, Suite in E minor; Vivaldi, Sonata Op 1 No 12 for two violins & continuo; Biber, Partita No 5 in G minor; Schmelzer, Polish bagpipes. Oct 2, 7.30pm.

Musica Antiqua of London, Philip Thorby, director, viol & wind; Margaret Philpot, alto; Margaret Westlake, William Hunt, viol & wind; Jakob Lindberg, lute; Andrew Watts, viol. Music in Italy in 1500. Josquin, Isaac, Tromboncino, Cara & Millias. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble; Thomas Allen, baritone. Schubert, Notturmo D897, Songs; Spohr, Piano & Wind Quintet in C minor; Loewe, Songs; Weber, Clarinet Quintet in B flat. Oct 4, 7.30pm.

Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Clifford Benson, piano. Bartók, Rhapsody No 1; Grieg, Sonata in A minor; Chopin, Introduction & Polonaise brillante; Brahms, Sonata in F. Oct 5, 7.30pm.

Dorothea Law, piano. Schubert, Three pieces op posth, Sonata in A minor D784; Schumann, Fantasia in C Op 17; Liszt, Variations on "Weinen, Klagen". Oct 6, 7.30pm.

Jean-Marie Fournier, piano. Brahms, Rhapsody Op 79 No 1, Intermezzo Op 117 No 2; Schumann, Etudes symphoniques; Debussy, Images Book 2; Liszt, Funérailles, Rêve d'amour, Hungarian Rhapsody No 6. Oct 13, 7.30pm.

Francis Thomas, baritone; **Michael Cleaver**, piano. Schumann, Liederkreis Op 24; Wolf, Michelangelo Lieder; R. Strauss, Two Songs; Warlock, Seven Songs; Searle, Two Sitwell Songs; Duparc, Five Songs. Oct 18, 3.30pm.

Jeffrey Siegel, piano. Mozart, Sonata in D K576; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat Op 110; Grieg, Ballade Op 24, Nocturne Op 54 No 4, Shepherd Boy Op 54 No 1, Norwegian Dance Op 38 No 4; Chopin, Ballade in G minor Op 23. Oct 19, 3.30pm.

Joan Dickson, cello; Joyce Rathbone, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in F Op 5 No 1, Sonata in D Op 102 No 2; Lidholm, Quattro pezzi; Chopin, Sonata Op 65. Oct 19, 7.30pm.

Bochmann String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in D Op 76 No 5; Bartók, Quartet No 2; Smetana, Quartet No 1 in E minor. Oct 23, 7.30pm.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until Dec 31, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

The Ancient Olympic Games. Scale model of the site at Olympia, statues, vessels & artifacts illustrating athletic events. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Oct 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Benedictines in Britain. Major exhibition of Benedictine life & achievement, through MSS books dating from the Middle Ages, in celebration of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Blitz: life in the shelters. Bill Brandt's wartime photographs. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Nov 2, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

60p.

British Art Now. British Council & Exxon Corporation exhibition recently touring the US shows works by eight promising British artists. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1*. Oct 18-Dec 14, daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price Sun till 1.45pm).

The British in Italy: five centuries of guide books and tourism. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Oct 26.

British Philatelic Exhibition. *Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx*. Oct 1-4, Weds 11am-9pm, £1.20, Thurs, Fri 10am-8pm, Sat 10am-6pm, 60p (half-price Thurs, Fri from 5.30pm).

Ralph Brown RA, Christopher Hall, Eric Luke, Laurence Wallace, paintings, drawings, sculptures & graphics. *Business Art Galleries, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Sept 26-Oct 24, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Caring for objects, eight conservation workshops including stained glass, musical instruments, clocks, books & textiles. *Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1*. Until Nov 1, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Early Armenian Printing, 1512-1850. Display to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 31.

Embroiderers' Guild 1980 exhibition of selected members' work. *Commonwealth Art Gallery, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8*. Sept 26-Oct 19, Mon-Sat 10.30am-4pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p.

The English country parson. MSS illustrating the lives & varied interests of country parsons from 17th to 19th centuries. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Jan 1981.

15th-century Persian painting. The classical period of Persian book-painting. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Feb 1981.

French 19th-century paintings of town & country, including works by Boudin, Corot, Daubigny, Manet, Monet & Pissarro. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Oct 29-Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Thomas Gainsborough. Major exhibition including 115 paintings & 55 drawings from collections all over the world. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Oct 8-Jan 4, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Gainsborough exhibition only, Tues, Thurs until 7.50pm. £1 (50p Tues, Thurs 6-7.50pm).

Guild of Glass Engravers annual exhibition including demonstrations of engraving techniques. *Glaziers' Hall, London Bridge, SE1*. Oct 22-29, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm.

Hayward Annual 1980, painting & sculpture selected by John Hoyland. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Until Oct 12, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 80p.

Sam Herman, new collection of studio glass. *Liberty's, Regent St, W1*. Until Oct 9, Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat from 9.30am.

International Home Improvement exhibition. *Earl's Court, SW5*. Oct 3-5, Fri 9.30am-9pm, Sat until 6.30pm, Sun noon-6.30pm. £1.

International Motor Show. *National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham*. Oct 17-26, daily 10am-7.30pm, Oct 26 until 5.30pm. Oct 17 £5, then £2.

Japanese prints, 300 years of books & albums. *British Museum*. Until Oct 5.

Donald McCullin, photographs. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Oct 22-Jan 25. 50p.

Madagascar, stamps from the collection of Gavin Fryer. *Stanley Gibbons' Romano House Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2*. Sept 30-Oct 31, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm.

Medicines for Man. How man discovered remedies, the ways they work and how they are tested. *Science Museum*. Until Nov 2.

Miles Ahead: British car design. A look behind the scenes of the British motor industry. *Design Centre*. Oct 8-Nov 15.

Miniature textiles. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2*. Until Oct 4, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.

100 years of Rosenthal: a commitment to the future. *Rosenthal Studio House, 102 Brompton Rd, SW3*. Oct 29-Nov 12, Mon-Sat 9am-6pm, Weds until 7pm.

Victor Pasmore, recent etchings. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Nov 2, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Victor Pasmore, Arts Council major retrospective exhibition of 50 paintings & etchings from five decades of the artist's work. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Oct 19. 80p (half-price Sun until

1.45pm).

Camille Pissarro 1830-1903. Paintings, drawings & prints in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the artist's birth. *Hayward Gallery*. Oct 29-Jan 4. £1.50.

Princely Magnificence. Court jewels of the Renaissance 1500-1630, from 13 countries. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Oct 15-Feb 1. £1.50, Sat 50p.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 1981.

Second sight. Titian's "Portrait of a Man" & Rembrandt's "Self Portrait" compared & contrasted. *National Gallery*. Oct 8-Dec 7.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1*. Until Oct 19, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

Stanley Spencer RA. A definitive retrospective exhibition of paintings & drawings, in co-operation with the Tate Gallery. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Dec 14. £1.50 (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Tapestries for the Nation: acquisitions from 1970-1980. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Oct 8-end 1981.

Ten modern masters. Rooms devoted to the work of Bacon, Caro, Dubuffet, Gabo, Giacometti, Hepworth, Hitchens, Moore, Nicholson & Rothko. *Tate Gallery*. Until Dec.

Three hundred years of London's post, the development of the capital's mail system. *National Postal Museum, King Edward St, EC1*. Until end 1980, Mon-Fri 10am-4.30pm.

Turner, perspective drawings. *Tate Gallery*. Until Dec.

The varieties of western woodcuts, showing the wide range of uses to which the medium has been put in Europe. *British Museum*. Until Oct 5.

Carel Weight CBE, RA. Paintings, including a series done as illustrations for "Hamlet" in a special edition of Shakespeare's plays illustrated by contemporary artists. *New Grafton Gallery*. Sept 25-Oct 16.

Antiques fairs

Perthshire Antiques Fair. *Station Hotel, Perth, Tayside*. Oct 2-4.

Surrey Antiques Fair. *Civic Hall, Guildford, Surrey*. Oct 11-18.

Hereford Antiques Fair. *Green Dragon Hotel, Hereford*. Oct 14-16.

Oxford Antiques Fair. *Town Hall, Oxford*. Oct 14-18.

Bath Antiques Fair. *Assembly Rooms, Bath, Avon*. Oct 22-25.

Antiques Market. *The Bull, Olney, Bucks*. Oct 26.

York Antiques Fair. *Assembly Rooms, York*. Oct 30-Nov 1.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Watercolours & drawings. Oct 1, 11am.

European oil paintings. Oct 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Oct 2, 2.30pm.

Arms & armour. Oct 3, 11am.

European porcelain & works of art. Oct 3, 11am.

Furs. Oct 8, 29, 10.30am.

Furniture, porcelain & works of art. Oct 9, 16, 23, 30, 2.30pm.

Modern paintings. Oct 15, 11am.

Wines. Oct 21, 11am.

Silver & plate. Oct 28, 11am.

Jewels & objects of vertu. Oct 31, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Modern British & European pictures, watercolours, drawings & sculpture. Oct 1, 10.30am.

Cameras & photographic equipment. Oct 2, 10.30am & 2pm.

Collection of Meerschmied pipes. Oct 14, 2pm.

Mechanical music. Oct 15, 2pm.

Natural history & sporting trophies. Oct 25, 2pm.

Motoring, aeronautical & railway art & literature. Oct 28, 2pm.

19th- & 20th-century photographs. Oct 30, 10.30am & 2pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:

All-world stamps. Oct 1, 2, 1.30pm.

Wholesale stamps. Oct 16, 17, 1.30pm.

British Empire stamps. Oct 23, 24, 1.30pm.

PHILLIPS, Blenheim St, W1:

Baxter prints & Stevengraphs. Oct 1, noon.

Books, maps & MSS. Oct 2, 23, 1.30pm.

Furs. Oct 2, 10am.

Scripophily. Oct 2, 1pm.

Prints. Oct 6, 1.30pm.

Jewelry. Oct 7, 21, 1.30pm.

Dolls & dolls' houses. Oct 8, noon.

Stamps. Oct 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.

Musical instruments. Oct 9, 11am.

Watercolours. Oct 13, 11am.

Oil paintings. Oct 13, 27, 2pm.

Pewter & metalware. Oct 14, 11am.

Firemarks. Oct 15, noon.

Miniatures, fans & icons. Oct 15, 2pm.

Modern pictures. Oct 16, 11am.

Automobilia. Oct 17, noon.

Costumes, lace & textiles. Oct 21, 11am.

Potlids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Oct 22, noon.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:

Postage stamps of the world. Oct 2, 11am & 2.30pm.

Silhouettes, portrait miniatures & objects of vertu. Oct 6, 11am.

Impressionist & modern paintings, drawings, watercolours & sculpture. Oct 9, 11am.

Clocks, watches & scientific instruments. Oct 9, 11am.

Islamic works of art. Oct 13, 11am.

Oriental MSS, miniatures & Qajar lacquer. Oct 13, 14, 11am.

Rugs, carpets & textiles. Oct 15, 10.30am.

Islamic coins. Oct 15, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Ephemera. Oct 17, 11am.

German & Austrian porcelain. Oct 21, 11am.

Theatre material. Oct 23, 11am.

English pottery. Oct 28, 11am.

Japanese swords & sword fittings. Oct 28, 11am.

Japanese netsuke, works of art, inro, lacquer & porcelain. Oct 29, 11am.

Japanese prints & illustrated books, Chinese & Japanese paintings & drawings. Oct 30, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:

English furniture, clocks & watches. Oct 1, 11am.

Studio pottery. Oct 2, 11am.

Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Oct 6, 7pm; Oct 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Oriental ceramics, works of art & furniture. Oct 9, 11am.

Nautical items, aeronautica & automobilia. Oct 10, 11am.

Ephemera. Oct 10, 2.30pm.

English furniture, rugs & carpets. Oct 15, 11am.

18th- & 19th-century silver smallwork & objects of vertu from 1835, 18th-, 19th- & 20th-century fans. Oct 16, 11am.

The aesthetic movement, objects made in Britain from the 1860s to the 1880s influenced by the Japanese Exhibition. Oct 22, 11am.

English ceramics. Oct 23, 11am.

Japanese ceramics, works of art & furniture. Oct 27, 11am.

Photographic images & related material. Oct 29, 11am.

Cameras, viewers & optical toys. Oct 29, 2.30pm.

Japanese works of art. Oct 30, 11am.

Oriental ivories, shibayama & works of art. Oct 31, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

In connexion with the exhibition The Benedictines in Britain The Benedictines & stained glass in medieval England, Dr R. Marks. Oct 2; On the origins & consequences of early insular illumination, Prof T. Brown. Oct 9; The Benedictine saints in English medieval art, Dr N. Morgan. Oct 16; The Dissolution of the Monasteries & the destruction of their libraries in the 16th century, Dr A. Watson. Oct 23; The British Benedictines & liturgy, Dom C. Johnson. Oct 30; 6.15pm. Tickets free in advance from Education Officer, British Library, or Information Desk, British Museum.

Tour of The Benedictines in Britain exhibition, D. Taylor, Mon-Fri, 2.30pm; J. Lee, Sat, 1.45pm.

Treasures of illumination, J. Lee, Sat, noon.

In search of Jane Austen, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri from Oct 6, 1.15pm.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, SW7:

Topic of the month: The rock cycle. Oct 2, 7, 15, 24, 11am.

Reading geological maps: I, Oct 2; II, Oct 9; III, Oct 16; IV, Oct 23, 2.30pm.

The South Kensington Lecture: Geological aspects of radioactive waste, Dr J. Mather. Oct 17, 6.30pm. Tickets free in advance from Educa-

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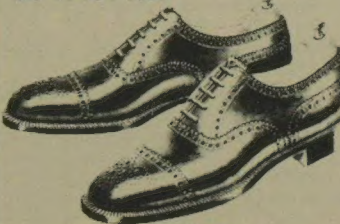
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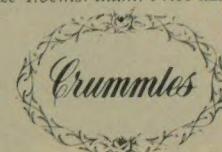
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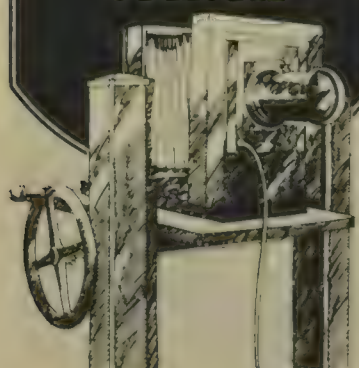
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The properties & uses of stone for building. Oct 28, 2pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
Cremorne Gardens, C. Sorensen. Oct 1, 1.10pm.
Tudor & Stuart housewifery, R. Weinstein. Oct 2, 1.10pm.

London's river—how the Thames has created London's character & affected the lives of Londoners: Roman & medieval ships from the Thames, P. Marsden, Oct 3; The medieval waterfront, G. Milne, Oct 10; Late medieval trade into London, V. Harding, Oct 17; The Thames watermen, B. Wilson, Oct 24; 1.10pm.

Towards Modernism: Camden Town & its environs, C. Fox, Oct 8, 1.10pm.

The London Museum at Lancaster House 1914-50, J. Clark, Oct 9, 1.10pm.

War-time London: film & photography: I, The documentary movement, D. Mellor, Oct 15; II, Film: Fires were started, Oct 22; 1.10pm.

Museum photography, B. Gray, Oct 16, 1.10pm.
Queen Victoria's dolls, K. Staniland, Oct 23, 1.10pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl. WC2:

Portraits & plants: botanical symbols in some National Portrait Gallery portraits, R. Gibson, Oct 11, 3.30pm; Oct 14, 1pm.

Self-portraits by women artists, E. Hooper-Greenhill, Oct 25, 3.30pm; Oct 28, 1pm.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
Lighting, J. Stevenson, Oct 2, 1pm.

Thomas Newcomen—his engine & its impact, A. Tulley, Oct 4, 3pm.

The development of communications, J. Stevenson, Oct 11, 3pm.

Bridges, A. Tulley, Oct 14, 1pm.

Computing, then & now, J. Stevenson, Oct 16, 1pm.

Breath of the dragon—the story of gas, A. Tulley, Oct 18, 3pm.

Early steam engines, A. Tulley, Oct 23, 1pm.

Inside the atom, A. Wilson, Oct 25, 3pm.

Studying the oceans, A. Wilson, Oct 30, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

Flamenco: musical heritage of East & West, T. Moreno, Purcell Room, Oct 12, 2.45pm. £1-£2.

Celebrities on the South Bank: Dame Janet Baker talks to Bernard Levin. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall, Oct 16, 6.15pm. £1.25.

British Mount Kongur expedition to China, C. Bonington & Dr M. Ward. Queen Elizabeth Hall, Oct 17, 7.45pm. £1-£3.

Concert platform: Bruckner's Symphony No 4 (Romantic), to be performed later the same evening, R. Simpson. Waterloo Room, Oct 20, 5.55pm. 80p.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:

Landscape before Gainsborough: Jan Siberechts & George Lambert, Oct 1; Richard Wilson & Samuel Scott, Oct 8; S. Wilson, 1pm.

The English portrait: Tudors & Stuarts, Oct 2;

The conversation piece: 18th-century group portraiture, Oct 9; Hogarth, Oct 16; Reynolds & the grand style, Oct 21; Giovanna Baccelli, Oct 24; S. O'Brien-Twohig, 1pm.

Ben Nicholson, J. Stern, Oct 3, 1pm.

Truth & distortion in perspective, L. Bradbury, Oct 5, 3pm.

English girls by Sargent, Whistler, Steer & Sickert, G. Cohen, Oct 6, 1pm.

Bridget Riley, P. Turner, Oct 7, 1pm.

Thomas Gainsborough, L. Bradbury, Oct 9, 16, 23, 30, 6.30pm.

Millais: "Christ in the house of his parents", M. Wynn-Jones, Oct 10, 1pm.

The alternative to landscape—subject painting in England: I, Lely to John Martin; II, The Pre-Raphaelites & after, S. Wilson, Oct 11, 12, 3pm.

Richard Long, P. Turner, Oct 14, 1pm.

Gainsborough's "Landscapes", S. Wilson, Oct 15, 1pm.

The sculpture of Barbara Hepworth, S. Reid, Oct 17, 1pm.

Post-Impressionist draughtsmanship, L. Bradbury, Oct 18, 3pm.

Matisse: "The Red Studio", M. Ellis, Oct 20, 1pm.

Landscapes after Gainsborough: Wright & Louthborough, Oct 22; Turner & Constable, Oct 29; S. Wilson, 1pm.

Jean Dubuffet, P. Turner, Oct 23, 1pm.

Victorian revivals, L. Bradbury, Oct 25, 3pm.

Gainsborough's contemporaries, L. Bradbury, Oct 26, 3pm.

Gainsborough & Stubbs: the rustic idyll, S. O'Brien-Twohig, Oct 28, 1pm.

Thomas Girtin: "The White House, Chelsea", A. Graham-Dixon, Oct 31, 1pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

European Cup; first round, second leg. Oct 1; second round, first leg. Oct 22.

World Cup qualifying: Northern Ireland v Sweden, Belfast; Scotland v Portugal, Hampden Park, Glasgow; Republic of Ireland v Belgium, Dublin; Oct 13.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Leicester City, Oct 4; v Sunderland, Oct 18; v Norwich City, Oct 21.

Charlton Athletic v Walsall, Oct 7; v Sheffield United, Oct 11; v Blackpool, Oct 25; v Reading, Oct 28.

Chelsea v Bristol Rovers, Oct 8; v Grimsby Town, Oct 11; v Newcastle United, Oct 25.

Crystal Palace v West Bromwich Albion, Oct 4; v Leicester City, Oct 18; v Southampton, Oct 21.

Fulham v Exeter City, Oct 1; v Burnley, Oct 4; v Oxford United, Oct 18; v Millwall, Oct 22.

Millwall v Blackpool, Oct 7; v Swindon Town, Oct 11; v Sheffield United, Oct 25; v Walsall, Oct 28.

Orient v Preston North End, Oct 4; v Notts County, Oct 18; v Chelsea, Oct 21.

Queen's Park Rangers v Orient, Oct 7; v Bolton Wanderers, Oct 11; v Wrexham, Oct 25.

Tottenham Hotspur v Ipswich Town, Oct 8; v Middlesbrough, Oct 11; v Coventry City, Oct 25.

West Ham United v Cardiff City, Oct 7; v Blackburn Rovers, Oct 11; v Bolton Wanderers, Oct 25.

Wimbledon v Southend United, Oct 7; v Hartlepool United, Oct 11; v York City, Oct 25; v Peterborough United, Oct 28.

EQUESTRIANISM

Horse of the Year Show, Wembley Arena, Middx. Oct 6-11.

Chatsworth horse trials, Nr Bakewell, Derby. Oct 11, 12.

GOLF

Dunlop Masters' tournament, St Pierre Golf & Country Club, Chepstow, Gwent, Oct 2-5.

Suntory world match play championship, Wentworth, Surrey, Oct 9-12.

HORSE RACING

William Hill Cheveley Park Stakes, Newmarket, Oct 1.

William Hill Cambridgeshire Handicap Stakes, Newmarket, Oct 4.

Jockey Club Cup, Newmarket, Oct 4.

Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Longchamp, Nr Paris, France, Oct 5.

Champion Stakes, Newmarket, Oct 18.

Tote Cesarewitch, Newmarket, Oct 18.

Horris Hill Stakes, Newbury, Oct 23.

William Hill Futurity Stakes, Doncaster, Oct 25.

ICE SKATING

St Ivel Ice International, Richmond Icerink, Twickenham, Middx. Sept 28-Oct 2.

MOTOR RACING

Aurora AFX British Formula One Championship final, Silverstone, Northants, Oct 5.

TENNIS

Wightman Cup (GB v USA ladies' teams), Albert Hall, SW7, Oct 30-Nov 1.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Prince of Wales, Colonel-in-Chief, the Gordon Highlanders, attends a Regimental Reunion of the Gordon Highlanders. Crathes Castle, Nr Banochory, Aberdeenshire, Oct 4.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State Visit to Italy, Oct 14-17.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State Visit to Tunisia, Oct 21-23.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State Visit to Algeria, Oct 25-27.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State Visit to Morocco, Oct 27-30.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

Nottingham Goose Fair, Nottingham, Oct 2-4.

Kite Day, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds, Oct 5.

European Brass Band championships, Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7, Oct 5.

Flower Show, RHS New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1, Oct 7, 8.

Steaming weekend, Papplewick Pumping Station, Ravenshead, Notts, Oct 18, 19.

British Marching Bands championships, Wembley Arena, Middx, Oct 18.

End of season flying day, Shuttleworth Collection, Oct 26.

Late Autumn Show, RHS New Hall, Oct 28, 29.



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Poland: The Party and the Proletariat

Events in Poland have been moving so swiftly in recent weeks that there can at this stage be no confident drawing of conclusions. The West could only watch with interest as Polish workers fought for, and apparently won, at the expense of a Prime Minister and a party leader, a degree of freedom denied to their comrades in other Communist countries; and for the time being it seemed that the Kremlin, though clearly disturbed at what was going on, was prepared publicly to treat the matter as an internal affair—though the final outcome, whatever it might be, will have significance for all countries in the Russian system, including the Soviet Union itself.

The resignation of Mr Edward Gierek, the party leader who conceded the Gdansk reforms, and his replacement by Mr Stanislaw Kania, the party secretary responsible for internal security, gave President Brezhnev an opportunity to remind the Poles of their responsibilities. The Soviet leader welcomed Mr Kania's commitment to the strengthening of socialism in Poland, to "proletarian internationalism" (which, being interpreted, means the acceptance of Soviet leadership), and to his country's "inviolable friendship" with the Soviet Union and other East European countries. At the same time the Soviet leaders sent a message of goodwill to Mr Gierek, wishing him a speedy recovery from the heart trouble which was reported to be the immediate cause of his departure from office, though his lack of control of the situation had probably made this inevitable.

It remains to be seen whether Mr Kania will be more successful. His first message was one of reassurance to Polish workers that the Gdansk agreement would be respected. At the same time he made it clear to the men of the party that the system was not about to be changed, and an official warning was given to those workers who were reported to be continuing to conduct sporadic strikes and work stoppages that action of this kind, and further demands for change, could jeopardize the concessions already won.

The Gdansk agreement, which was signed in the town's Lenin shipyards on August 31 by Mr Mieczyslaw Jagielski, a Deputy Prime Minister and the government's chief negotiator during the shipyard strike, and by Mr Lech Walesa, the representative of the strikers, is potentially a formidable challenge to the traditional dictatorship of the party. Article one of the agreement allowed the establishment of free, self-governing trade unions, independent from parties and employers. Article two guaranteed the right to strike and the security of strikers and people who helped them. Article three provided for "the respect of the freedom of expression and of publications", and other articles dealt with matters such as the rights of victims of former protests, strike pay, wage scales, selection for employment, on the basis of



Lech Walesa, strikers' leader, and Mieczyslaw Jagielski, the government negotiator, at Gdansk.

qualification rather than possession of a party card, working conditions, pensions and travel expenses. The agreement was a compromise, for the government did not concede all the strikers' demands and, in return for accepting the rights to organize free trade unions and to strike, extracted undertakings from the workers that they would not become a political organization, that they accepted the principles of socialism, and that they recognized the authority of the Communist Party in Poland. But it is a compromise that will, if it survives in its present form, radically change industrial behaviour in Poland and provide the basis for more open discussion about the country's social, economic and political future.

It is mainly for this reason that doubts must exist about how far the changes heralded in the Gdansk agreement will be allowed to survive. The agreement was local, and it may be that support for it will not spread as far across the country as at first seemed probable; not all workers in other areas or in other industries may have the courage to demand the same rights, or even want them. It might still be possible, therefore, for the party to isolate the new unions and their leaders, leaving the majority of workers to be represented by the old state-controlled unions. The party can also be expected to interpret the agreement in its own way. The article relaxing censorship, for example, will no doubt be tightly controlled by the reservation that the national interest must be protected, and the acceptance of the political dominance of the party will no doubt be ruthlessly exploited when necessary.

Presumably the party will not at this stage wish to be provocative. Outright abandonment of the Gdansk agreement would no doubt incite an industrial or even a political challenge which could bring in the Russian tanks. At the same time the party will want to reinforce its own posi-

tion, and ensure that none of the reforms now set in train present a challenge to the system. In these aims they will have, as Mr Brezhnev has emphasized, the firm support of the Soviet government. As an earnest of this, the Soviet Union announced early in September the granting of a hard-currency loan to Poland. In the long run the use of economic sanctions could be one of the controls employed to try to bring Poland to heel if events in that country appear to the Kremlin to be unacceptable, for the Polish economy is heavily dependent on the Soviet Union. For the moment the Soviet leaders evidently hope that, with such practical help, the new leaders in Poland will keep the situation under control.

They must indeed be keeping their fingers firmly crossed, for the Russian economy, stretched by its defence commitments at home and by current costly responsibilities and adventures overseas, is itself in poor condition. Nonetheless it must be presumed that Russia will fight to preserve its empire, whatever the cost and whether the challenge comes from outside or within. Equally it may be presumed that, in spite of such determination, the Soviet empire will in the end collapse as other empires have collapsed. It is just possible that the limited challenge of the workers to the party dictatorship in Poland will prove to be an early indication of the way in which this empire will begin to disintegrate.

Help for Museums

As recorders and interpreters of our history and heritage Britain's museums and art galleries have long played an important educational and cultural role in the life of the community. Comparatively recent changes, including the improvement of general education, substantial increases in the time available for leisure, and the growth of the tourist industry, have placed heavy new demands on these institutions. Many of them, and not just newly created ones, have responded with imagination and originality to these new challenges, but in doing so they have triumphed against the odds. Provincial museums and galleries, in particular, have had to fight hard for survival in recent years, and the present restrictions on spending have further aggravated their difficulties. They have never been well funded by local authorities, upon whom many have to depend. Recent expenditure on museums and galleries by local authorities runs at less than 0.15% of total expenditure, and this meagre apportionment is likely to decrease in the coming year. In a recent report for the Bow Group Mr Donald Adamson revived the proposal that a National Museums Council should be created not only to speak for museums but also empowered to take action to help them. The proposal needs urgent consideration, for help is badly needed.

Monday, August 11

Mohammad Ali Rajai was elected Prime Minister of Iran. The former Minister of Education, a Muslim fundamentalist, was elected by 153 votes to 24 with 19 abstentions in a secret ballot in the Iranian parliament.

Lady Arran, aged 62, became the first woman to achieve an average of over 100 mph in an offshore boat when her *Trimite Slean Dhu* did an average 102.45 mph over Lake Windermere in the Lake District.

Tuesday, August 12

The severe recession in the motor industry led to cut-backs being announced by the major motor manufacturers. Talbot, Leyland Vehicles and Ford followed Vauxhall in announcing short-time working plans affecting more than 80,000 workers.

The fifth and final Test match between England and the West Indies at Headingley ended in a draw. The West Indies won the series by one match, the other four being drawn.

Wednesday, August 13

French fishermen blockaded their Channel ports, causing long delays to thousands of British tourists and to commercial vehicles, in a protest to force the French government to give more aid to the fishing industry. The strike had begun in Boulogne three weeks before but a blockade was intensified to affect nearly all the Channel ports and some in the Mediterranean. The French navy was later ordered to break the blockades and by August 30 most ports were opened, although strikes by fishermen continued as negotiations between the National Conciliation Council and the Boulogne fishermen took place.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, appealed to Ayatollah Khomeini for the release of three Britons who were being held in detention in Iran. The three were Miss Jean Waddell, former secretary to the Anglican Bishop of Iran, and Dr John Coleman and his wife, who ran a medical centre in Iran.

Thursday, August 14

Labour unrest and strikes in Poland, called primarily for economic reasons, spread as 16,000 workers at the Lenin shipyard in the Baltic port of Gdansk went on strike demanding both economic and political reforms. They called for the closure of the official shipyard union and the election of a free trade union not subject to party control and also demanded that their grievances be reported in full by the media. The strike in Gdansk spread to other ports involving some 80,000 workers and on August 16 developed into a general strike with sympathy strikes reported in other parts of the country.

President Carter was formally re-nominated for the Presidency of the United States by the Democratic convention in New York. His nomination had been assured on August 11 when Senator Edward Kennedy withdrew his candidacy following his defeat on a procedural issue by 1,936 votes to 1,390. Walter Mondale was re-nominated for the vice-presidency.

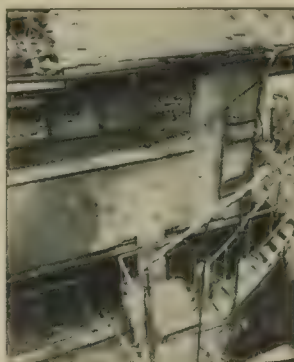
Friday, August 15

The UK retail price index for July showed an annual rate of price increases of 16.9 per cent, compared with the 21 per cent rise recorded in June.

Saturday, August 16

The *Observer's* 28 machine room men reluctantly accepted the management's pay offer, which they had previously rejected, following recommendations to do so by their union. The newspaper had been due to close on October 19 because of the dispute.

37 people were killed in a fire which swept through two clubs, frequented mainly by South Americans, near the



Charing Cross Road in London. 23 people were injured in the fire, which was started deliberately.

The British Steel Corporation dropped its legal action to force Granada Television to reveal the name of the person who had disclosed confidential information to them during the steel strike. BSC said it had identified the source through its own inquiries.

Sunday, August 17

The British Embassy in Teheran suspended operations and some of its staff returned home as demonstrators surrounded the Embassy's gates to protest at the arrest of Iranian demonstrators in London.

Monday, August 18

The UK balance of payments reached a record £311 million surplus in July because of a sharp fall in imports.

Anthony Blunt, the self-confessed spy, resigned as a member of the British Academy after controversy within the institution about his continued membership. On the following day the historian A. J. P. Taylor also resigned in protest at the pressure he felt had been put on Blunt.

Iraq expelled Syrian diplomats after claiming that Iraqi security forces had uncovered arms and ammunition in the Syrian embassy in Baghdad.

Tuesday, August 19

All 301 passengers and crew on board a Saudi Arabian Lockheed TriStar airliner were killed when the aircraft was forced to make an emergency landing at Riyadh airport shortly after taking off for Jiddah because of a fire. Six Britons died in the accident.

Israel launched a combined land and air attack against Palestinian strongholds in southern Lebanon in which they claimed to have killed between 30 and 40 terrorists. Three Israeli soldiers were killed in the fighting. Ten more people were killed during continued raids on the following day.

Bowater, owners of Britain's largest newsprint plant, at Mersey Mill in Ellesmere Port, announced that the mill would be closed in November, with the loss of 1,600 jobs.

Sir Henry Chilver, vice-chancellor of Cranfield Institute of Technology, was appointed chairman of the Post Office in succession to Sir William Barlow. The appointment was for one year, at the end of which time it was hoped that the corporation would have been split into two separate divisions.

Wednesday, August 20

Members of the National Union of Journalists on *The Times* voted to

strike from August 22 in protest at the management's refusal to accept an arbitration award that would have given them increases averaging 21 per cent for the next year. The strike ended on August 29 when they accepted a 27 per cent increase on average salaries paid over an 18-month period.

The UN Security Council voted, by 14 votes to none, with the United States abstaining, to censure Israel for its policy towards Jerusalem and called on all countries with embassies in Jerusalem to withdraw them.

Average earnings in Britain rose by 21.7 per cent in the year to June.

England beat Australia by 23 runs in the first of two Prudential Trophy one-day matches at the Oval. The second match at Edgbaston was again won by England by 47 runs.

Thursday, August 21

Nine crew members on board a Russian Echo 1 nuclear submarine died when a fire broke out on the vessel which became stranded some 90 miles east of Okinawa in the East China Sea. No radioactive leak was reported and the submarine was later towed to a Soviet port by Russian support vessels.

Portugal expelled four members of the Soviet Union's embassy staff in Lisbon, accusing them of interfering in Portugal's political affairs.

Friday, August 22

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany called off his proposed visit to East Germany because the East Germans had cancelled his visit to Rostock, their Baltic port only 11 miles from the strike-bound Polish ports.

Sunday, August 24

The Prime Minister of Poland, Edward Babuch, was dismissed by President Gierek, together with some other senior government officials as strikes continued in several parts of the country. Babuch was replaced by Josef Pinkowski.

Engineering workers at Vauxhall's Ellesmere Port plant accepted a scheme to reduce their working hours and basic wages in order to keep the company going.

Protestant paramilitaries shot dead a member of the Irish Republican Socialist Party as he returned to his home with his wife in Larne, Northern Ireland.

The Salvadorian government declared a state of national emergency and put all public service employees under military control.

Israel's Cabinet approved a project to build a 67 mile canal linking the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea. It was hoped that the water would generate half of Israel's power requirements by the end of the century.

Monday, August 25

The Foreign Secretary, Lord Carington, began a three-day visit to Saudi Arabia aimed at restoring the links between Britain and the kingdom disrupted by the showing of the television film *Death of a Princess* in April.

The independent US presidential candidate John Anderson announced that Democrat Patrick Lucey, former Governor of Wisconsin, would stand as his running mate in the forthcoming elections.

Some of the American hostages held in Iran since November, 1979, had been moved, it was announced by the students who had been holding them, because of fears that the US might attempt another rescue operation before the presidential elections in November.

Tuesday, August 26

The BBC announced that its regional radio news and weather bulletins would cease from September 12 for financial reasons.

Wednesday, August 27

Unemployment in Britain increased in

August to 2,001,208, or 8.3 per cent of the work-force—the highest figure since the 1930s.

Steve Ovett set a new world record time of 3 minutes 31.4 seconds for the 1,500 metres in Bonn, West Germany, beating the previous record he shared with Sebastian Coe by 0.7 seconds.

**Thursday, August 28**

President Carter of the United States announced new economic measures designed to create one million jobs by the end of 1982. The policies included tax cuts amounting to \$27,000 million.

Malta ordered the expulsion of a Libyan military advisory team after a dispute over off-shore oil rights. A Libyan submarine had threatened to open fire on a Maltese licensed oil rig 68 miles south-east of Malta in an area claimed by Libya as part of its 200-mile territorial limit.

A dissident Russian Orthodox priest, Gleb Yakunin, was sentenced by a Moscow court to five years hard labour and five years internal exile having been charged with anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation. Mr Yakunin had been the founder of the Christian Committee for the Defence of Believers' Rights. On the following day Tatyana Velikanova, a human rights campaigner, was sentenced to four years in a labour camp and five years internal exile by a court in Moscow on the same charges.

Friday, August 29

Courtaulds, the textile group, announced the closure of seven of its mills in Lancashire and Cheshire with the loss of over 1,000 jobs. Since March the company had made 8,000 workers redundant.

David Williams, Britain's 16th heart transplant patient, died at Papworth Hospital in Cambridgeshire. On September 1 Britain's youngest heart transplant patient, 16-year-old Richard Brittain, also died at Papworth following a chest infection.

Sunday, August 31

The strikes in Poland ended with the signing of an agreement between the government and the Gdansk joint negotiating committee, led by Lech Walesa, allowing free trade unions and the right to strike. The government also agreed to release a number of dissidents arrested during the strike and promised greater freedom of speech and publication, and freedom from repression for differing political opinions.

Operation Crusader 80, Nato's biggest series of military exercises since the Second World War, began. The operation, designed to test Britain's capacity to reinforce the Rhine Army, involved 30,000 troops and cost an estimated £8.5 million.

Jimmy Stevens, leader of the secessionist rebellion in Espiritu Santo, gave himself up to authorities of Vanuatu (formerly the New Hebrides).

Warwickshire won the John Player

League championship when they beat Leicestershire by six wickets.

Monday, September 1

Polish miners and steelworkers on strike in Silesia demanded that the concessions granted to the Gdansk workers should also be given to them. More than 200,000 workers were estimated to be involved in the stoppages. On September 3 the strikers agreed to return to work after nearly all the workers' demands were met, including the right to form free trade unions.

General Chon Doo Hwan was formally installed as President of South Korea.

Tuesday, September 2

The Ford Motor Company announced a £135 million modernization programme at its Halewood plant on Merseyside—an area which had been hard hit by unemployment.

Reinhold Messner, the Italian mountaineer, was reported by the Chinese Mountaineering Association to have successfully completed his ascent of Mount Everest via the north ridge route. Mr Messner, who reached the summit on August 20, climbed alone and without the use of oxygen.

Arthur Scargill, the Yorkshire miners' leader, was elected to the General Council of the TUC.

The Centenary Test match between England and Australia at Lord's ended in a draw. Geoffrey Boycott made an unbeaten century in England's second innings to ensure the draw.

Middlesex won the cricket County Championship when they beat Glamorgan by 72 runs. On September 6 they also won the Gillette Cup final beating Surrey by seven wickets.

Wednesday, September 3

Political violence in Turkey intensified with reports of the killing of 76 people in the past three days. Demonstrations by the left-wing Dev-Yol group in Ankara and the bombing of the headquarters of the right-wing association left four dead and nine injured.

Thursday, September 4

Workers at the British Steel Corporation's Consett steelworks agreed at a mass meeting to give up their fight to keep the plant going and to open talks with the management on severance pay.

Friday, September 5

Edward Gierek, the Polish party leader, resigned after being admitted to hospital with heart trouble. Stanislaw Kania, party secretary responsible for internal security, was nominated as his successor.

Occidental Petroleum, one of the world's largest oil companies, announced plans to invest £625 million in the UK.

Professor Sir John Wood, chairman of the Central Arbitration Committee, was appointed chairman of the Standing Commission on Pay Comparability in succession to Professor Hugh Clegg, who was to resign at the end of September.

Turkey's foreign minister, Hayrettin Erkmen, was ousted after a censure motion in the National Assembly which criticized him for his policy of continuing ties with Israel.

The world's longest road tunnel through the St Gotthard Massif in Switzerland was formally opened. The 10-mile tunnel linked Göschenen in the Canton of Uri to Airolo in Ticino on the southern side of the Alps.

Sunday, September 7

China's Chairman Hua Kuo-feng confirmed his resignation as Prime Minister along with the deputy Prime Minister Teng Hsiao-ping. Both men were to retain their positions as chairman and vice-chairman of the Communist Party. Zhao Ziyang was named as the new Prime Minister.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Workers rebel in Poland: While the world awaited Soviet reaction with apprehension, the government of Poland and striking workers, led by a 37-year-old electrician, Lech Walesa, became involved in a historic confrontation leading to sweeping economic and social reforms, the most notable being the creation of free, self-governing trade unions with the right to strike and publicly to criticize government economic policies and performance. The strike had its roots at the Gdansk shipyards, the first to strike in the 1970 confrontation which led to the emergence of Poland's Communist Party leader Edward Gierek. Initially Gierek sought to contain this new dispute to bread-and-butter issues by promising pay increases, higher family allowances and better supplies to shops, but as the strike spread to other shipyards, when hundreds of thousands of workers were involved, the strikers made clear their objectives were much greater—a degree of influence on the country's economy unprecedented within the Communist bloc. This was finally conceded together with reductions in censorship and the release of imprisoned dissidents. A sequel to the affair was the resignation of Gierek after a heart attack.



GAMMA FRANK SPÖRNER

Lech Walesa, who emerged as leader of the Polish strikers, is chaired in triumph by workers after securing major concessions.



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Government negotiator Mieczyslaw Jagielski.



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Personal blessing for strike leader Lech Walesa.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Elderly striker talks to a child through closed gates.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Coal miners followed their shipyard colleagues on strike and won pay increases.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Striking miners await the result of negotiations in south Katowice.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Russian submarine disaster: A nuclear powered submarine of the 20-year-old Echo 1 class, carrying a ship's complement of 100, was crippled after a fire broke out on August 21 and the vessel became stranded 90 miles east of Okinawa in the East China Sea. Nine of her crew died and others were badly burned, but offers of help from a British tanker, the *Gari*, and from a Japanese helicopter and rescue craft were refused: the Russians waited nine hours for their own training ship, the *Meridian*, before evacuating their wounded. Survivors were observed wearing what appeared to be protective radiation suits, but no radioactive leak was detected in the surrounding sea. The submarine was later towed to a Russian port by Russian support vessels. Five Echo 1 class submarines were built between 1960 and 1962. Originally they were equipped with SSN 3 Shaddock missiles, but they now carry only torpedoes.



Channel blockade: French fishermen, in support of a demand for increased fuel subsidies for their fleets and maintenance of crew sizes, blockaded the Channel ports, including Cherbourg, Dieppe, Calais and Boulogne. The blockade, coinciding as it did with the busiest weeks of the holiday season, caused severe disruption to traffic. Stranded tourists, trapped in France at the end of their vacations, some of them with little money, bore the brunt of the fishermen's action, right, and there were some angry confrontations. The French navy moved in to break the blockade at the vital oil port of Fos-sur-Mer in the Mediterranean. There were violent demonstrations outside the Ministry of Transport in Paris, far right, where a reconciliation commission was trying, unsuccessfully, to resolve the dispute.



Famine in Uganda: Many thousands of people are now known to have died from starvation in the Karamoja region of northern Uganda: there were 9,000 deaths in the period May to June alone. Many international aid organizations, supported by United Nations transport and facilities, are providing food and medical supplies in the area, but the approaching hot and dusty season will make conditions worse. Relief operations were temporarily halted by the UN after food convoys were attacked by armed raiders and are still hampered by undisciplined Tanzanian and Ugandan troops, who instead of enforcing order harass the convoys. The famine has been further worsened by armed marauders, active in various parts of the Karamoja, burning crops and stealing cattle. The missions, however, have remained open and villagers in Kaabong, below left, where a large centre has now been set up by the Save the Children Fund, have been cared for by Italian missionaries Father Liapetti and Sister Rosetta, below right. At nearby Kotido a medical team sent by the French group Médecins sans Frontières is helping victims like the child, right.



GAMMA FRANK SPONER



TERRY LINCHE PHOTOGRAPHS INTERNATIONAL



TERRY LINCHE PHOTOGRAPHS INTERNATIONAL



Birthday portrait: Princess Margaret, who has been active in her support of the Royal Opera House's development appeal, is to attend a gala auction at Covent

Garden on October 1, organized by Sotheby's, in aid of the fund. This portrait is one of a set taken to celebrate the Princess's 50th birthday in August.



Return of the heroes: Cricketing heroes from the past met at the Oval in a curtain-raiser to the Centenary Test. Above, the Old England team who lost to Old Australia: back row, Fred Trueman, Jim Parks, Godfrey Evans, Colin Cowdrey, Ken Barrington, Tony Lock, Frank Tyson; and, front row, Basil D'Oliveira, Peter Richardson, John Edrich, Mike Smith and Fred Titmus. Left, two of England's all-time great players are seen back in action, Frank "Typhoon" Tyson, now 50, whose fast bowling was instrumental in England retaining the Ashes on the 1954-55 tour, and Godfrey Evans, 60, former Kent and England wicket-keeper in a record 91 Tests.



Centenary of Ashes battles: Lord's staged the Centenary Test match between England and Australia. Top, England captain Ian Botham celebrates an Australian wicket during the drawn match. Above, Test captains on parade: Bob Wyatt, Lindsay Hassett, Gubby Allen, Cyril Walters, Arthur Morris, Norman Yardley, Freddie Brown, Richie Benaud, Sir Leonard Hutton, Neil Harvey, Peter May, Bobby Simpson, Bill Lawry, Ted Dexter, Mike Smith, Barry Jarman, Tom Graveney, Ian Chappell, Graham Yallop, Greg Chappell and Ian Botham.



Right, another historic cricket occasion was the first international floodlit match to be played in England. It took place at Chelsea Football Ground between the West Indies and Essex.

Package to beat the slump

by Julian Critchley

I once looked forward to the onset of the Parliamentary recess in the belief that so welcome a lull could only serve to improve matters, but I have been disappointed. For this year, at least, politics has continued remorselessly through the holiday months, with declining industrial production and unemployment as high as two million and still rising marking the beginning of a recession nearing pre-war proportions.

Now the party conference season is with us and the politicians, back from the beaches, will bewilder us with their seaside rhetoric and propensity to blame the nation for the nation's problems. ("Unemployment is the fault of high wage claims," says the Prime Minister.) I have never acquired a taste for conference oratory, a technique of persuasion that could be described as "onwards and upwards", but I am cynical enough to assert that at Brighton this autumn Conservatives will be putting greater stress on the horizontal than the vertical.

The honeymoon is at last over.

Is monetarism the answer? The monetarists in the Government seem to believe so and they do have the advantage that the worse things get, the greater the apparent need for so bitter a medicine. The Prime Minister and her Treasury ministers are "Friedmanites" but many others in her Cabinet and party are not, and it is this division that has given rise to the dissent of the spring and summer. At the end of the war, under Lord Butler in particular, the Conservative Party adopted a middle-of-the-road policy combining economic freedom with social justice. Since the election of Mrs Thatcher as party leader the emphasis has shifted towards economic freedom and the party's mentor in economics has changed from Lord Keynes to Professor Milton Friedman.

What are Professor Friedman's beliefs? They can be simply stated and, almost as easily, refuted. The Professor is an American conservative who asserts "inflation over any substantial period is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon arising from a more rapid

growth in the quantity of money than in output ... few economic propositions are more firmly grounded in experience". His corollary is the need to keep the supply of money in line with the rate of growth in the economy and he asserts that by so doing you will have solved the principal problems of modern economic life. Price stability will be combined after a short period of adjustment with high employment and vigorous economic growth.

Is this not all just a little too good to be true? Does the real world respond as predictably as he would wish to Professor Friedman's idealism? It does not. The first consequence of high interest rates is a cut-back in investment and with it productivity. The fact that there exist giant businesses and powerful unions means that those bodies can evade the worst effects of the high cost of money and can sustain their prices (which should, of course, have fallen) as demand falls. Thus the effect of a high bank rate is not a reduction in prices but a cut-back in output, and with declining productivity goes rising unemployment.

And workers who are employed, much as they might sympathize with those who are out of a job, continue to press for higher pay.

Economics is truly the dismal science for it is in pursuit of this strategy that the stresses and strains within the Cabinet and party have emerged. But what we have all suffered from for far too long is the politics of opposition. We have dwelt lovingly on a sense of national failure. Labour did not begin to govern until the International Monetary Fund intervened in 1976, Wilson preferring to let wages rip. It is only today that the Tory Government is beginning to show the first signs of re-adjusting to reality.

President Carter has produced a package to beat the slump; why not Mrs Thatcher? If the Conservative Government is to succeed it will need to be flexible. It should no longer be propelled by that most hazardous of fuels, a sense of righteousness.

Julian Critchley is MP for Aldershot and chairman of the Conservative Party's Media Committee.

WASHINGTON

The electoral maze

by Patrick Brogan

Nearly 200 years ago a group of men gathered to draft a constitution for their brand new Union. Because of America's conservatism and reverence for authority we still have to live with the mistakes they made. Every four years we are exercised with the inadequacies of the provisions governing the election of the president. The system never worked, not even the first time, and all the tinkering since then has not made it any better.

Indeed recent developments have made it even worse than it used to be. George Bush, now Republican vice-presidential candidate, opened his campaign in June last year, 19 months before the next presidential inauguration. There are more than 40 primaries and caucuses spread out from January to June; the conventions are a total waste of time; there is still a ten-week gap between the popular election and the inauguration. Between the two events is the electoral college.

To be pedantic there are 51 electoral colleges, one for each state and the District of Columbia. Voters cast their ballots not for Carter or Reagan but for "slates" of "electors". The number of those electors in each state corresponds exactly with the total of senators and representatives (or congressmen) in that state. Voters ballot for named individuals under their party label, choosing them as their electors in the formal ballot for the incoming president.

Each state's number of representatives is determined by the size of its population; it also has two senators regardless of population. It is a system designed, among other things, to give greater weight to small states than their population would justify. The 80,000 voters in Alaska, with their three electoral votes, each carry proportionately about six times the weight of California's eight million voters, with their 45 electoral votes.

Polling is a complicated business, but the ordinary voter is helped by automation. When the voter goes to the polling booth he will in most states find that the "slate" is rather like a small television screen showing a long list of party candidates. The voter will be voting for his candidate for many minor posts such as sheriff and law appointments as well as exercising his choice in the contest for the most powerful job in the Western world. He votes by pulling levers. There is a time-saving, over-ride lever which enables, say, a hardline Republican to vote into office a Republican for every job currently being contested. But naturally a Republican supporter who prefers a particularly effective Democrat law-enforcer as sheriff can vote him into office without prejudicing the chances of his Republican candidate for the presidency. This popular vote in the presidency contest determines the way in which the college of formal electors of the voter's home state will in turn be obliged to vote a few weeks later in the state. And there is no way in which the electors at this formal ballot for a

president can alter the choice.

People resent having to remember about the electoral college. Life is too short to have to balance Florida against Michigan, California against New York. But it has to be done. Whichever presidential candidate gets the most of the ordinary voters' votes in one particular state gets all its electoral votes.

It was a very close election in 1976 and if this is equally close (let alone if John Anderson carries off a couple of states) the tedious arithmetic of the electoral college will once again dominate American political discussion.

Consider Massachusetts. Ronald Reagan has no hope of winning it, and therefore devotes no time to campaigning there, even though more than a million people in Massachusetts voted for Ford in 1976. Those votes are all wasted, and campaign managers therefore concentrate not only on those marginal states, such as Ohio, which have large electoral votes, but places like Maine or Montana, marginal states which might make the difference in a close race.

The two sides' strategies are very similar. Each candidate must hold on to his own base, the South for Carter, the West for Reagan. The liberal North-East will vote for the President, most of the Mid-West for Reagan, and the battle is therefore concentrated on the industrial states around the Great Lakes, and the border states.

This framework is forced on them by the electoral colleges. Two big states that went for Carter in 1976, Florida

and Texas, are considered highly vulnerable. Carter spends a lot of time there. To balance the possible loss of either he also spends a lot of time in Michigan, which went for Ford, a native of the state. Winning Michigan (21 votes) would make up for losing Florida (17).

To win Florida Reagan must show great concern for the elderly, who retire in huge numbers to the south of the state. Thus, at least in Florida, he has had to speak well of the social security system, which he once wanted to make voluntary. To win in Michigan, Carter must do something for the motor industry, whose headquarters are in Detroit even though his policies have contributed to the recession.

One thing neither candidate (nor George Bush—though Walter Mondale has been known to express doubts) will advocate during this campaign is electoral reform. They all profess to believe that it is healthy for the country to live in suspended animation for one year in every four, and for presidents to be drawn from out-of-work millionaires.

After every election some reformers try to amend the constitution, to abolish the electoral college and shorten the time needed for the whole process. Probably the only way they could succeed is for the system to fail completely, for no one to win the 270 electoral votes needed to make a candidate president and for the decision to be pushed into the House of Representatives.

Until that happy day we will have to put up with the absurd system dreamed up in the 18th century.

Limiting the nuclear horror

by Norman Moss

The pronouncement of a new American nuclear war strategy focusses attention on the awful dilemma involved in the possession of nuclear weapons. It is a choice between making nuclear war more terrible in its consequences, therefore a more remote possibility, and trying to limit its horrors, thereby making nuclear war a more acceptable risk. The choice is between increasing the risk and increasing the consequences.

Sometimes in strategic circles this is discussed as a choice between a deterrence strategy and a war-fighting strategy. The two alternatives are different and their requirements are occasionally in conflict. The new United States strategy gives primacy to attacking selected military and political targets in the Soviet Union rather than population centres. It makes it more possible that a nuclear war can be fought and nations still survive. Deaths may be counted in millions, rather than hundreds of millions.

It appears to mark a further step away from pure deterrence, with its threat to cities, the strategy of "mutual assured destruction"—acronym Mad. The movement away from Mad has been going on since the mid 1970s. The new element is the plan to attack what the Pentagon calls political control centres, the network of underground bunkers with communication channels to the major Soviet cities and the armed forces known to have been built within an 80 mile radius of Moscow.

This is made possible by improved intelligence and missile accuracy. It is a reversal of previous American policy. Until now it was assumed that an enemy's command and control system would be left intact for as long as possible in a nuclear exchange, in an effort to see that both sides could exercise some control and would have at least the ability to prevent the exchange escalating into senseless all-out destruction. Indeed when, during the Kennedy Administration, the United States developed an electronic lock for its nuclear weapons, the US government told the Russians about it to help them tighten their control.

The shift towards a strategy of fighting and surviving a nuclear war is seen also in the new interest in American defence circles in the anti-ballistic missile, the ABM. This is barred in effect by Salt 1, but the treaty could be allowed to lapse. In the days when Mad ruled, the ABM was condemned on strategic as well as technical grounds; it might cast doubt on the assurance of destruction. To justify the word "mutual", destruction has to be assured for the United States as well as for a potential enemy.

Like most shifts in strategy this is less dramatic than some of the presentations have made it appear. It is still primarily a

strategy to deter war rather than to fight one and win, despite the details of targets to be attacked if war breaks out. It is intended to present the Russians with a threat that is credible. Certainly it was described in these terms by Harold Brown, US Secretary of Defence. He said the new strategy serves notice on the Russians that "if they chose some intermediate level of aggression, we could, by selective nuclear attacks, exact an unacceptably high price in the things the Soviet leaders appear to value most: political and military control, military force both nuclear and conventional, and the industrial capacity to sustain a war."

American strategy has always moved between the horns of this dilemma, in response to changes in perceptions, to developments in weaponry, to Soviet capabilities and to Soviet deployment. It has moved from massive retaliation to counterforce and controlled response, to Mad and to the Schlesinger flexible response doctrine. Yet the choice between deterring a war and fighting one was never as stark as it was sometimes made out to be. Deterrence was always the primary aim: the doctrines for controlled and limited nuclear war were never accompanied by optimism in high places that the limits would be observed, so that the prospect of any kind of nuclear war always aroused healthy fear; while even when pure deterrence was the ruling doctrine there was always some thought given—certainly since the mid 1950s—to what would happen if deterrence failed, and how a nuclear war could be kept this side of the Apocalypse.

Herman Kahn evolved the concept of the "doomsday device" as the *reductio ad absurdum* of deterrence, to demonstrate that deterrent power alone was never really the only criterion. This was a nuclear device that could wipe out the human race by spreading poisonous radioactivity around the world. It would be programmed to explode automatically if any country took certain kinds of aggressive action, or if anyone tried to tamper with it. Kahn made the point that this would be the most effective deterrent imaginable, but it obviously would be unacceptable; people want more options than this.

In fact, the development and deployment of tactical nuclear weapons were giving the United States the ability to fight a nuclear war whatever the deterrence doctrine said. The stationing of these weapons in forward positions in Germany meant that if war broke out in Europe, the United States would have to fight a nuclear war.

Two developments have gone ahead over the years regardless of strategic doctrine. One is the expansion and improvement of the nuclear arsenals on both sides. Russia built more and more missiles and multiple warheads. The United States substituted multiple

warheads for single ones so that they could hit more and more targets with greater and greater accuracy. Now even submarine-launched missiles can be aimed with great precision, whereas when they were first introduced it was thought that they would never be accurate enough to hit any target smaller than a city.

The other development is paradoxical in view of the first. It is a strengthening inhibition against using nuclear weapons, a nuclear taboo. As the years and the conflicts have gone by without nuclear weapons being used, it has come to be accepted that the barrier between the use and non-use of nuclear weapons is one that a nation crosses at its and the world's peril.

Today most high explosive weapons have a nuclear equivalent. There are nuclear bombs, rockets, shells and naval depth charges. But it is recognized that the use of any one of these in combat—say, a warship dropping a nuclear depth charge to defeat an attack by submarines—would have a significance far beyond the immediate tactical situation, and would open the door to the use of other nuclear weapons and an appalling escalation of violence.

If deterrence is still the prevailing strategy in the West, the Soviet Union has always held to a war-fighting strategy, at least in its official literature. Many have argued for a long time within the United States that America must have a coherent strategy for fighting a nuclear war to match the Soviet strategy.

The Russians have never accepted deterrence as a sufficient purpose for possessing nuclear weapons, and they never accepted Mad. They agreed in Salt 1 to ban ABMs because they were persuaded by the Americans that these could be easily overcome, not because they accepted the American view that a balance of vulnerability should be preserved. Soviet strategic doctrine has always been slow to adapt to new situations and new weapons, partly no doubt because it is promulgated by military men and not, like the American, mostly by civilians. In Soviet military writing nuclear weapons are discussed in the same way as other weapons. It is assumed that they will be used in the event of a major war.

Turning away from the super powers, Britain's nuclear strategy has always been pure deterrence. Britain does not have the range of nuclear weapons necessary to fight a war. It has only a few submarine-launched missiles, enough to strike one devastating blow at a few Soviet cities. The only important question about it is its credibility as a threat. Whether it works or not operationally does not affect the safety of these islands, since it would be used only after the fate of Britain was sealed.

France, on the other hand, is beginning to move towards a war-fighting

force. It has had for some time a larger force than Britain's, a miniature version of the American triad of nuclear forces, with land-based missiles in silos in southern France, a small force of nuclear bombers and missile-carrying submarines at sea. The use of all these forces was the same as that of Britain's: pure deterrence. But now France has a tactical nuclear missile with a 100 mile range, the pluton, and it plans to put neutron warheads on it. So France, too, has plans to fight a limited nuclear war, even if only a very limited one; as a French Defence Ministry official put it privately, it will have "a ladder of escalation with one rung".

So the predominant Western strategy now is deterrence, with a hedge—plans for fighting a nuclear war if it should start while hoping to keep it limited. And a nuclear war could start. For what is being deterred under Western deterrence doctrine is not simply a nuclear attack on the West, but Soviet offensive action in any area where the West's vital interests are endangered. This is equivocal, and different interpretations are possible. The Russians did not regard their invasion of Afghanistan as an offensive action, and they were surprised at the Western response. There are situations in which Russia would risk war if it felt its vital interests were at stake; Brezhnev told the Czechoslovak leadership after the invasion in 1968 that the Soviet government would have acted even if it had known that the United States would come to Czechoslovakia's defence. There are more and more grey areas between the two blocs. For the West, the choice of using nuclear weapons or surrendering is likely to come in some local situation rather than on a global scale.

The new US strategy increases stability in so far as it constitutes a threat to the Soviet Union that is both more powerful and more credible. But it contains two clear dangers.

First, the ability to attack Soviet command centres and "selected military targets" accurately implies also the ability to attack Soviet nuclear missiles before they can be launched: a first-strike capability, in strategic jargon. Since this comes at a time when the United States is planning to build a new and largely invulnerable intercontinental missile, the MX, this inevitably alarms the Soviet Union, and spurs on the arms race. It also encourages the hawks in the United States to go for nuclear superiority.

Second, by spelling out the selected targets that could be hit in a nuclear war, with the aim of paralysing Soviet society, it weakens the nuclear taboo. Making the use of nuclear weapons more permissible in certain circumstances makes it more likely, or less unlikely, that they will be used, perhaps in very different circumstances, perhaps by someone else.

A letter from Zimbabwe

by Arthur Bryant

One thing which has never ceased to impress me in all the 44 years during which I have written this page is the contrast between the apparent indifference of so many of our political leaders and intellectual spokesmen to the meaning and importance of our national past and heritage, and the affection felt for it by many men and women born outside our island, who look to it with a deep faith and an abiding love born of our history and of their own heredity. The other day a letter reached me from a citizen of Zimbabwe—a South African by birth, who fought for us during the war—so moving that I cannot refrain from quoting it. For it says something which I could not hope to express so well or with such deep intensity of feeling:

"Two years ago, while in England on holiday, I stood on Duncton Hill with my wife and friends, looked across the South Downs of Sussex and inwardly prayed to God that I might one day again be allowed to return to that very spot. I am only one of millions who have been thus impressed by the countryside of England. In my case it has now perhaps developed into a passion, for I know that never again shall I truly relax or be content until, even at the age of nearly 54, I have found a home for myself and my family in that finest and sanest of countries.

"Nor is this a sudden whim or fancy. My first view of England was from a Liberator heavy bomber of the South African Air Force in June, 1945. We crossed the English coast near Littlehampton and landed at Ford. I do not believe, even today, that I have ever experienced at any other moment in my life the same thrill and the same excitement which swept through me as, from above the Channel, I looked across and down to that magnificent countryside. Then, as later, however, it was not only the green fields, the neat hedgerows and the gently rolling meadows which impinged upon my consciousness, but the fact that this was England and all the richness and culture and civilization and decency and order which that very word stood for and always has. We flew on to the New Forest (landing at Holmsley South) and here I walked for a tranquil hour or two through and around the village of Bransgore. The rest of my crew chose to 'beat up' Bournemouth and, with only 20 hours to spare, I chose to go to London—a memorable experience, if only a fleeting visit.

"Upon my release from the Air Force in Cape Town I, like so many others, found it a little difficult to settle down once more to civilian life. I should have gone to university but regrettably did not. I wished only to return to England. A year later I sailed for England and, after several weeks of somewhat impetuous living in London, enlisted in

the Royal Air Force. Then followed the happiest days of my life when I flew and travelled the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. I was later granted a compassionate discharge to return to Cape Town to help support my widowed mother and was not again able to return to England for 30 years.

"Then, with my New Zealand-born wife (but not my two teenage daughters) I hired a car at Heathrow and drove up the east coast to Edinburgh, across to Inverness, down to Skye, the Lakes, Wales, and West Coast, the Southern Counties and back to London. It was a journey of over 4,000 miles and I do not believe my wife and I have ever been happier or more relaxed. For me, just a few of the most joyous moments and impressive visits were the full-bodied playing of the organ in Ely Cathedral, driving along the bank of Loch Ness, standing in a classroom at Rugby School, Tintern Abbey, Goring-on-Thames and the roses at Sonning, Bladon churchyard, the Wye Valley, Gloucester Cathedral, the Public Records Office near Lincoln's Inn, a choir in St George's Chapel, cricket at Cartmel, the ruins at Minster Lovell, a service in Salisbury Cathedral, the drive from Exeter to Lyndhurst, and, to crown it all, the view from Duncton Hill.

"One writes of these experiences and places and remembers them all, and so very, very much more, and one is almost moved to tears... Although South African-born and now a citizen of Zimbabwe, my grandparents were from the Channel Islands and I experience with greater intensity every day of my

life a yearning to return permanently to where they came from or to England itself. And as I read yet again, with a pleasure bordering on deep emotion, all that you write of that superb country and its glorious past, I am all the more convinced that it is possibly the only country left worth living in if one still seeks quietude and serenity and that kindly and gentle tolerance which has emerged from centuries of discovery, development, progress, government, education and the finest achievements of a truly democratic and civilized society.

"It has been for me a matter of great satisfaction that my younger daughter (16), who has never been out of Africa, has also developed a very deep attachment for Britain, its traditions, its customs, its culture and, more specifically, its literature. She had read *Wuthering Heights* at the age of eight, has read every book about the Brontës she has been able to lay her hands on, and has expressed her greatest wish to pay a visit to Haworth Parsonage which, God willing, it may one day still be possible to arrange. A sensitive, introspective girl, a writer of poetry, a fine student and presently studying for her A levels, she also has a certain yearning for England which it is my very sincere hope will still be satisfied. I subscribe to *This England* magazine and it is one which she lovingly lingers over. Furthermore, because one so very seldom sees it displayed at the local news agency, my infrequent success in procuring a fresh copy of *The Illustrated London News* (which has today prompted this letter) is greeted by

Ashley with an enthusiasm which is to me more than touching because it proves yet again how starved we still are in Zimbabwe of so many of the finest of Britain's publications, and how cut off we still are from all that is culturally stimulating. And it is this which so greatly saddens me, for Ashley's sake far more than my own.

"For many practical reasons I believe it to be most unlikely that I shall ever again be able to return to England, either for a vacation or to live, and I therefore also feel, sadly, that my quiet prayer on Duncton Hill was a futile one... And so I know, too, that really I should cease to dream of that home in England for myself, my wife and my daughters—because it can never reach fruition. And yet one's heart remains there and one cries in quiet despair and one still prays for one last view of that church tower in the valley...

"I am of Africa but too little a part of it today. To exchange these clear blue skies, the bright sun and the warm clean air for the leaden skies of England and its wet and its cold, is perhaps a sort of madness. But there is an unsurpassing gentleness over there, a mellowness wrought by the centuries, and memorials everywhere which bear testimony to a faith and a pride and a belief in those lasting and cherished values which one was taught and believed as a child, and still does, and which will forever stand as pillars along the corridors of time."

My heart goes out to this English kinsman in exile—a citizen of Zimbabwe, itself in part born of an English dream. And I find myself so much in sympathy with all he believes in and sees that England stands for—

"her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

And it seems strangely fitting that my correspondent's crowning vision of England as he remembers it should have been on Duncton Hill. For it was here that Hilaire Belloc ended his walk across Sussex in that most nostalgic of his books, *The Four Men*, completing it with that greatest of all his poems inspired by love of England:

"He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows
Or dares, persistent, interweave
Love permanent with the wild
hedgerows.
He does not die but still remains
Substantiate with his darling plains...

So, therefore, though myself be cross't
The shuddering of that dreadful day
When friend and fire and home are lost
And even children drawn away,
The passer-by shall hear me still,
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill." ●

100 years ago



Queen Victoria loved the Scottish Highlands and referred to Balmoral Castle as "this dear Paradise". It was her favourite residence for autumn holidays and from it she made many expeditions into the surrounding countryside. The *ILN* of October 23, 1880, shows her sketching on the shores of Dhu Loch, near Ballater.

Peril from the Thames

While work on the flood barrier (*ILN*, September) continues round the clock, the Greater London Council is keeping its corporate fingers crossed that completion of the barrier in 1983 will not come too late to prevent the disaster it believes becomes more likely every year. Next month it will spend more than £130,000 on its biggest-ever campaign to warn Londoners of the flood risk and advise them what to do if it comes.

"It's a race with time," says the GLC leader, Sir Horace Cutler, and he is not exaggerating. There was, in fact, a real scare in 1978. Not only is central London slowly sinking on its bed of clay but Britain is slowly tilting, causing the south-east, including London, to drop a foot every 100 years. At the same time tide levels are rising; tides at London Bridge are 2 feet higher than they were in 1880. What is feared is a "surge tide", starting with bad weather in the North Atlantic and North Sea, causing a further rise in sea level and sending a surge of water from the deeper ocean

into the relatively shallow seas round Britain. Once the surge reaches the bottleneck of south-east England and the low Continental countries it would be funnelled up the Thames estuary, getting higher as the river narrows; then it will overflow. The GLC has offered its own vision of what would happen:

"It would be the greatest natural disaster this country is likely to experience and a catastrophe for the capital. Many Londoners would never fully recover from the blow. More than a million people could be at risk. More than a quarter of a million homes, factories and offices could be in danger. Thousands of cars could be swamped. Gas and electricity supplies could be knocked out and water supplies contaminated. Transport could come to a standstill. The Underground system could be paralysed for six months. Thames bridges and tunnels could be unusable. Communications could be hit with hundreds of thousands of telephone lines cut. Many hospitals, major sewer-

age works, fire and ambulance stations could be under water."

The cost of such a flood would be in excess of £3,500 million, not to reckon the loss of life and the human misery.

The 1978 scare caused both the GLC and the inner London boroughs to launch campaigns to educate the public. The GLC used mock pictures of London under flood. The Borough of Hammersmith published a mock newspaper reporting a flood and describing the damage and loss of life which would have occurred. This year there will be posters and advertising cards on the London Underground emotively depicting a rag doll floating down the Thames. Television advertising will be based on the image of a tap dripping into a tumbler until it overflows. More than a million wallet-sized flood-drill cards will be issued to town halls and big London employers.

To all Londoners the message will be: the threat of flood is real. For heaven's sake know what to do if it comes.

"Return" of the Elephant Man

What would that extraordinary character Joseph Merrick, advertised in his day as "half man—half elephant", have made of the industry that has developed around his name 90 years after he died?

Merrick was the victim of appalling deformities, including an enormous and grotesque head and rolls of skin resembling that of an elephant. He was displayed on fairgrounds until rescued and befriended by Frederick Treves, a London physician, who raised the money to keep him in hospital until he died when only 28 years old.

In 1923 Treves wrote movingly of Merrick in a 20-page section of his book *The Elephant Man and Other Reminiscences*. In 1972 Allison & Busby published Ashley Montagu's book *The Elephant Man; a study in human dignity*. But this year Merrick has become big business. Bernard Pomerance's play *The Elephant Man* has been simultaneously packing houses at the National Theatre in London and on

Broadway. Now a film with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt, also called *The Elephant Man*, is being released though its publicists say in their press release "It is based upon the life of John Merrick and not upon the Broadway play or any other fictional account."

Meanwhile, back on the bookshelves Futura have published the "novelization of the film", written by Christine Sparks and inevitably called *The Elephant Man*. (Like the film it refers to Merrick as John.) Allison & Busby preceded this with their second Merrick book, this one written by Michael Howell and Peter Ford and entitled *The True History of the Elephant Man* (their emphasis). This is now also published in paperback by Penguin and is, incidentally, a fine book. Star Books have republished the 1923 Treves book to the annoyance of Allison & Busby, who included the 20-page Treves account as an appendix to their own book. Virgin Books are also cashing in on the film, their book being called (inevitably) *The Elephant Man*, but in fact being a largely pictorial account of the making of the film. The book most likely to cause the unfor-

tunate Merrick to turn in his grave, however, is another from Futura entitled *The Elephant Man and Other Freaks* written by Sean Richards. In the meantime in the US Faber's book of the play has become one of the few publications of a play to become a bestseller.

Merrick, it is said, had a gentle sense of humour; if he is able to see all this he will no doubt be amused at the belated enthusiasm of the fashion-conscious publishing industry for one who, in Shakespeare's words, was so "lamely and unfashionable".

ILEA expected to stay

Readers of the May *ILN* will recall our report on the controversy over the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA) caused by the desire of some London Conservatives to have it disbanded and responsibility for education transferred to the inner London boroughs. At the time we forecast the setting up of an inquiry and this was duly done under the chairmanship of Baroness Young, Minister of State for Education. We can now report that the Young working party, while recommending some reforms in the way ILEA is run, has found that the case for scrapping the authority is not strong enough to justify the considerable reorganization that it would have involved. This news will be greeted with relief by most London parents, who, for all their criticisms of ILEA, provided impressive support for the "Save ILEA" campaign when it became clear that the threat to it was serious. Mark Carlisle, Secretary of State for Education, is expected to announce ILEA's reprieve and the proposed reforms when Parliament reassembles this month.

Dampness stops play...

A last word about the 1980 cricket season... We spent part of that dreary Centenary Test match Saturday in the Pavilion at Lord's, and can only share in the condemnation of the behaviour of those few members of the MCC who jostled the umpires and the two captains as they returned from one of their inspections of the wicket. At the same time we understand and share the exasperation felt by so many spectators. Lord's is relatively expensive these days, and to have to sit there for more than four hours after play had been due to begin, with nothing to look at but the inadequate covers and a brief parade of former captains of England and Australia, in warm sunshine, and with no visible mopping up operations going on, would have tried the patience of a Boycott, a Mackay, or even of T. E. Bailey. But though the umpires may be justifiably criticized for pedantry and for failing to appreciate the nature of this particular celebratory match, the responsibility really lies with those who have failed to provide the headquarters of cricket with covers large enough to protect all the vital playing area and with hosepipes long enough to carry water off the grass altogether. It is not a new problem. Can we hope that the MCC will resolve it before the Bicentenary Test match?

...but darkness doesn't

That said, we can remember the season for a happier occasion, and a herald of things to come.

The scene: Stamford Bridge, headquarters of Chelsea Football Club. A dark, wet night. Beer selling well; fish and chips sending up a cloud of steam from the terraces. Did we say cricket? We did. It was the first international cricket match to be played under floodlights in England, the West Indies touring team playing Essex, swapping white pads for blue, red ball for white, and all within boundaries so close to the pitch that the ball was continually disappearing high into the stands and sometimes over them. A huge electronic scoreboard added to the fun, not only with its most uncricetlike messages of exhortation ("Come on Essex" and the like) but its uncomputerlike errors.

More than 13,000 people turned up for the match and saw an astonishing 450 runs scored in just over four hours. Lord Hawke no doubt turned in his grave but few who were there will argue with the prediction that before long night matches will become a regular part of English cricket.

Wisden may be kinder, but in the interests of accurate reporting we have to record that we found ourselves in the line of a soaring six hit into the stands by Vivian Richards. We dropped it.

Denis Healey, photographer

Mr Denis Healey, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and full-time politician, has just revealed himself as a rather accomplished part-time photographer in a new book, *Healey's Eye*, published by Jonathan Cape (£7.95). He also shows the advantages that a politician can achieve over ordinary amateur photographers—notably in the photographs he took from the kitchen window of Number 11, Downing Street, of visitors to the house next door. The photograph reproduced here is of Mr Healey's aunt.



New housing solutions in Southwark

by Tony Aldous. Photographs by Nigel Hudson.

Ten years ago the London Borough of Southwark was engaged in what then seemed an unstoppable programme aimed at solving its housing problem by building huge estates of factory-prefabricated flats. Typically they took the form of slab blocks eight or nine storeys high. Even then they attracted much unfavourable comment. "Human filing cabinets", their critics called them, or "concrete jungles". That second description was applied by one of the borough's rare Conservative councillors to the housing committee's then pride and joy, the Aylesbury Estate on the borders of Walworth and Camberwell. Concrete, yes, but jungle, no, said the borough. Aylesbury was providing families cleared from slums or living in overcrowded conditions with good, modern homes; the borough needed to use industrialized building systems in order to build quickly and cheaply; and it would be build to a high density, partly because of the price of land, partly in order to allow the people being rehoused to continue to live in more or less the same district.

In an effort to discover what the customer thought, I (as then environment reporter of *The Times*) went along and knocked at half a dozen doors. I discovered a number of—perhaps predictable—things about the newly-moved-in Aylesbury tenants. First, to a housewife who had lived in a fifth-floor walk-up flat off the Walworth Road, taking a zinc bath off a nail on the door for bath night and boiling every drop of hot water in a kettle, the new house was heaven. Second, it was already apparent that those who had cars were not renting space in the garages under the blocks, preferring to have their cars outside in the road where they could keep an eye on them. Third, though they resented and sometimes angrily refuted the "concrete jungle" tag, there were some aspects of what a Department of the Environment report has called "the estate outside the dwelling" which already worried them: lack of open space for youngsters; lack of (or rather delay in providing) community facilities; the insecurity of high level walkways and access balconies that were neither private nor truly public space; and finally the uneasy sense that the Aylesbury Estate was turning out to be rather too big and too anonymous to be home.

Already at that time a handful of councillors in the council's penny and Labour majority were discovering good objective arguments to support what their eyes and hearts already told them: that this was not the way to house the people. But, recalls one of them, petroleum geologist and lecturer Cliff

Potter, "Most councillors were preoccupied with how many 'units' they could build. And the chairman of planning at that time was still preoccupied with the idea that densities could be increased, even above the 132-136 people per acre."

Yet the climate of opinion was changing even then, and shortly produced a brief to a firm of private architects for an estate of houses and flats for Southwark in complete contrast to its Aylesbury. Heygate and North Peckham slab block estates. Setchell Estate in the Bermondsey district of the borough, designed by Neylan & Ungless, consists of 311 houses and flats, built in traditional brick with tiled, pitched roofs, with no building more than three storeys high, arranged on streets, alleys, courtyards and squares. The houses resemble every Englishman's notion of what a house ought to be.

The estate, completed in 1976, last autumn won a DoE Medal (the top category of award for good design in housing). I first spotted it two years earlier and got one of the architects, Michael Neylan, to show me round. This little town or "village", set down on a cleared, level site ½ mile south of Tower Bridge, was so refreshingly different it seemed almost too good to be true. The scale and materials—mottled oatmeal brick, and a brindled bluish-purple asbestos tile with a sheen and variation of colour that will almost pass for clay—seemed as right for the place as gravel-faced concrete and glazed wrong balconies elsewhere seemed wrong. The roof of the flats was steeply pitched, again, was well cared for, and gave the fascia board below the roof, boldly painted in mandarin red, made me think not of council estates but medieval towns. But would it look so good after a couple of years of use?

I went back in June, and it does. The mixture of dwellings contains a high proportion of flats and one-bedroom houses intended for old people, many of the flats arranged round courtyards which (as the DoE Awards assessors pointed out) provide an intimate scale, and with access through a single gate, and with a secure, though not clearly defined "the public from the private domain". That is something that so much adventurously designed "deck housing" disastrously failed to do. Inside these courtyards today all is neatness and colour. No litter, no graffiti, but a sense of enclosure, garden full of flowers, which is as much as the belonging to them, in which they take a pride, and which others respect and admire. As Mr Henry Adlington, a retired engineer and two years the tenant of an upstairs flat looking out one of these

courtyards, put it: "It's a beautiful place to live. It's like walking out into the patio of a holiday place in Spain!"

The rest of the estate, too, looks extraordinarily well cared for and lived, with young and old obviously enjoying and respecting it. Scarcely any scrawling or spraying of those beautiful brick walls, nor the slightest sign of any more serious vandalism. The evening I went back a dozen residents were working in the community hall, built at one corner of the estate for it and the neighbouring Longfield. They were preparing for Setchell's second annual fete, the first having been such a success as to demand a repeat. "Graffiti? We had a little bit. But we caught them and made them scrub it off," explained tenants' association secretary George Grant. "But we give the children something better to do." They started a youth club, and its table tennis team reached the top of the local league in its first season, he recalls with pride. This may seem a minor matter to outsiders, but it is one of those factors, missing elsewhere, which help to cement a community together and give its impressionable youngsters a sense of belonging, worthwhileness and stability.

I then went along with tenants' association treasurer Eric Sayers to take a look at the small children's play ground, under the walls of a Victorian church building now refurbished to serve as a local primary school. Mr Sayers, when I expressed interest in the decorative ridge tiles of roofs in the new estate, suggested that the architects may have sought to pick out this feature from the roof of the school. The playground, again, was well cared for, and gave the place an identity not confusable with any other locally hereabouts. The community hall itself stands out for the silver-coloured boiler-house flue which rises above it, and also for tiled roofs so steep and tall that the architects deemed it wise to insert brackets to which the Sayers' ladder can be fixed when repairs are needed. Next to the community hall, on the corner of Duntun Road, are shops set back under a brick-pilared arcade which turns the corner. No mugging, no vandalism, no complaints—except perhaps that chewing-gum tends to adhere to the paving.

But perhaps the most memorable place in Setchell is an open square with plane trees, some of them new-planted, some retained from the road line which the architects took and widened at this point. Traffic-free like all the Setchell spaces apart from the garage court, it was really too big for paving. Instead it has yellow hoggins, a sand and gravel mixture, which makes it a little like those tree-shaded squares where Frenchmen

One of the prizes to be paid for this, however, is that Setchell is, in general, an elderly community, and was, to some extent, consciously designed as such.



Only 87 of its 311 dwellings are family houses; 59 are "houses" with bedrooms upstairs, but big enough only for one or two people; the rest are one- or two-person flats such as Mr Adlington's, in quiet courtyards away from cars and children on bikes. But though homes are sturdy, fairly thick on the ground (110 persons to the acre), their design has ensured that most people (75 per cent) live on the ground and even more (90 per cent) have a front door at ground level. This is psychologically important to people and helps to establish a clear divide between private and public space.

In the community hall, said Mr Sayers (who works for Southwark Council as a decorator) has painted a sign which reads "Setchell Village". He prefers that to "estate", and in this case it means something. On the sign he has picked up characteristic visual features like the steep pitch of the rooflines which give the place an identity not confusable with any other locally hereabouts. The community hall itself stands out for the silver-coloured boiler-house flue which rises above it, and also for tiled roofs so steep and tall that the architects deemed it wise to insert brackets to which the Sayers' ladder can be fixed when repairs are needed. Next to the community hall, on the corner of Duntun Road, are shops set back under a brick-pilared arcade which turns the corner. No mugging, no vandalism, no complaints—except perhaps that chewing-gum tends to adhere to the paving.

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The pleasant, tree-shaded square on the award-winning Setchell estate. Top and centre right, the huge, prefabricated blocks of Heygate and Aylesbury estates. Below right, 19th-century Clifton Crescent, which has been converted into flats.

play boules. The Setchell residents hold their life and other community events there. Complaints by housewives with front doors onto the square that dust and mud came into their houses too easily were met by providing a narrow paved footpath along one side.

So that is Setchell. It cost Southwark Council something over £4 million, came within the Government's housing cost yardstick, and at about £13,500 per dwelling is reckoned good value for local authority housing in London—certainly better value than those increasingly unpopular blocks on the Aylesbury Estate. So why did Southwark not change its policies earlier? And how did it come to change when it did? Back to Councillor Potter for an answer. Soon after his election he became vice-chairman of the planning committee, but discovered that that committee was powerless when faced with the determined house-building (or rather flat- and maisonette-building) machine which had dominated council policies for two decades. Good, attractive Victorian houses were knocked down to make room for larger (and supposedly more economical) blocks of flats with higher and higher densities.

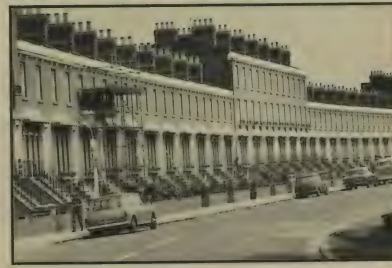
The tide began to turn, says Potter, both on lower densities and in favour of rehabilitation of 19th-century houses, when the GLC took its first tentative steps away from big, high-density schemes. But this, it seems, simply gave a final push to feelings of disgust among councillors. At estates like Aylesbury, says Mr Sayers (as we have seen) were first delighted with their new luxury homes, now increasingly complained about vandalism, leaky roofs, moulding, damage to cars, and the hostile and insecure nature of the high-level walkway

system. When Neylan & Ungless were briefed to design Setchell, they were told to put pitched roofs everywhere, to stick the garage blocks. "Southwark doesn't like flat roofs," explained Neylan. "They've had a bellyful of trouble with them." (Unlike the unlettable mass garages under the Aylesbury Estate blocks, Setchell's garages are all taken.)

Another worrying factor was that all the young couples with skills and ambition, with young families or plans for raising them, started "voicing with the removal van" against these hostile environments. "They all went to live in Bexley," comments Potter with a sad little laugh. For in inner Southwark the chances of a young couple getting a house with its own garden, to rent or still less to buy, were remote in the extreme. Which is one of the reasons why Setchell has plenty of old folk, some teenagers, but almost no toddlers or young couples. The council now has a priority list for engaged couples. "They woke up ten or 15 years too late," says Setchell's George Grant.

Yet changing policy was not as easy as you might expect. Cliff Potter recalls, "When we lowered the densities and asked Whitehall to approve the plans though the Minister of the day was saying that local authorities must get housing densities down, his civil servants were still saying, 'That's not economic. You've got to increase them.'" Which is sadly reminiscent of the reaction in Whitehall that Bermondsey Council leader Dr Arthur Salter got in the 1930s to reduce slum-dwellers in two-storey cottages.

In the end the message did get through. Whitehall altered its cost controls to allow lower-rise, lower-density housing: the views of Potter and Watts



and Smyth carried the day both on this issue and the linked question of rehabilitation of the better 19th-century buildings. Clifton Crescent, just off the Old Kent Road, was a case where officials had convinced the committee that demolition was the only economic course, but, when the detailed costs of the redevelopment scheme became known, had to return to the committee and suggest rehabilitation. The result produced a blaze of publicity in which Southwark was able to task: conversion into popular flats of what after restoration was universally seen to be an elegant 19th-century terrace. Civic Trust assessors, commending the scheme, called it "one of Southwark's finest examples of Georgian/Victorian transitional architecture... rescued for

the enjoyment of future generations".

So does the story end happily, with Southwark committed to conservation of remaining 19th-century buildings and busily erecting more and more houses that look like houses to tempt back young couples with energy and ambition and redress the imbalance of an aging population? Cliff Potter was not optimistic. The impact of the Government's cuts in housing finance meant, he said, that with the possible exception of sheltered (or wardened) housing for old people unable to live entirely alone, no new housing looked like being started in 1981. How sad and strange that, having taken two decades to discover the kind of municipal housing its citizens like and want, Southwark now finds itself without the cash to build them. ●



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comes with the camera."

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Letter from Nairobi

by Victoria Brittain

Great swathes of bright red earth, cut through what recently was forest on the outskirts of the capital, tell part of the story of modern Nairobi. At the turn of the century this area was described as "a bleak swampy stretch of soppy landscape—the resort of thousands of wild animals of every species." Now it is a city of 800,000, and by the end of the century it will probably have about three million inhabitants.

Whole hillsides of new Mexican-style, white-painted, bungalows spring up in a matter of months, and still the demand for such luxury housing is so great that rents are higher than in London and Paris. As Nairobi's suburbs grow farther out into the countryside the small downtown business area grows only upwards. Modern 20-storey office blocks have sprung up to replace the low, wood and corrugated iron shops and offices of the early traders. The colonial town planners knew what they were doing with Nairobi—the teeming industrial area with its new factories is out of sight both of the central area and of the suburban homes, and all its expansion will simply take it farther out of sight.

Nairobi has become the unquestioned centre for commercial activity in all east and central Africa. The telephones work, the telex works, there are half a dozen daily flights to Europe, and European businessmen and their families find the shops full of all the European imported foods not normally available in the third world.

The thousands of tourists who crowd the international hotels in the centre of Nairobi are another cornerstone of the city's prosperity, but they barely impinge on the lives of the European, Asian and African *bourgeoisie* who live in the carefully tended, guarded, high-walled homes and clubs of the suburbs. Women in well-pressed clothes shop in the American-style shopping areas on the edge of Nairobi, where most of the shop-owners are Asians, and the hawkers and the men who carry their shopping to their cars are Africans. Patient African ayahs look after European children and homes while the housewives play tennis or golf or lie by the swimming pool. But they are not the white families who were here before independence—they are from the United Nations Environment Programme's headquarters in Nairobi, the banks, the multi-nationals and above all the aid programmes administered from Nairobi.

British institutions such as Parliament, and English country-gentlemen magistrates, have survived and flourished since independence. Only on the land has there been a virtually complete retreat by white farmers, most of whom sold out in the first 15 years of independ-

ence under a British government scheme which cost £44 million and resettled half a million landless African on 5 million acres of the old White Highlands. Many of these whites went to South Africa, Texas, Australia or Rhodesia, but the older ones retired mostly to Nairobi or the Kenyan coast—unable to envisage life anywhere else.

Masai *morans* (warriors) with red ochre smeared into their plaited hair, spear in hand and red cotton cloth slung round waist and shoulder, stride through the streets of Nairobi as though the pavements were still the empty plain. The Masai and other pastoral tribes of Kenya are still reluctant to seize the opportunities of the modern world and become part of it. Although three are in President Moi's cabinet it is still extremely rare to meet a Masai in the university or a government department.

The pastoralists are the only section of Kenya's population which is actually decreasing: sterility among women is extremely common, venereal disease is endemic, infant mortality is high. For the rest of the population the picture is dramatically different and threatens in the future to jeopardize today's prosperity. Kenya has the highest rate of population growth in the world—4 per cent or 8.1 children for each woman.

As 80 per cent of the land area of Kenya is desert or semi-arid the pressure on the fertile land is intense. The rural exodus to Nairobi is inevitable, although the job opportunities created by the so-called formal sector are enough only for about a third of the new intending workers who arrive in the capital every year. Although 40 per cent of Nairobi's population are squatters living in unauthorized settlements, the shanty town area is, typically for Nairobi, tucked away unseen by the tourists or even the resident *bourgeoisie*. Most of these people are men living alone, with their families back in the rural areas living on subsistence farming. What the father can save from the minimum wage of £22 a month he takes home, usually for school fees, books and uniforms. Education for their children is every Kenyan's charm against the uncertainties of a fast-changing world for which many feel inadequate.

Every weekend groups of white-robed men and women jog for hours through the streets of Nairobi drumming and singing before an emotional street-corner prayer meeting which might last for hours. Charismatic religious leaders spring up. Direct communication with God remains perhaps the most important way of coping with the modern world for the large numbers of illiterate adults living in the capital.



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New rush to the Klondike

by Andrew Moncur

Three generations after the famous gold rush it is all happening again. The rising price of the metal is acting like a magnet for today's prospectors, and more claims are being staked than at the height of the 1890s stampede. But this time the hardships of "the cussedest land" are alleviated by modern technology.



An atmosphere of frontier simplicity still characterizes Dawson City.

They are rushing for gold again in the Klondike, 84 years after the lucky strike that first sent fortune hunters stampeding into a harshly inhospitable quarter of northern Canada. In the 1890s up to 100,000 men were caught up in a mass movement that led the toughest of them to the Yukon. Times have changed and the 1980 rush is by comparison a discreet affair. But the country and the lure remain the same.

The early stampeders, often pitifully ill-equipped, endured months of hardship as they struggled over mountain passes and through icy rapids to reach the creeks around the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers, where they hoped to share in the bonanza. Now the creeks are only a couple of hours' jet flight and a long, dusty drive from the outside world, and some claims are staked by helicopter crews.

In the first great rush the miners worked their claims with pick and shovel, taking gold from the permanently frozen gravel in which it is bound.

And a few—a very few—became exceedingly rich. Today men are moving mountains to find still more gold, and some of them stand to become even richer. Others are returning to pick over the spoil left by earlier miners. Suddenly the rising price of gold has made it worth while to look again and that has created a new gold rush in a vast, lonely and beautiful country which has been out of mind for most of this century. The number of placer (or alluvial) mining claims now in good standing and being worked in the Yukon Territory exceeds those staked at the height of the Klondike rush in 1898.

Fortunes are being invested by international backers in the expectation that fortunes will be made. Claims are changing hands for astronomical sums. One miner told me that he had been approached by a company eager to buy seven of his claims. They had cost him \$10 each to register and that, more or

less, was their true worth. They were, in his words, garbage claims. The company paid more than \$100,000 to take them off his hands, he said.

In the Klondike it is never possible to be entirely sure how such a land deal might turn out. The territory's brief and colourful history is filled with stories of fortunes won, lost and sometimes just given away. Russian John Zarowsky took a sack of flour in exchange for his claim—and saw its new owner become a millionaire. Lucky Charley Anderson, while drunk, bought a claim with his last \$800. Next day, filled with remorse, he tried to get his money back and failed. He extracted \$1,200,000 worth of gold from that land.

Today's miners have enjoyed a different sort of good fortune. Those who calculated that it was worth their while to work a claim when gold was priced at \$35 an ounce resumed their summer search for nuggets this year

aware that the price was rapidly climbing above \$600 an ounce.

Despite the sophistication of the new onslaught on the creeks and hills of The Loop, the 100-mile spread of mine workings lying to the east of Dawson City, an atmosphere of frontier simplicity still hangs in the dusty air. Dawson sprang to exuberant life at the time of the first rush and it still serves the mining community. On its dirt streets are the handful of shops, bars and banks they need; Diamond Tooth Gertie's, the only legal gambling hall in Canada, remains in business with its gaming tables and dancing girls, performing a can-can remarkable only for its overwhelming purity. This may be the land of Dangerous Dan McGrew but it is also the town where, at the height of the stampede, a hard-bitten former marshal from Dodge City was thrown out of a saloon for talking too loudly. He went like a lamb.

This year I saw a group of tough miners in a Dawson bar shaken into submission by a waitress who





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New rush to the Klondike

warned them about their bad language.

Miners of the new generation still keep their feet firmly on the highly prized ground. Men working claims in their own right are likely to store their gold in pickle jars. It is, they find, convenient when they come to grade their nuggets: big ones in this jar, smaller ones in that jar, and so on. Often the men are reluctant to leave their claims where, for all their new wealth, they may live in a simple trailer and work outdoors in the endless summer days for 12 or 14 hours at a stretch. The weather probably permits only 100 days of mining a year. If they have to leave the site for a day they usually take the precaution of burying their sluice box, which contains the gold they have extracted during the preceding weeks. Miners are permitted to carry firearms on their claims, a fact that visitors are asked to bear in mind if they intend to call uninvited at mine workings.

Eventually the sluice box has to be emptied and the gold must be taken to the bank. As often as not that simply means loading the jar into the car. "A lot of miners drive into town to the bank. They may have 1,000 ounces. It is the same as having \$700,000 in the car with you. It is not a bad feeling," said Ben Warnsby, an Englishman who has worked in the territory for 28 years and who is now joint owner of a mine which will send him on many such trips.

It is, indeed, not a bad feeling. Seeking gold is a compulsive force. The Klondike has proved that it is capable of driving men to epic heights of endurance and—all too frequently—to depths of disappointment.

It all began when three unlikely prospectors—a white man known as Siwash George Carmack and his Indian brothers-in-law, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley—stumbled across gold in Rabbit Creek, a tributary of the Klondike river, on August 16, 1896. They collected enough gold to fill an empty shotgun cartridge. It was the start of something very big. The next day the wildly excited men staked Discovery and three other claims in Rabbit Creek, which was soon to be renamed Bonanza. They then set off for the town of Forty Mile to record their claims at the Mounted Police post there. On the way they gave news of the lucky strike to other prospectors, who then hurried to Bonanza. Soon Forty Mile was deserted as more men joined the rush.

While they staked claims in the creek an enterprising French Canadian trader, Joe Ladue, was busy marking out a square mile site at the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers. There Ladue built a log cabin, the first building in Dawson. He also opened a bar and a sawmill. Within two years Dawson would have a population of 30,000. Gold was being found in fabulous quantities in Bonanza and a creek near by, which was named Eldorado. Soon men were taking as much as \$800

worth of gold from a single pan.

At this stage the rush was still a comparatively small-scale, domestic affair limited to men already living and working in the Yukon who had heard of the Bonanza strike. These hardened northerners had the place to themselves throughout the winter and early summer of 1897. By then they had staked their claims, carved up the rich gold-bearing creeks between them and started extracting nuggets and gold dust at a pace that would have made King Midas proud. The stampede was still to come.

News of the Klondike strike did not reach the wider world until a party of miners, with more than 1½ tons of gold between them, set out in midsummer for civilization. They embarked in two ships, the *Excelsior* bound for San Francisco, and the *Portland*, heading for Seattle. The arrival of these wild-eyed, gold-laden men in July, 1897, had an electrifying effect. Then (as now) the miners carried their gold to the bank in glass jars—or any other container that came to hand. The Americans rushed to book passage for the north.

The rush was instant and crazy. Men threw up their jobs, stripped stores of supplies and besieged shipping company offices. As word spread across the world more men were drawn into the stampede and more and leakier ships were pressed into service. Many of the men took passage up the Pacific coast to the nascent towns of Skagway and Dyea, in Alaska. These landing points were the gateway to the mountain passes that the stampede had to cross.

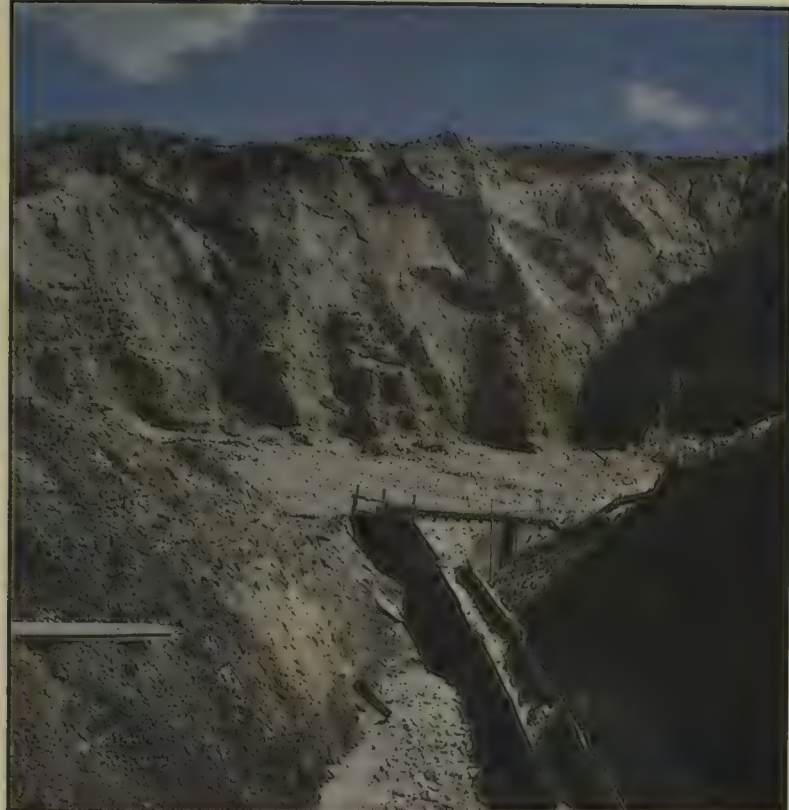
Ahead were the alternative passes: the Chilkoot and the White Pass. And the Mounties were there, too, stationed on the Canadian border and imposing an iron rule on the advancing army of adventurers. Every man who entered the country must have a year's supply of food. The police were determined that tragedy should be averted. As well, every man had to bring in the equipment he would need. It meant that everyone had to carry on his back over the mountains at least a ton of stores. Soon the stampede were creating across the landscape an epic tableau which remains the symbol of the Yukon: an unbroken line of burdened men advancing, ant-like, in file up a steep mountain face.

They developed a simple and heart-breaking tough technique. Each man would split his store pile and set off to carry the first 50lb load 5 or 6 miles up the trail. He would cache it before returning for the next load. The mountain trails were crossed again and again as the newcomers struggled under load after load. To shift his stores less than 50 miles a man would have to trudge more than 900 miles over tracks which rapidly deteriorated into a nightmarish quagmire, lined with the remains of pack animals which had lived only long enough to prove their uselessness.

Then came the ice and the deep snow. The lines of men kept moving. Anyone falling out of line had no hope of regaining his place. Injured men could lie unaided beside the track. It was enough to make strong men weep. But the



No longer used for mining, a huge dredge is a tourist attraction in Bonanza Creek.



Gold newly mined from Dago Hill is separated from soil and gravel in a sluice box.

stampede came through, bringing with them some unlikely burdens. One couple carried a piano, broken down into its component parts, across the Chilkoot Pass. There steps were cut in the ice and the back-packers climbed, noses to the mountainside.

Most of the stampede who successfully crossed the mountain barrier into the southern Yukon spent the rest of the winter in a huge tented town on the shores of Lake Bennett, cobbling together rafts which they planned to float down the Yukon river to Dawson as soon as the spring thaw made the passage possible. When that waterborne stampede began the men faced new perils—miles of rapids which claimed many lives.

Eventually they arrived in the boom town of Dawson, a sea of tents and shanties surrounded by mud, where gold dust was currency, where a man with a rich claim could afford to bathe in champagne and where most of the stampede faced destitution. It is estimated that of the 100,000 men who set out for the Klondike fewer than 40,000 eventually arrived, probably only 4,000 found gold—and a tiny proportion made money. In those terms they had wasted their time. Dawson's boom was brief. In 1899 gold was struck in Alaska and thousands rushed on there.

Today Dawson remains haunted by its past. It is a little town of only about 700 permanent inhabitants that has suffered from the passage of time and floodwater which together have swept away some of its oldest timber buildings and shaken others to their slight foundations. But the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, clad in tin that looks for all the world like masonry, remains on Front Street much as it was when Robert Service worked there as a teller. He wrote the ballads about "the cus-

sest land" that helped to make the Yukon famous. Certainly Dawson City's main preoccupation has not changed. Its inhabitants are distinguishable by their gold nugget jewelry.

The police, who might be described as overstretched at the best of times, are already coping with a rise in crime. The Dawson City station of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is manned by a corporal, five constables and—in the summer—two students working as special constables. Their beat extends in one direction 70 miles to the Alaska border and, in another, 290 miles to the North West Territories boundary.

They have anticipated an increase in gold robberies by launching a crime prevention campaign directly aimed at the newly-rich miners whose security arrangements suddenly seem so inadequate. Miners are now being issued with standard forms enabling them to fill in details of any suspicious-looking strangers. Claim-jumping, once a capital offence in Canada, is not regarded as a problem. The miners already have a remedy. Constable Vanderlinde explained: "If you do that you will end up with a seat full of buckshot."

The new rush has created another risk. I heard of a party of four men from Nebraska who came north to take possession of their newly-bought claim. They found that it had been sold to five other buyers. Miners who have spent a lifetime in the territory are less easily deceived. Ben Warnsby, the English-born mine owner, and his partner, Mike Stutter, were prepared to move a mountain to find gold—but they knew for certain that gold was there before they shifted a single stone. They are removing the top 6 million cubic yards from Dago Hill, a diminishing landmark overlooking Hunker Creek, which is known to contain between \$75 million and

\$80 million worth of gold.

The two expatriates—Warnsby comes from Lincoln and his partner from King's Lynn—had the good fortune to take over the claims on the hill from an old-timer and, equally important, they were also able to stake the land down below in the creek, abandoned by a mining company in leaner days. That enabled the partners to start reshaping their assets. In the simplest terms, they set about washing the hill-top down into the valley and extracting its gold in the process. It is, of course, far from being a simple task. They have been working there for seven years and they expect to spend eight years more slicing into their hill-top, working their way to the bedrock and a growing fortune. It is a tough job, not least because of the permafrost that grips the subsoil.

Two feet beneath the surface the ground is permanently frozen and hard as concrete. During the early days prospectors coped with the problem by a painstaking process—lighting a wood fire, digging away the thawed soil, lighting another fire in the hole and, very slowly, sinking a shaft to the shale which might or might not prove to be pay dirt.

Today's miners use heavy earth-moving equipment (Mr Warnsby recently invested in a \$450,000 front-loader) and high pressure waterjets. It is still slow work. Mr Warnsby rakes the exposed surface of the cutaway hillside with a 72-lb pressure water spout and he reckons that the soil will thaw to a depth of 6 inches a day. The thawed gravel is washed down into a sluice box, designed to separate the heavy gold from the dross of surrounding soil.

The partners were also restoring one of the great dredges which once churned over the gravel of stream beds in the Klondike. They planned to use its giant-sized separator equipment.

The two miners of Dago Hill own no fewer than five of the great machines, which were finally abandoned in the 1960s. The partners have learnt their business the hard way. They worked for one of the great mining corporations before buying the *Brainstorm*, a 110-ton riverboat towing freight barges between Dawson and Old Crow, in the far north on the Porcupine River. In 1972 they started mining again on their own account, financed by the success of the freight business. They now have 84 claims (each is 500ft by 1,000ft) and they are very rich. "If we turned around and sold the hill today we could ask 10 per cent. We could conceivably come up with \$8 million to split. We could get that price without any problem," Mr Warnsby said. He plainly has no intention of doing so. There is still unfinished business to complete.

Blake Baxter, supervising mining recorder in Whitehorse, told me: "Production is expected to increase substantially as more ground which is being prepared starts to yield. It is a booming industry for the territory." The statistics of the boom are abundantly clear. There were 841 placer mining claims in good standing in the Dawson district in 1966-67. In 1979-80 the number soared to 5,799. In 1967 the miners of the Yukon as a whole paid royalty on 11,753 ounces of gold. In the last financial year royalty was paid on 36,000 ounces. This year it could be double that.

But not everybody is smiling for quite the same reason. The early stampede might feel a moment's sympathy for Bob Sharp, a school principal from Whitehorse, who staked a claim in the wilderness and built a cabin on his land. He then settled down to make his fortune. After two months' work on the claim he emerged with a gross profit of \$8. He, too, could only smile.



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The lure of gold

by Harry Montagu

Its usages change but, after 6,000 years, demand for the precious metal continues to grow. The electronics, optical and pottery industries and medicine, as well as the jewelry trade, all need its services—after the world's central banks have put in their buying orders.

Since the dawn of civilization gold has symbolized beauty, wealth and power. Its colour, texture and permanence have attracted mankind for 6,000 years. In the ancient world Egypt was arguably the world's richest mining area and its dominance diminished only when the Romans began exploiting Spanish deposits. The full significance of Egypt's gold wealth was revealed by 20th-century archaeologists, whose discoveries included Tutankhamun's treasure.

Gold has been found on all five continents. In fact minute quantities occur in nearly all rocks and in seawater, but economic deposits are rare. Its scarcity can be gauged by this fact: if all the gold ever mined were melted into one heap it would form a cube 18 yards on each side. Wherever visible metal particles have collected through the action of water gold can be obtained by simple washing or panning. This is the traditional method of prospectors. Lumps or nuggets are also found, one of the largest being the Australian Welcome Stranger nugget unearthed in 1869 which weighed almost 160 lb.

Although gold has been sought and traded across frontiers for 6,000 years it was not until the 19th century that lust for the metal drove men to physical and geographical limits. In 50 years there were no fewer than four gold rushes on three continents, the first and most dramatic being that in California, which began in 1848. Ironically, Mexico ceded this state to the United States for a mere \$15 million in the year that gold was discovered accidentally at Sutter's Mill, about 100 miles east of San Francisco Bay. When the news leaked out thousands of adventurers set out to seek their fortune, making their hazardous journey by horse, wagon, or even on foot, sometimes the whole breadth of the land, or by sea to San Francisco. They rushed from all over the world, their numbers rising to about 100,000 in 1849, and many were successful.

The fever soon spread to other parts of the United States and beyond. In 1851 an Australian prospector, Edward Hargraves, who had left his country to join the Californian gold rush, returned home and he struck gold in New South Wales in that year. This triggered the Australian stampede. Rich strikes were made in Victoria and at Kalgoorlie in Western Australia. And before the inevitable decline occurred Australian production attained an annual output of almost 230,000 lb.

Perhaps the worst and most arduous conditions were experienced by those prospectors who braved the rigours of the Alaskan winter to win gold from the

Yukon and Klondike rivers. This was to signal the closing phase of the 19th-century rushes. But only a few years before the cry "Gold! Gold in the Klondike!" had echoed through North America an Australian prospector, George Harrison, stumbled across gold in a rock outcrop a few miles west of Johannesburg in South Africa, and another stampede followed. This find, which was to prove much more lasting, laid the foundation for the world's largest goldmining industry.

Today South Africa accounts for about 70 per cent of the world's total annual output of the metal. Production reached a peak at 1,000 tonnes in 1970 and is expected to drop to around 350 tonnes by the turn of the century. The metal is so finely dispersed that it can be recovered from the rock only by chemical means. To obtain 1 oz just under 3 tonnes of gold-bearing rock have to be mined and treated on the surface.

A new deep-level mine may take some six years to develop at a cost of about £80 million. But before this stage is reached boreholes must be sunk into the gold-bearing rock or reefs to enable the metal content to be estimated. Shaft-sinking amounts to more than 40 per cent of the cost of bringing a new mine into production. When the shafts are completed, horizontal tunnels are driven into the rock to intersect the reefs so that mining can begin. Ingots weighing about 1,000 oz each are the product of the smelt-houses of the South African mines. They are greenish in colour since they contain some 10 per cent of other minerals, such as silver, copper and iron. Further processing at a central refinery is necessary before the gold is suitable for sale. The refinery produces bars containing 99.5 per cent of gold, the rest being silver.

In the Soviet Union, the world's second largest producer, gold has been won in the Urals for more than 200 years. But since publication of output figures was forbidden in 1926 the rest of the world has subsequently had to rely on estimates from various other quarters. The most recent have been in the 300 tonnes a year range, but these are highly tentative. The most important discovery in the Soviet Union was made at Muruntau in Uzbekistan in 1958 where a large open-pit mine has been developed. Its estimated annual output of 80 tonnes makes it the largest single producer in the world, the ores processed being essentially low grade. It is believed that reserves at Muruntau can sustain this production for many years.

The first gold coin was issued by King Croesus of Lydia in the sixth cen-

tury BC. Today gold coinage has largely disappeared because of inadequate supplies. In a number of countries citizens are forbidden to own gold bullion; this is to enable stocks of the metal to be kept in government hands. For years attempts have been made to restrict the role of gold in the international system and demonetize it. Alternative forms of reserve assets, including special drawing rights, called "paper gold", have been created. Whether these new reserve assets will be strong enough to endure the apparently constant high tides of inflation remains to be seen. In the meantime gold continues to play a vital role. Central banks and monetary authorities hold in their vaults the equivalent of almost 30 years' production at the present rate, making allowance for estimated Communist bloc sales.

Zurich has become the world's main gold market where most newly mined South African and Soviet supplies are traded. Since 1967 private consumers appear to have absorbed not only total world output but have also bought considerable quantities from official sources. Traditionally most of this gold has been used to make jewelry, but more recently sales for investment purposes have overtaken the jewelry application. One manifestation of this trend has been the high production of the South African Kruggerand coin, each of which contains 1 oz of gold. Sales of these reached a peak last January at 287,641 when the London market, too, soared to fresh heights.

Pure gold is too soft for general use in jewelry, so from the earliest days the practice has been to alloy it. A wide variety of coloured gold can be made, including white, red, green, blue, and purple: gold alloys are produced by mixing it with metals such as silver, copper, nickel and zinc. Pure gold is 24 carats, and the gold content of jewelry we buy might be shown as "18ct", signifying that it is 18/24ths pure.

Gold has numerous industrial applications, absorbing an estimated 160 tonnes annually in the free world, a relatively small part of total sales of around 1,700 tonnes in 1978. Because of its malleability and ductility gold can be made to go a long way. One ounce can be drawn into 50 miles of wire and a single grain can be beaten down to make a translucent sheet 1/360,000th of an inch thick which would cover a whole sheet of A4 paper. Between 20 and 30 oz are needed for brazing or soldering components of every jet engine and coatings a millionth of an inch thick are used to reflect heat from the engine exhausts. The windscreens of Concorde,

other high-speed aircraft and some express trains embody a gold electric heating element one-fifth of a millionth of an inch thick; this is to prevent icing. Spacecraft are protected against radiation by a thin layer of the metal. As it conducts electricity reasonably well and does not tarnish gold is used extensively in computers and electrical consumer durables, such as television sets and record-players. For many years it has been blended with oils and applied as decoration to china and glass—a use that has been extended to embrace plastic cosmetic bottles. As the ancient Egyptians placed gold on the top of their obelisks to reflect the rays of the sun god Ra so modern man uses the metal in roof tiles and glass in hot buildings to reduce the need for air-conditioning.

Since ancient times potable gold has been prescribed for treating various ailments and today it is used to combat cancer and arthritis.

The instability and volatility of paper currencies recently have led monetary authorities to reassess the role of gold; one eminent economist said last year: "The conventions, habits and experience gained in some 4,000 years are not going to be erased and forgotten in two or three decades of sophisticated paper wizardry." The traditional security provided by the metal was clearly demonstrated early in 1980 by the gold scramble occasioned by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The demand is unlikely to fall. But supplies are not infinite and the jump in price has encouraged exploration. Already indications have been made of fresh finds in the Soviet Union, Saudi Arabia and the United States. But whether these will be large enough to offset the expected fall in South African output by the turn of the century is highly questionable.

The 1980s have begun on an uncertain economic note and there is much discord. Economic uncertainty has always drawn investors to gold, and distrust of government has undoubtedly been one of the chief reasons for the traditional French love of the metal. Advocates of gold bullion purchases claim that it is a hedge against inflation and deflation and since both conditions seem likely to persist during the present decade gold's future appears to be in no doubt. Perhaps the final word should go to Bernard Shaw, who said: "You have to choose (as a voter) between trusting to the natural stability of gold and the natural honesty and intelligence of the members of the government. And with due respect to these gentlemen, I advise you, as long as the capitalist system lasts, to vote for gold." ●

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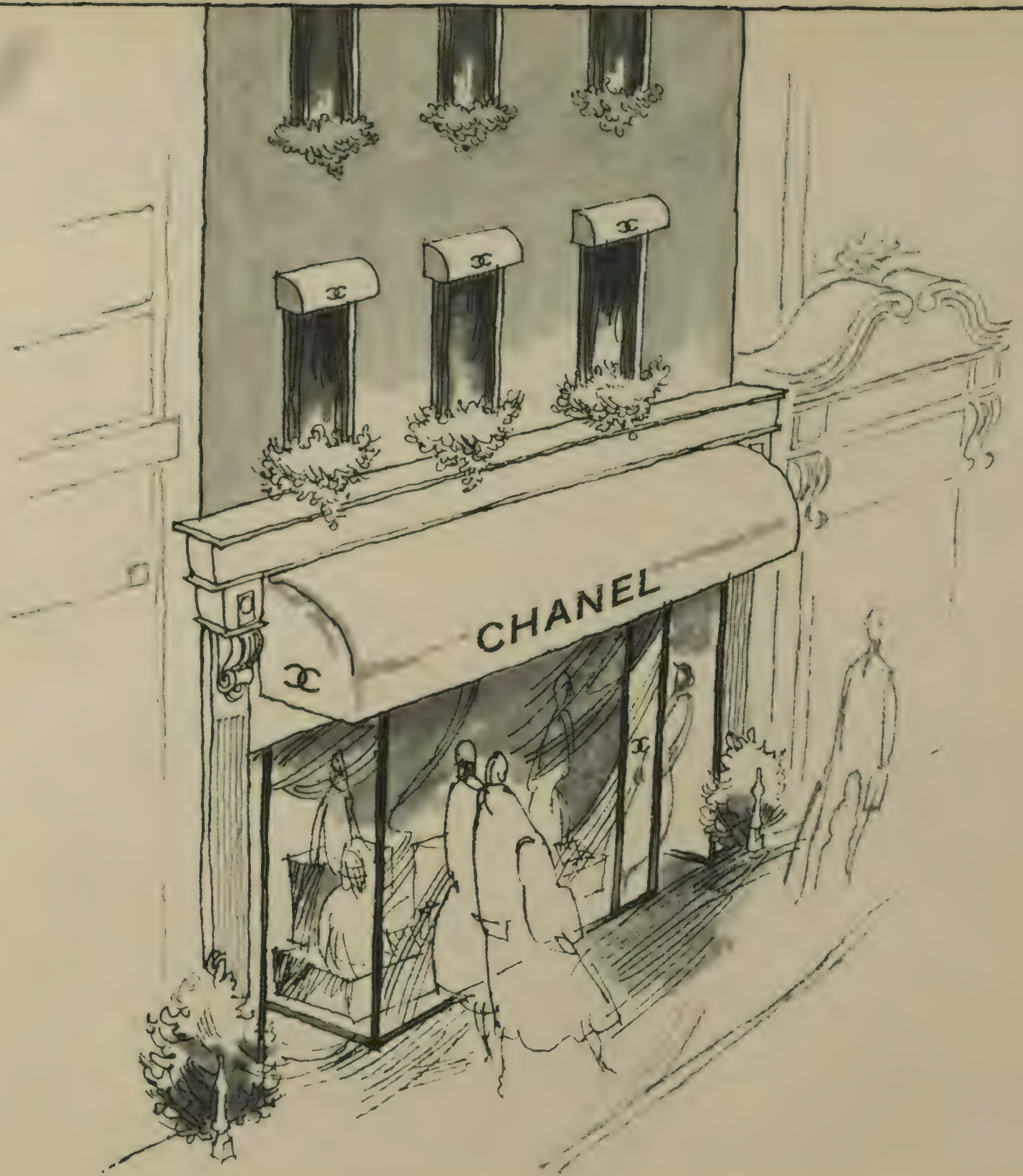
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Remembering William Holt

by Glyn Hughes

William (Billy) Holt died in 1977 at the age of 80, a self-educated West Yorkshire weaver who published nine books—novels, autobiography and travel. One of them, *Trigger Through Europe*, is about a 20,000 mile journey through England, Italy, Austria, Germany and the Netherlands, on a horse bought from a rag-and-bone dealer. Holt described their journeying together as an act of liberation for both man and horse: the horse trudging through the streets of Todmorden seemed as blinkered between its cart shafts as he himself was by the dark hills of his West Yorkshire valley.

Billy was small—about 5 feet 5 inches tall—and tough, his skin roughened and reddened by being out of doors. He had a stiff, ginger moustache, a proud robin-like stance, and wore gaiters like a pre-war country gentleman. He lived on the edge of the moor in a 17th-century master clothier's house which had massive stone porches, lintels and roof tiles, as if to anchor it during wild weather. The surrounding landscape was a ruin of the Industrial Revolution. The walls that enclosed the moor were tumbling and blackened, like the quarry near by and like Todmorden below, clanking and spitting steam and fire: a proud town that is now a dark jumble of Victorian mills, church spires, chapels, railway and canal littering the valley floor.

One summer's day shortly before he died I found Billy lying between the feet of his horse on that peculiarly brittle and sooty moorland grass, reading *Paradise Lost*. Its imagery of cataclysm in Heaven and of sulphurous fire seemed connected with this landscape, with Billy's inheritance.

Billy's accent was West Yorkshire, his language Biblical, his subject matter the politically radical and the mystical, inextricably mixed. The phrase "self-educated weaver" was his own proud description of himself, relating him to that self-reliant past before the welfare state made self-education rare and before the Yorkshire weaver had become almost redundant. Billy might be described as an early welfare idealist—a man passionate enough about opportunities for working-people to have gone to prison for them, but who probably never kept up his national insurance stamps. How is one to reconcile a world of bureaucrats who do not see beyond their own administration with individual imaginative adventure? Billy typified this dilemma of the sensitive working-man, and did it so colourfully that he should be in every history book.

He was born into a prosperous Todmorden where pavements were scrubbed. On the classical pediment of the town hall the figures lug bales of cotton and cranks of machinery in bizarre echo of the competition between Poseidon and Athene on the Parthenon.



This radical idealist, a self-educated Yorkshire weaver who travelled the world, spoke six languages, had nine books published and gave wartime broadcasts, was above all an individualist who remained a rebel to the end of his life.

The Bible also was made to fit the industrial world through the town's major intellectual current, Unitarianism. But many nonconformist sects flourished and Billy never lost the habit of describing people by that almost forgotten key to character, their brand of nonconformity; he said that he himself was "a nonconformist who doesn't even conform to the nonconformists".

When he was three his parents fastened him to the garden railings and they sent him early to school to "learn discipline" which, Billy said, "was the opposite of education. Instead of drawing out of you what you are, they tried to make you into something else." He

began to escape at an early age.

Unitarian intellectual self-help began his release. Languages first: German, because he liked the Gothic letters. He studied it in the mill where he went to work at the age of 12 writing with his finger on the china-clay dust that fell constantly on the looms and mouthing the words in the great noise of the weaving shed. Later he learnt French, Spanish, Italian and Russian.

At 16 he was on the Somme battlefield. He described this as "the greatest, most magnificent event that had come into my life". After the first shock caused by such a statement, you can see why. First, through sending letters

home, describing for instance the effects of rain on a field of cabbages, he discovered that he was a writer. Second, he broke his nonconformist temperance pledge—a symbolic snapping of the prison bars of Todmorden. Third, he was selected for officer training, and learnt "always to take the initiative. Never give it to the enemy"—a reversal of the traditional humble, working-class position, but also the one adopted by its unique members, the great local inventors Hargreaves, Kay, and Todmorden's two Nobel prizewinners, Sir Geoffrey Wilkinson and Sir John Cockcroft. Billy always allied himself with the inventors, whom he described as "aristocrats". They invented machinery, and he vehicles of flight for the imagination. There is on record a debate between him and one of his old comrades in the Communist Party, who argued that the working-class must survive by means of the nonconformist virtues, hard work and abstemiousness; to which Billy answered, "aristocratically", to Hell with all that, let them come out into the streets to dance and sing for a change. Billy was known for standing at the gates of mills and haranguing weavers with his Blakeian message.

The only injury Billy sustained from the war was in celebrating the end of it, when he fell through a window and broke his legs. His doctors said that he would never walk again without leg irons. But, taking the initiative he decided to mend his fractures as birds and animals do theirs. He threw his irons out of the railway carriage in which he happened to be travelling, and healed himself by natural exercise.

It is amazing how many things Billy invented. He patented a shuttle. He developed a hire-purchase system for selling his own books in the 1930s, circulating them by means of a fleet of his own design of motor van made by Jowetts of Bradford, and later on horseback. He may have been the inventor of the glossy, hard-wearing book cover, for in the early 1930s he sprayed them with amyl-acetate solution.

Instead of going for officer training, he returned to Todmorden, bought up army surplus tents and (15 years before Billy Butlin), opened a stylish holiday camp, complete with waitresses, at Hardcastle Crag, a wooded valley among the industrial towns and a traditional place for holidaying mill workers. His camp made money too easily, and he sold it to finance a journey through Portugal and Spain. Next he worked his way across the Atlantic and Canada. He signed on as a deckhand to Japan, returning through the Mediterranean to Canada. He was away for years. Then one day he smelled burning grass and it reminded him so nostalgically of the West Yorkshire moorlands in spring that he returned impulsively to Todmorden.

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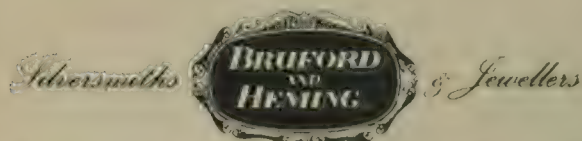
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Remembering William Holt

after his escapes (or escapades), thus differing from other Protestant rebels, like Van Gogh or D. H. Lawrence, whose flights were one-way and final. And his writing about Yorkshire remains perhaps his most fresh and lucid work. His wife—he married a beautiful mill girl in 1920—and his children suffered, it must be said, from his erratic love and neglect. But then without his flights he would not have been Billy.

Full of foreign experiences, he re-entered intellectual chapel society; this led him to Communism, which he interpreted in his own way. With two friends—Edward Clapham, a disillusioned newspaper reporter, and Alfred Holdsworth, a disillusioned Communist Party member who lived in a moorland cottage, read Marx and Lenin and played the harmonium—he called a meeting one December daybreak at an eroded rock on the moors called the Basin Stone and associated with pagan magical rites and Chartist meetings. They were to form a new religious sect, combining “the best” of Christianity and Communism and to be called “The British Communists”. While they waited, 60 people emerged out of the grey town below, but the movement did not last long. Billy said that this was because instead of staying on the hill tops and thus forcing people to rise up to them, he gave in to his colleagues who wanted to hold meetings “down in the market place”.

Whereupon Billy took to more orthodox political acts. Addressing Luddite-type meetings that opposed the introduction of new looms, Billy was dismissed from his job with a firm engaged in improving looms. Thus he became a full-time, dedicated, poverty-stricken Communist, chafing against the Party's instructions that, instead of holding propaganda meetings, he should lead the workers in their daily struggle for, for instance, better lavatories in the mills; and entertaining leading Communists Harry Pollitt, J. R. Campbell, Prince Mirsky, Page Arnot and others in his Calder Valley cottage.

In 1930 he was a delegate to Russia. Outside his hotel window a group of young people were singing happily at a tram stop; they were going into the country for the weekend to help the farmers, without being paid. Billy's idea of Communism was of co-operative idealistic labour with singing, drinking and dancing. And recalling this incident used to bring tears to his eyes even in the 1970s. But it was a single candle lit in the darkness. He returned disillusioned with Communism. “I felt about the Communists, as I felt about the scientists, that their ends were my beginnings. I am interested in what comes beyond that—the inner mystery of it all,” he explained.

In 1933 he organized a march of the unemployed against the means test. Billy was put on trial in Leeds. A procession with drummers accompanied him

there and in a courtroom protected by barricades he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

Out of prison he began authorship properly, with a travel book *Under a Japanese Parasol*. He had the book printed on credit and he sold out his edition locally by door-to-door salesmanship. H. G. Wells praised the book. Later works earned him the friendship of J. B. Priestley, Bernard Shaw, George Orwell and Henry Williamson. Two years before Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Billy serialized articles about northern towns. Following this he became *Daily Express* correspondent covering the Spanish Civil War.

During the Blitz, he went to London and made the BBC broadcasts about our “indomitable spirit”; they brought him fame. While the American ambassador spoke gloomily of “the greatest siege in history”, a plucky little Todmorden weaver told in German, French and Spanish how the lorry-loads of flowers were still getting into Covent Garden. As a broadcaster he was a colleague of Priestley, C. E. M. Joad, Sir Philip Joubert and Philip Noel-Baker and he was made a life member of the Savage Club. At last he became a friend of some of those whom society called “aristocrats”, such as Lady Freda Harris, and took to painting seriously. Aleister Crowley was involved with the group and at this time Billy was introduced to the esoteric ideas that consoled his last days.

After the war he had been suddenly dropped from broadcasting. I think he never realized that he had been used mainly because a patriotic working-man had been invaluable propaganda. It would be another decade before a generation of working-class writers from the north of England stormed English culture and made it their own.

Billy went to India with Lady Freda to sell her paintings and his own patent shuttle. After India he combined Buddhism and Aleister Crowley-type magic with the millenarian mystical inheritance of northern nonconformism. He had absorbed its Socialist materialism. Now its other stream—what his ex-wife Flo Holt calls “Billy's magic Methodism”—seemed to inspire him.

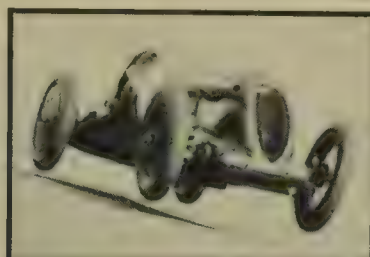
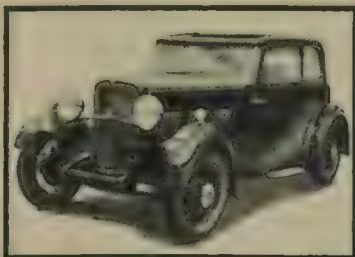
He undertook the rugged adventure described in *Trigger through Europe* during the mid 1960s—his last book.

His marriage ended in a painful divorce, his house was sold and Billy improvised a home out of the barn, which he shared with Trigger. Over Trigger's stable hung Billy's painting *Christ Overcoming Time and Space*. Drinking and litigation filled his last years. Since no one could prove that death was inevitable, he wanted to begin his will “If I die...” He would not recognize sickness either, and every January 1 he took part in a swim in a moorland reservoir, the last one three months before his death.

During his funeral in the Methodist chapel his ashes blew back in the face of the young lady who scattered them on Whirlaw, a hill above Todmorden. Even in death he was “contrary” ●

MAN AND HIS MOTOR CAR

by Stuart Marshall



Magic carpet or despoiler of cities? Liberator of the industrial masses or man's most wasteful artifact? Environmentalists and conservationists may see the car as one of the worst things ever to have happened but from its earliest days the car has occupied a unique spot in man's heart.

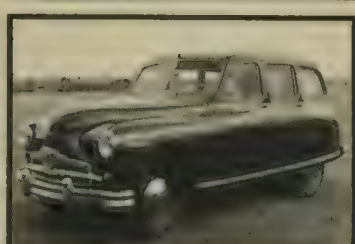
The real cost of running a modest family car, bought new from taxed income, is close to £2,000 a year. A car is the second most expensive thing most of us buy and many people spend more on it than they do on providing a roof over their heads.

Why? A car is seen not just as a useful domestic appliance but as the means by which its owner can travel wherever and whenever he likes, unshackled by schedules and needing no tickets.

Loyalty to a particular make of car can be so fierce that many owners-clubs exist, whose members have nothing more in common than possession of an Alvis, a Rolls-Royce or a Reliant three-wheeler.

An American may well say that he does not think about his car, but merely drives it. Will this attitude ever come to Britain? It may, but not yet. For years to come the bond of affection that binds a Briton to his car is unlikely to loosen, let alone be broken.

Colour photographs by Richard Cooke.



When the pioneers of motoring referred to their machines as horseless carriages, they hit the nail squarely on the head. The first cars to be driven by internal combustion engines—the Daimler, Benz, Lutzmann and many other long-forgotten makes from the closing years of the 19th century—were effectively horse-drawn carriages with horses and shafts taken away.

And, in one case, taken not very far away. A former Astronomer Royal of Scotland, William Peck, made a conversion kit for broughams which allowed the trendy laird of 1900 to swap horse-

power for horsepower at will. Peck invented a bolt-on power pack of two big wheels (to hold up the front) with a tiny fairy-bike-sized fifth wheel hooked up to a motor—an electric motor, actually, but a motor just the same. The unfortunate coachman perched on a box and steered the cumbrous vehicle with a tiller. Unsurprisingly the "Peckmobile" was not a great success.

But not all the early cars were as impractical. In 1895 M Levassor, a French car constructor, had driven his motor all the way from Paris to Bordeaux and back at an average speed

of 11 mph. Let no one who has never sat in, let alone driven, a turn-of-the-century motor car underestimate the magnitude of that achievement.

Britain had its car owners, too, at this time. Though not many, there were enough to persuade Parliament in 1896 that it was no longer vital for a man with a red flag to precede them along the highway lest the smoke and sound of their conveyance scare the squire's horses out of their wits. The law had been drafted 20 years before with steam road locomotives in mind and could have been considered an eminently

sensible precaution.

Cars of this era were primarily playthings of the rich. Due to their basic unreliability, the poor state of the roads and the excellence of train services the monied classes used their cars as they had their carriages, for short local journeys. Their coachmen would have been shown by motor manufacturers' local agents how to drive the machines and attend to their wants. They seem to have made the transition from hay and oats to petrol, oil and grease with varying degrees of success, though in moments of crisis it was not

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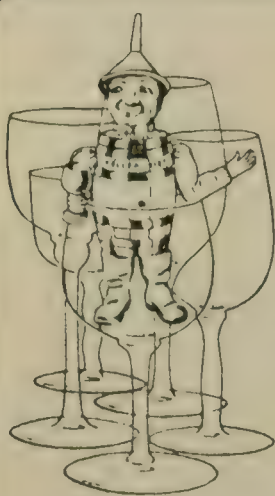
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Man and his motor car

unknown for them to shout "Whoa!" instead of heaving on the brake.

When he needed the car the master would summon the chauffeur (French for stoker, for the steam carriage had made a faltering bid for popularity before the petrol engine arrived and the man who managed one of those had to stoke as well as steer). While taking his ease in the rear compartment of the motor car, which more often than not resembled the overstuffed interior of a first-class railway carriage, he would give the chauffeur instruction via a speaking tube.

Although by the mid 1900s more and more car owners were starting to drive themselves for at least part of the time, the gentlemen *versus* players relationship lingered long. As recently as the late 1920s Rolls-Royce continued to describe their smaller cars as "owner-driver saloons", to make it clear that a chap could actually buy one to drive himself.

Some very fine cars indeed had emerged by the mid 1900s. They were a far cry from the asthmatic, trembling machines of ten years before, from which passengers had to dismount to assist them up hills. The 1903 Mercedes with a 9 litre engine would climb any hill on its own and draw huge clouds of choking dust behind it as it sped along summer roads at 55–60 mph. And the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, the Motor Show sensation of 1906, was sepulchral silent and so flexible that one was driven from London to Scotland in top gear.

The design of quality cars had settled down into something like today's mould. The engine, which in pioneering days had only one cylinder and lurked under the back seat, had grown in size (up to 10 litres) and had four or six cylinders. It was at the front of the car and drove the rear wheels through a gearbox with three or four speeds and a propeller shaft, though cogwheels and chains had not quite disappeared. It was guided by a steering wheel—or at least most of them were. Lanchester, whose name did not disappear until the 50s, was one sturdy individualist who continued to make tiller-steering cars until well into this century, though in other ways he was highly advanced, making cars with pre-selector gears, soft suspension and the chassis and body all in one

piece.

Not all the cars of the period were large and luxurious. Count de Dion of France had shown the way with his tiny, single-cylinder car which as early as 1900 was being made at the rate of 1,000 a year and being sold in world markets. It was still vastly expensive by the financial standards of the masses but it appealed to country gentry. They and their ladies found it light and easy to drive along narrow lanes and they put up with its limited performance because it rarely broke down.

But the main thrust of the car makers in this era leading up to the First World War was towards luxury, opulence, performance and power. Rolls-Royce, Delaunay-Belville, Daimler, Spyker, Renault, Isotta-Fraschini, Itala and Napier were among them. Their patrons were rich; they wanted the best, the quietest and most comfortable cars that engineers could provide.

It was a heroic age of motoring. Cars have never since been so big nor have they had such large engines. No one worried about pollution, perhaps because the horse was a far worse polluter of city centres than the car. London streets were carpeted with manure and countless millions of flies made life unpleasant. The working classes did not even aspire to cars. They could not envisage the day when they would be able to afford them. Electric trams, steam trains and, increasingly, motor buses took them on such journeys as they wished to make.

But the era was coming to an end and, curiously, the event that precipitated it took place in a car. Archduke Francis Ferdinand of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was shot while riding through a Balkan town called Sarajevo in June, 1914; his assassination led to the First World War. It would have been logical to expect that the armies of the European powers who were locked in bloody, bitter conflict that summer would have been carried to war mainly by motor vehicles, but they were not. Due to the innate conservatism of the military mind, armies still moved by train and forced march; guns and supplies were drawn by teams of horses. Even in the Second World War the all-conquering German army of 1939–40 was heavily dependent on the horse.

The car at war

The First World War was the first conflict in which the motor car was used at all. Nearly 20 years earlier, the concept of the hard-skinned fighting vehicle had been previewed in the shape of the armoured trains of the Boer War.

The steam traction engine had hauled guns in South Africa and, in fact, the first self-propelled vehicle in recorded history was built with this function in mind. That was in 1769, when a M Cugnot of France fixed a two-cylinder steam engine over the front wheel of an immense tricycle and, apparently not knowing where else to put it, fixed the boiler in front of that. It must have suffered from a lack of firebox capacity

because although it ran it died from lack of steam after a few minutes. A second example is said to have run amok, demolishing a wall. The military clearly came to the conclusion that horses were less trouble than any new-fangled machine and, nearly 150 years later, the war to end all wars began as a horse-drawn and horse-borne conflict.

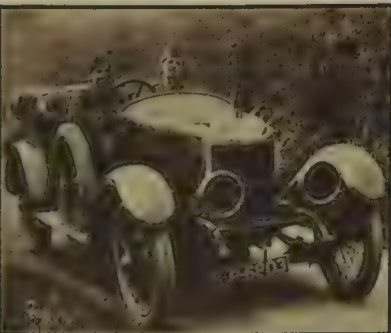
Such cars as there were in the British Army were for the transport of high-ranking officers who rode, usually a decent distance from the sound of battle, in the occasional Rolls-Royce or, more frequently, Vauxhall Prince Henry tourer. The thought that a car might carry an offensive weapon and be used



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The earliest cars such as the Benz, top, made in about 1898, and the 1903 Cadillac, centre, really were horseless carriages, but by the time the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, top right, was made in 1909 they had acquired an elegance of their own. By the outbreak of the First World War cars were commonplace enough in action behind the front lines and the Vauxhall Prince Henry, above and right, was used most.

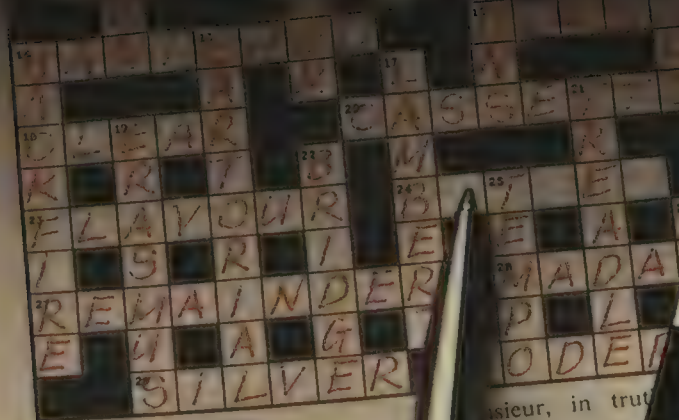
over dry and suitable country as a kind of mechanized cavalryman's horse seems not to have occurred to the British, though the French had tried putting a machine gun on a car.

But the First World War was a static conflict. Armies slogged it out from trenches, hurling countless tons of shot and shell at one another which, apart from causing dreadful human losses, rendered the ground unfit to carry any kind of vehicle. The role of the car and lorry was to supplement the railway train as a carrier of supplies.

Armoured cars—Rolls-Royce limousine chassis, suitably reinforced and fitted with twin rear wheels—were used with success in the Middle East, laying the foundations for the exploits of the Long Range Desert Group



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in the Second World War. Lorries with four-wheel drive, thus capable of operating away from hard roads, made their appearance once the Americans joined the conflict but it was the tank that changed the face of warfare.

Appalled and sickened at the colossal waste of life as soldiers left the protection of the trench and "went over the top" to be mown down by German machine guns, Winston Churchill (then at the Admiralty) had a brilliant idea. Why not, he reasoned, create a machine that ran on endless crawler tracks like the tractors already used on the prairies of America and Canada to draw harvesters? It would have good mobility over roadless country and, crucially, would be able to cross trenches. Its sheer weight and power would enable it to smash down the barbed wire on which countless soldiers were first entangled and then shot to pieces, and its stout steel sides would protect the crew from bullets and shell splinters. As a refinement, it could carry its own machine guns and even small cannon.

The first tanks, so called in a successful bid to keep their existence secret from the enemy, were slow-moving, ponderous and needed several men to steer them—but they worked. Later tanks were smaller and nimbler. Having led the way, Britain then lagged so far

behind that it entered the Second World War with tanks that would have been formidable in 1918 but were outclassed by those of Germany's *panzers*. We never really caught up. Hitler's armies in the west were finally overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of US-made tanks.

The most enduring automotive memorial of the Second World War must be the Jeep. This little four-seat field car started an entirely new breed of vehicles, able to get in and out of places where no other wheeled machine could safely venture. The greatest tribute to its design can be seen in nearly all its descendants 40 years on. The Land-Rover from Britain; the Toyota Land Cruiser, Nissan Patrol, Daihatsu FWD and Suzuki from Japan; the Rumanian ARO; Italy's Campagnola—all are essentially Jeeps that have got on and come up in the world.

It is often said that one of the few tangible benefits to ordinary people of the race to put a man on the moon was the non-stick saucepan (the coating was originally developed to stop bits of rockets sticking to each other). The Second World War, in which more people died than in most of the previous wars put together, did not leave much for us to be thankful for, but the Jeep and the many close relatives it spawned is an exception.

Reaching the mass market

Motorization of the masses did not begin in earnest until the 1920s but its seeds were sown by Henry Ford in 1909 when his Model T—the immortal "Tin Lizzie"—made its debut. There had never been a car like the "Tin Lizzie". From the start it was planned to be made in huge numbers at a price low enough for the man in the street (the American street, that is) to afford. At first it cost more than \$800, or £200, but by 1925, when it was nearing the end of its production run, a two-seat roadster was \$260, or less than £60. Only one other car, the VW Beetle, has been built in greater numbers than the Model T Ford. Over 15 million had been made when Ford called it a day in 1927, by which time the car was so old-fashioned that sales had slumped and the company was in financial trouble. (History repeated itself with the Beetle: VW thought they could go on making it for ever but found that most of their customers wanted something better.)

The "Tin Lizzie" was made of very good materials and, notwithstanding its spidery appearance, was strong and unbelievably long-suffering in the hands of unskilled drivers. Its engine was of nearly 3 litres capacity; it had only two gears, rear-wheel brakes and a top speed of between 40 and 45 mph. It was made in Britain (at Manchester) for some years but our curious motor taxation and, in relation to wages, expensive petrol ensured that a 25 mpg 3 litre could never be the car of the British people. Ford would eventually make one, but not yet.

Britain's masses first took to four wheels in cyclecars like the GN, which

had a motorbike's two-cylinder engine and belt (later chain) drive. There were many others, all flimsy and comfortless, which died the death when the first proper light cars became available.

But let us be clear who exactly the masses were. The term is relative. Whereas in pre-First World War Britain only the rich could aspire to a motor, the middle-class house-owner of the mid 1920s could contemplate car ownership. But for the shilling-an-hour workman, the motor car was still as far out of reach as the millionaire's steam yacht.

The bars to car ownership were not only financial. Before you had a car, you had to have a garage attached to your house, a nearby rented lock-up or, as a last resort, a space in a public garage. Cars were simply not left by the kerbside in the inter-war years. In the first place, the law said that any mechanically propelled vehicle had to show two white lights to the front, a red light to the rear and a white number-plate light even when stationary. No battery could put up with that current drain every night and still provide enough juice for a start (even by cranking) in the morning. And there was a psychological objection, too. Night air, it was felt, could do untold though unspecified harm to a car. So the end result was that if you did not have a garage, or access to a rented one, you did not have a car. As the industrial working classes were still largely housed in terraces and back-to-backs, they would have had nowhere to keep a car even if they could have afforded it.

So ownership even of the new generation of light cars—typified by the



The Model T Ford, the "Tin Lizzie", was the first car made with economy in mind.

Austin Seven and, to a lesser extent, the Bullnose Morris—was for the middle classes. They did not use their cars for day-by-day transport to work or to the shops. The car spent its weekdays in the garage, to be taken out only at weekends for a spin down to the coast or a run in the country.

There was no driving test; if you knew how to make a car go, you were a driver. And there was no breathalyser: providing you could walk a straight line and do a few simple sums in the police surgeon's presence, you could not be deemed unfit to be in charge of a car.

In winter one did not venture out if the roads were snowy. Possibly one's car was laid up in the garage, anyway. In the late 20s and early 30s at least 25 per cent of all cars were taxed only for the months when the weather was good enough for motoring to be a pleasure. In winter driving could be very uncomfortable indeed: heaters did not exist; draughts found a way through the pedal cracks in the floorboards; and drivers' windows had to be open for them to give the hand signals the law demanded. If the car was an open tourer with a canvas hood and celluloid sidescreens (and more than 50 per cent of all British cars were tourers until about 1927) the rain and wind could howl in the the gaps.

The cars themselves, and let us take a price range of £120 to £400 as typical from Austin Sevens to Wolseleys and Rileys, had not progressed greatly in design from their aristocratic forebears of the 1900-14 era. They were, almost without exception, constructed by mounting a separate body on a chassis, with front and back axles suspended on leaf springs that a coachbuilder of 1800 would have instantly recognized. Until the 1930s their three- or four-speed gearboxes were innocent of synchromesh. You either learned how to double-declutch for silent changes or crunched your way up and, especially, down. Cable-operated brakes needed frequent adjustment and, in the 20s at any rate, were uncommon enough on all four wheels for cars so fitted to bear a little red triangle on the back warning other road users to keep well clear.

Performance was, by today's standards, negligible. A Baby Austin, its bathtub touring body sitting on wire-spoked wheels with skinny tyres, was good for about 45 mph, given time. At traffic lights it would have been left standing by a modern 32 ton lorry and

bottom gear would have been needed to climb a steepish hill. Reverse gear was lower than first gear, a fact exploited by the adventurous on really steep hills. Defeated forwards, they would reverse up the hill.

The magic figure for the late 20s and early 30s was 60 mph—a mile a minute. If your car could reach 60, it was enough to impress the neighbours. For most family motorists 50-55 mph was fast enough; if the roads were narrow or ill-surfaced you slowed down. Tyres punctured far more often than they do now. There were still many horse-drawn vehicles on the highway—milk floats and coalmen's carts were pulled by horses until the Second World War even in London—and horseshoe nails were the main cause of punctures.

Between 50 and 60 years ago Britain was criss-crossed with the best and most comprehensive network of railways in the world. The plume of smoke and steam from an express or local train was as much a part of the everyday scene as the jet vapour trail is today. But our roads had progressed little since the days of stage coaches and highwaymen, beyond their surfaces being metalled. The Great North Road to Scotland and the A5 from London to the Midlands and Holyhead still ran through villages and were narrow enough for lorries to knock bits off buildings even as late as the Second World War.

While Germany and Italy came to terms with the motor car in the 30s and built autobahns and autostradas, successive British governments raided the revenue from motorists' road fund licences. Such bypasses as were built in the 30s (the Watford and Barnet bypasses north of London, the Kingston bypass to the south-west and the North Circular Road) were intended to relieve unemployment as much as to keep the traffic moving.

By the mid 30s car ownership was beginning to spread down towards the bottom of the middle-class pyramid. With hire purchase a Morris 8 or Austin 10 came into the £25 down, £2 a week category. And the race was on to produce a proper, four-seat family saloon car that could be bought from a showroom for £100. The real winner of this contest was the Ford 8, which appeared in 1932 when the Dagenham factory started production. It then cost £120, but had dropped to £100 in 1935. With its side-valve engine and



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Bentleys did well in sports car racing during the 1920s even though they were immensely heavy: top left, a modified 6½ litre 1928 model. The Type 35 Bugatti, left, was considered by many to be the ultimate in racing cars. The 2.3 litre Ferrari, above, was first shown at the Geneva Auto Show in March, 1950, and won the Mille Miglia, run over 1,000 miles of public roads that April.

but not before several drivers, their riding mechanics and some bystanders had been killed or maimed by crashing cars.

Road racing went into an eclipse, never to reappear in France though it did in Italy, where the Mille Miglia—1,000 miles of high speed driving over public roads through towns and villages—was run on a number of occasions from 1927-57.

The greatest long-distance race of all time took place in 1907 when five cars left Peking *en route* for Paris. The winner, an immense Itala driven by the Italian Prince Borghese, made it in two months. Considering there were no roads for most of the distance and the cars had to be dragged out of rivers and lifted from swamps, it was a remarkable achievement.

In the years between the wars, motor racing became more scientific and less dependent on the brute force of enormous, though basically inefficient engines. The Edwardian monsters were replaced by smaller, more elegant machines which arguably reached their peak in the beautiful Type 35 Bugatti.

So far, motor racing had been a rather gentlemanly sport. Most of the drivers were rich men who raced for the love of it and spent fortunes on having cars built for them. This began to change in the 30s when the Nazi

government of Germany saw motor racing—and by that they meant victory after victory on the race track—as a useful means of boosting national prestige. Funded by state money, Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union built racing cars that were almost invincible from 1934 until the outbreak of war.

Then, every kind of motor racing stopped. When it returned to Britain in 1946 it was still very much an amateur sport with no proper racing circuits. Beloved old Brooklands, with its banked corners and rough surface, had deteriorated sadly during the war and the aircraft manufacturer occupying the infield certainly did not want to be bothered with any motor-racing antics on the old circuit. So, despite long-drawn-out negotiations and many protests, Brooklands passed into history. Some of the track was built on but you can still see parts of the banking today. Donington Park Circuit in the Midlands had become an Army depot. Race meetings were held at old wartime airfields like Goodwood and Silverstone, which soon blossomed into proper racing circuits.

Motor racing was changing again; not just the cars but the people and the whole motor-racing ethos. What had been an amateur sport, expensive but open nevertheless to wealthy enthusiasts, became a commercial enterprise, an offshoot of big business. By the 60s cars that were once painted only in national colours (green for Britain, blue for France, red for Italy and so on) began to carry advertising material; the sponsor had arrived. The cars themselves, due to their higher power, better suspensions, aerodynamic bodies and, especially, astonishing developments in tyre design and construction, became faster and vastly more expensive to build ➡

transverse springs it was rugged and practical rather than refined or smooth-riding, but it lived on (under differently shaped bodies) until the mid 50s.

Motoring had become an enormously popular pleasure activity by 1939, though cars were still little used for driving to and from work. The traffic jams were long on sunny Sundays as chief clerks and small shopkeepers, bank managers and solicitors left the cities to drive to the sea or country.

It all came to an end in 1939. Private motoring did not long survive the outbreak of war. Petrol rationing came in within a few months. Coupons went

only to those who could claim their use of a car was vital to the war effort. The “pool” petrol—unbranded and of such low octane rating that the average car today would not run on it—was “two bob” a gallon and woe betide the essential motorist who wasted any of it on non-essential driving: he lost his supplies and in a few cases his liberty for a month or two. Few 1939 motorists realized it at the time but it was to be 11 years before they could drive up to a pump and buy all the petrol they wanted. Rationing lasted until 1950 and even then only the hated “pool” petrol was available for another year.

Racing and rallying

Motor racing, it used to be said, improved the breed, by which it was meant that this year's victor of the road circuit or racetrack would be next year's touring car—or the tourer might at least have some of the racing car's mechanical parts.

What is generally considered to be the first motor race was from Paris to Bordeaux in 1895. It was held over public roads, as were others that fol-

lowed in the closing years of the 19th century. Speeds that now seem suicidally high were obtained by putting larger and larger engines into chassis with crude suspension, two-wheel brakes and wooden wheels shod with tyres that tended to fly to pieces. It all came to an end in 1903, when the race that should have gone from Paris to Madrid was stopped by the French government before it reached Bordeaux.

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and race.

The Grand Prix car of today may be named after a brand of cigarettes or contraceptives. With its steam-roller-width tyres, its negative pressure skirts dragging on the ground so that it is aerodynamically sucked down, and its driver protected by flameproofed clothing and a helmet it is a far cry from the GP car of the 50s. Then tyres were little wider than those of a road-going car; the drivers sat up fairly high, their elbows wagging as they held cars power-sliding through bends. Speeds were nowhere near as fast as today's, but in many ways more spectacular; it was a contest between men and machines. Nowadays it seems more a contest between machines only.

Curiously, motor manufacturers have become less involved in motor racing than they are in rallying though there are, as always, exceptions. Renault is spending millions trying to win the Formula 1 World Championship, but there is no General Motors, Ford, Toyota or Datsun presence on the Grand Prix circuit. Rallying, in which the cars at least look like showroom models even though they are totally different—two or three times as powerful and ten times as expensive—has a greater commercial pay-off. In no case has this been more evident than with Ford. Twenty years ago one bought a Ford because one could not afford a Morris, Austin or Vauxhall. Then Ford went into rallying and production saloon- and sports-car racing with enormous success. In a few short years a Ford became the car one bought because of its sporting connotations. Few buyers noticed that it was no longer the cheapest car in its class.

The post-war explosion

The war ended with an upsurge of expectations on the part of car owners that soon they would be able to get back to the good old days of 1939 when petrol poured from the pumps at 1s 6d (7½p) a gallon and cut-price tyres were on offer at every garage.

They were disappointed. A basic petrol ration was restored but it was enough for only about 150-200 miles of motoring a month, though it at least gave one the legal right to motor for pleasure again, if not very far. Tyres were almost impossible to obtain because the Japanese had overrun the rubber plantations of South East Asia and it took time to get production moving again.

Inconvenient and frustrating though this was for the motorist, the effect on the nation's economic life was negligible. In 1945, as it had been in the years between the wars, the car was for pleasure and social convenience, not a tool of business and commerce.

There was an acute shortage of cars anyway as no "civilian" cars had been made during the war. When production restarted in 1946 it was nearly all for export, because Britain had to rebuild national finances crippled by the cost of the war. The cars that began to trickle off the assembly tracks at Birmingham, Coventry and Cowley were in essence 1939 models, though they were at least twice the price.

New cars were available on the home market to essential users like doctors and a lovely racket began. Essential users ordered four or five cars at a time

and on taking delivery sold most of them at anything up to 100 per cent profit, to the fury of people who had put their names down for a new car and been given likely delivery dates of two years hence. A covenant scheme, under which a new car buyer had to guarantee not to sell it within two years of purchase, was introduced and it curbed, but did not stamp out, the racket. The shortage of new cars persisted for years after the war.

Cars had been designed during the war against the day when they and not tanks, army lorries and aircraft parts could be produced. But they were slow to make an appearance. Our car export business was founded in the 40s on aged designs which found ready markets overseas because they were the only ones available. But this approach contained the seeds of ultimate disaster: the cars fell to bits on the kind of roads—and in the hands of the kind of drivers—for which they were never intended. Many of the ills that later beset our motor industry can be traced back to the immediate post-war export bonanza when anything on four wheels, provided it was straight from the factory, found a customer, however unsuitable it was for the kind of use to which it was put.

The first post-war motor show at Earls Court in October, 1948, was like Aladdin's Cave. Every manufacturer showed genuinely new products like the Austin A90 Atlantic, with three headlamps, a power-operated hood, steering column gearshift and a top speed, it was whispered, of 95 mph; the elegant

The Jowett Javelin was one of the most elegant and technically advanced cars of the post-Second World War years. The model illustrated dates from 1949.

(though still beam front-axled) Sunbeam Talbot 80; the Triumph 1800 roadster, with triple windscreen wipers and a dickey seat; the Morris Minor, perhaps the best small car ever made in Britain; and the elegant, technically very advanced, Jowett Javelin. But French, German and Italian manufacturers were too busy repairing their smashed factories to worry about the British market, and anyway we had no foreign exchange to spare for cars. Britain, after the US, was the world's largest car maker and the world's leading car exporter. The Japanese car industry did not exist then.

Motoring was still reserved for a minority of Britons; fewer than one family in ten had a car in the 40s. It was, however, hardly a necessity. Beeching and his cuts were still 15 years away and you could go virtually anywhere in Britain by train at reasonable prices. Public transport was clean and cheap.

It was only towards the end of the 50s that a new car could be bought, if not straight from the showroom, at least with only a few months' wait. The supply of second-hand cars was building up well and that of new cars began to match demand. The price of a used car (probably made in the mid to late 30s but possibly a 1946 or 1947 model) came within the reach of the worker earning £10 or £12 a week.

It is difficult to pinpoint the moment when the great growth in the car ➤➤➤

population (and the decline in public transport services) began, but it was in the mid to late 50s. Residents of houses and flats without garages began leaving their newly acquired cars by the kerb side. The police harassed them, enforcing the law which still said that a car parked at night must have its sidelights and rear lights on. Gradually, under the sheer weight of numbers, the car owners began to win. The law conceded that a single parking light on the car's offside, showing white to the front, red to the rear, would suffice; later no lights at all were needed for parking on most roads, providing the car pointed in the direction of the traffic.

This apparently small concession by the law was the crack in the dam. Providing they had the £30 or £40 necessary to buy an old banger and could find kerb space to park it, anyone in the low income brackets could buy a car. The British working man's (as distinct from the middle class's) great love affair with the car had begun.

Having bought the car and paid fixed overheads like tax and insurance, the owner saw its use as transport to and from work only in terms of the cost of the petrol. Reasonably enough, he preferred travelling in the comfort of his car to the indignity of queuing for increasingly unreliable buses in all weathers. The retreat from public transport gathered pace. As the buses lost customers fares went up, and the higher fares accelerated the pace of the retreat. In the mid 60s Beeching closed the railway branch lines on which, together with the buses, so many country people depended for essential transport.

Nothing—certainly not the first oil crisis of 1973—has been able to hold back the onward march of the car. It is now far and away the most important means of moving people, just as the lorry moves most of the nation's freight, and has improved dramatically. The motorist of the late 60s sitting in his family saloon costing under £1,000 enjoyed luxuries that only the wealthy would have known 20 years before. His car

had independent suspension, if not all round then certainly of the front wheels, giving better handling than a pre-war sports car. Comfort and luggage space were superior to that of early post-war luxury cars. He took his heater and windscreen demister for granted and, in his 1967 Ford Cortina 1600E (£982, purchase tax paid), reckoned to beat 60 mph in third gear and expected to be able to do between 90 and 100 mph on a long stretch of the M1.

The British motor industry's production reached a peak in 1972 with more than 1.9 million cars and, under the baleful (and inter-related) influences of over-manning, poor productivity, low profitability and lack of investment, it has steadily declined ever since. From single figure percentages in the 60s, import penetration has climbed to more than 50 per cent—a proportion unequalled by any other car-manufacturing nation in the world.

Car ownership has divided and subdivided into many categories. In the lowest, there are the relatively impoverished owners who simply have to have a car, like it or not, because there is no other practical way of getting to work and taking their children to school or their wives to the shops. Sensibly, they regard their cars as domestic appliances, and live in fear of breakdowns or MoT examination failures. There are the affluent young, whose high disposable incomes allow them to indulge their fancy for sporting cars, despite exorbitant insurance rates. Then there are junior- to middle-ranking employees, who drive company cars on business in the week and have the use of them off duty. And there are senior company men, whose executive cars are a perk of price and quality that they could not contemplate if they had to be paid for out of their taxed incomes. Finally there are the exotic, conspicuous-consumption type of luxury cars, prestigious and status-laden. Considering that Britain has been poor for years, it is surprising that we buy more of these than any other European nation.

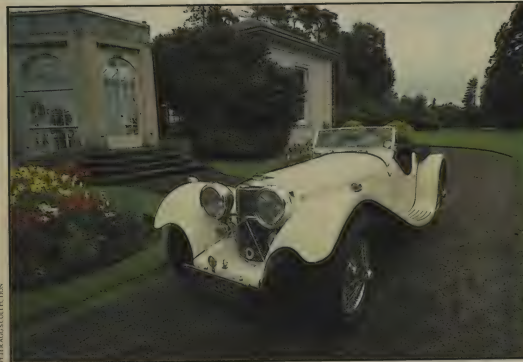
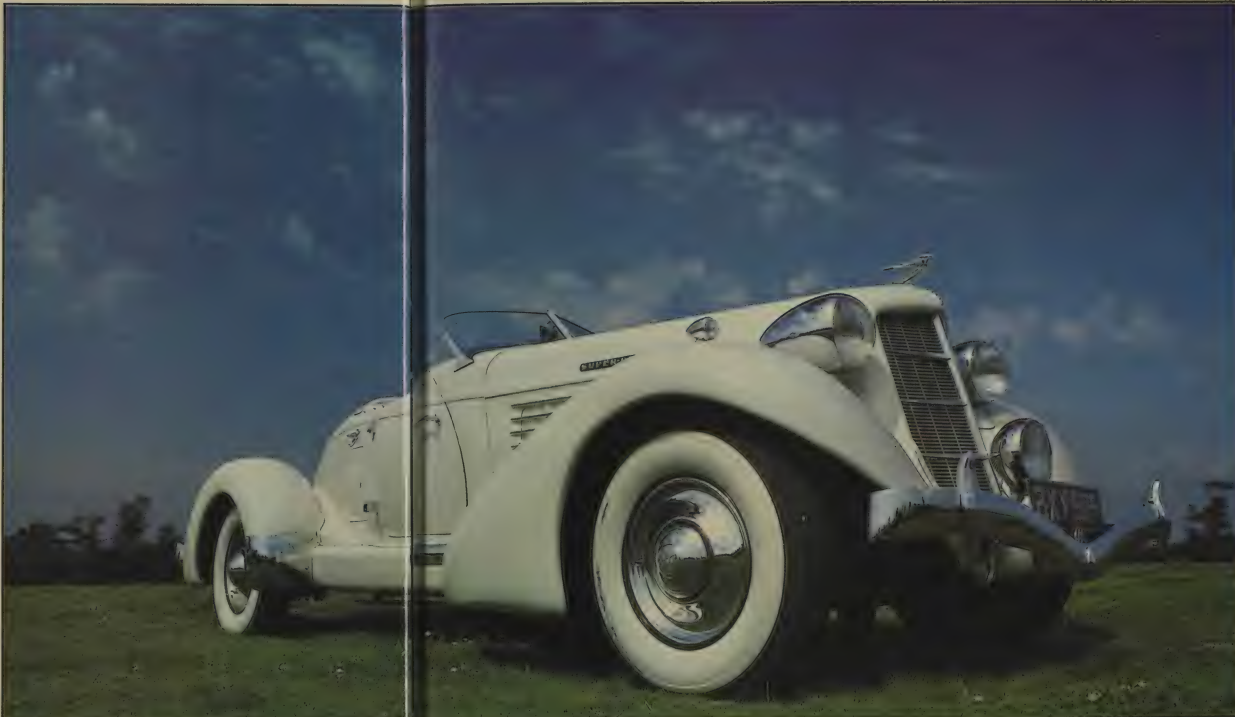
The cult of collecting

One of the great pioneers of motoring was Sir David Salomons who lived in a vast mansion near Tunbridge Wells and who organized the world's first motor exhibition on the local agricultural society's show ground in 1895. Sir David had a score of cars of varying ages, kept in perfect working order in a barn-like building attached to his house. Soon after his death in 1925 his executors decided to dispose of them, and the cars were driven away and scrapped. Today this act would be regarded in a similar light to burning a pile of Rembrandts. But in the years between the wars an old car was not the object of reverence and value as today.

The cult of car collecting is a post-war phenomenon. In the late 30s you could find a Bullnose Morris in running order for £5. Today, if you were lucky enough to find one, a Bullnose Morris in reasonable order would cost anything

up to one thousand times as much. When one bears in mind that the purchasing power of the pound is about one twentieth what it was in 1939, one can see what an inflation-beating investment an old car can be. And not only cars; anything on wheels, thanks to the post-war collecting cult, has appreciated at a rate that staggers the older generation to whom an old car was an old car and a new one was much better.

But for the collector, the car itself does not even have to be a good example of the automotive designer's skill. Cars that would, perhaps, have been better laid to rest and quietly forgotten now have an entirely spurious value, simply because they are old and most of those produced were melted down years ago and turned into concrete reinforcing bars. How can one explain, let alone justify, the £1,200 (a modest though still excessive sum) demanded in a col-



Cars for the enthusiast: above, a 1935 Auburn; far left, a 1956 Ferrari Type 410, Superfast 1, created by Pinin Farina and capable of 180 mph; left, a 2½ litre 1937 SS 100 Jaguar.

lectors' magazine for a 1946 Standard Eight tourer? It was a nasty little car, with primitive independent front suspension and brakes that, given attention, worked fairly well going forwards but hardly ever in reverse.

And what of the 1933 Singer Le Mans (a rival of the MG Midget) on offer at £4,000; a 1934 Ford Model Y (the £100 Ford) at £1,995; and a 1929 MG M-type (a glorified Morris Minor under its flimsy wood-framed body) at £3,995? These are the motoring equivalents of the Victorian bamboo what-nots and marble-topped washstands that, reasonably enough, were used to light fires until in the 60s they achieved unique status and cost in pounds what they would once have fetched in pence.

W. O. Bentley, creator of →

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Top, a 1961 Mercedes 250SL, already a collectors' car. Above, motoring pioneer Sir David Salomons at the tiller of his Peugeot in 1895.

the cars that bore his name from 1919 until the firm collapsed in 1931, was wholly untouched by the philosophy "Because it is old it has got to be good." His large-engined, bellowing tourers and saloons were dismissed by his rival, Bugatti, as "the fastest lorries in Europe". They did magnificently for Britain in sports car racing in the mid 20s but had outlived their time when the firm died. W. O. Bentley himself drove a post-Second World War Morris Minor for some years before he died, in his 80s. It was, he said, the best car he had ever had.

But the mania for collecting will go on. The real 19th-century veterans and even the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghosts, the Napiers and Lanchesters, the Daimlers, Delaunay-Bellevilles and the rest have now become almost priceless. They are so few in number and those that lay mouldering in barns waiting to be discovered have for the most part been

found and restored.

The best bet for a would-be collector is a fairly modern car likely to turn into a classic. A three- or four-year-old example of a V12 Jaguar is a possibility; it is a drug on the market at the moment and cannot remain in production for much longer. The MGB (now obtainable brand new for around £5,000) must appreciate when the factory closes down in a few months' time and a half century of MG tradition ends.

Another way to have your cake and eat it is to buy a Mallalieu Bentley. These are early post-war Bentley Mk VI or R-Type saloons, stripped down to the last nut and bolt and reconditioned so that Mallalieu forecast another 30 years of working life for them. For about the same price as a new V12 Daimler which would depreciate at the rate of thousands of pounds a year, a Mallalieu Bentley would, they say, provide stylish transport and appreciate in value.

Looking to the future

Will the oil wells run dry within the life time of many of today's motorists? The more pessimistic conservationists say they will. Even so the car will unquestionably survive into the 21st century.

We shall still have cars because personal transport is something the inhabitants of the industrialized world have come to regard as a right which they will be in no mood to give up. And the currently underprivileged citizens of the Third World want cars as much or more than they want TV sets, refrigerators and washing machines.

Where desire is demonstrable, ways will be found to satisfy it. That applies, though it takes longer, in collectivist as well as capitalist society. The car—and the internal combustion engine—have proved to be almost infinitely adaptable to changing world conditions. The early horseless carriages were, as we have seen, playthings of the rich. Motoring spread to the masses, first for pleasure purposes and then as essential transport. When oil becomes too scarce and expensive to fuel motor cars (and that will probably not be for 30 or 40 years, because new sources are being found all the time) other fuels will take over.

The dearer the barrel of crude oil—and it is ten times the price it was in 1970—the more economic it becomes to extract it from marginal sources. At \$3 a barrel North Sea oil would have been an economic nonsense; at \$30 a barrel it is profitable, despite enormous development and extraction costs. At present shale deposits and tar sands are barely practicable as oil sources, but when the \$40 barrel arrives they will be viable. Thus as conventional oil sources dry up, new ones will come on stream.

We shall have to stop burning liquid fuels in factory boilers and home central heating systems. When we do, there will be enough to go round for transportation until 2050, if cars and lorries become more economical of fuel, as the experts believe they will. New, more energy-effective engines will appear. Already the diesel-engined car saves anything from 20 to 50 per cent on fuel consumption depending on conditions of use. The petrol engine itself is constantly being made more economical and less environmentally polluting. By the time petrol costs £5 a gallon, the family car will be doing 100 mpg.

Petrol engines will run on 20/80 alcohol/petrol mix without modification and if partly redesigned will work on 100 per cent alcohol, so such countries as Brazil are committed to literally growing all their own motor fuel within the next decade. They have the land area, the climate and the agricultural labour. Petrol can be made from coal: the Germans succeeded with this method during the Second World War to beat the Allies' blockade, and the South Africans aim to be similarly self-sufficient by the end of the century. Perkins, the British diesel engine makers, are working on a diesel-derived engine which will run on virtually any kind of liquid fuel including peanut,

sunflower or corn oil. An American market research group has forecast that by 2000 consumption of substitutes for mineral oil-based fuels (mainly alcohols) will have reached a staggering 32,000 million gallons a year.

The large-engined, "gas-guzzling" American car is dying before the industry's eyes, with a catastrophic effect on profits. By the end of the 80s a 2 litre car will be considered to have quite a big engine, though performance and drive ability will not necessarily suffer. Audi has shown that a big, five-seat car like the 200 Turbo with an engine only a little over 2 litres capacity will reach 125 mph and cruise all day at 100-110 mph. Turbo-supercharged diesels are even more promising and Peugeot and Mercedes already have them.

The battery electric car has for years been the bridesmaid, never the bride. With sophisticated, costly, high-technology batteries it could theoretically travel 200 miles between recharges and attain speeds of around 60 mph, but with heavy lead acid batteries—the only economically realistic kind—it has no performance. For the rest of this century its role will be in city centre transport. The electricity used to charge its batteries overnight is cheap enough, but replacing the batteries of even a small electric vehicle may cost as much as all the current it has consumed for the previous two or three years. A possible compromise is the composite car, which has a small petrol engine for highway cruising and a battery electric motor to boost its output and give good acceleration. Fiat has one which drives quite acceptably, but its boot is half-full of batteries and control gear.

Micro-electronics—the silicon chip—is just starting to change the face of motoring and will make cars easier to drive, more economical and much safer. Already electronics achieve optimum fuel consumption in cars like BMW by monitoring engine performance and controlling the petrol injection system. They work anti-locking brakes, which virtually eliminate the risk of skidding and also shorten braking distances. The anti-collision radar that would reduce the risk of those appalling multiple pile-ups on foggy motorways is on the horizon. In Germany Bosch have already demonstrated an electronic guidance system which allows a driver to tell a central computer where he wants to go and then be shown by the computer in a series of instructions on an illuminated screen on the instrument panel exactly which route to follow.

The next 50 years of motoring will be no less interesting than the last, but they will be different. The car will be for transportation, not ego trips. It will lose weight (to save fuel); become quieter and pollute less (to protect the environment); and it will be safer in a collision and less aggressive to pedestrians unfortunate enough to get in its way. In short, the car will grow to maturity. One hopes that the attitudes and actions of those who drive will do so too.

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Oare

by E. R. Chamberlin

R. D. Blackmore's knowledge of Exmoor was gained during a relatively brief period of his youth, yet his vivid descriptions of it and of the characters he created in his most famous novel have given the area, which attracts thousands of visitors annually, the sobriquet "Doone Country".

Photographs by Richard Cooke.



The proprietress stood disconsolately in the rain-swept forecourt of the garage, petrol hose lowered like a symbol of defeat, water cascading off her plastic hat. Behind her the village lay empty; the hills beyond disappeared, a few feet up from their base, in something that was not quite cloud, not quite mist. "This awful, awful country. Been here two years and it's never stopped raining. And nobody talks to you. Ever. You might as well be on the moon. We're going back to civilization, to Bourne-mouth, just as soon as we can sell up."

The Tourist Board cautiously assents to part of the proposition. "There is a very high rainfall on Exmoor. But then that's why it's so wonderfully green. And the air after rain—crystal clear. You can see for miles."

Exmoor rises out of the relatively flat surrounding countryside like some great

The village of Oare has few facilities for tourists, yet there are queues of visitors throughout the summer to see Oare Church.

castle. Although described as a moor, its profile is quite different from the moors of Yorkshire with their swooping clean lines, or the tussocky shagginess of Cornwall, or even neighbouring Dartmoor with its undulations. The high rainfall not only encourages growth, but also carves out endless coombs and valleys, filling them to the brim with trees and bushes and shrubs. It is a self-contained world. Tourism has developed along the dramatic and easily accessible coastline; Minehead has its holiday camps and candy-floss stalls, Porlock its teashops. But the interior remains untouched except for the occasional discreet National Park car park. The roads are narrow lanes hugging the contours. When the sudden mist falls, the walker can find

himself in real trouble for the villages are few and there is nothing between them.

But the Tourist Board is right: in between rain-storms it is like looking through a jewel. From the great hill outside Porlock that rises some 1,400 feet in under 3 miles, on a stretch of road that claims to be the steepest main road in the country, you can see across the Bristol Channel to the blue-green hills of Wales. Turn inland and there is all the spectacle of Exmoor before you, hill-tops clothed only in heather and grass but plunging down to the wooded coombs which are such a tourist attraction. And these coombs figure prominently in *Lorna Doone*.

Tourists have been coming to Ex-

moor in search of Lorna Doone for the better part of a century. As early as 1902 the magisterial *Encyclopedia Britannica* not only honoured R. D. Blackmore with nearly half a page all to himself, but also noted austere-ly: "The many pilgrimages that are made annually to the Doone Valley (the actual details differ materially from the description given in the novel) are entirely inspired by the buoyant imagination of Richard Blackmore."

Lorna Doone had the kind of runaway success that goes a fair way towards breaking its author's heart. The public had largely ignored R. D. Blackmore as a translator of the *Georgics*; ignored him again as the author of *Clara Vaughan* and *Cradock Nowell*, which the critics praised. Then, in 1869, he published *Lorna Doone*. The critics were this time cool but the public ➤➤



Chester Barrie
THE FINEST NAME IN MEN'S WEAR



Oare

bought the book in thousands. "Few things have surprised me more than the success of this simple tale," he remarked in a preface to the sixth edition in 1873 and though he added that "nothing pleased me more" the reader receives the distinct impression that he was putting a brave face on the matter. In the 1897 edition of his novel *Dariel*, where all his other publications are listed, pride of place is given to the novel of which he was really proud, *The Maid of Sker*, while *Lorna Doone* was simply slotted in among the rest. But his publisher, William Blackwood, knew better and carefully listed all the editions of the novel available, from one retailing at 6d to "an illustrated *Edition de Luxe*, parchment 35s".

Richard Doddridge Blackmore was born in 1825 at Longworth in Berkshire; he died in 1900 at Teddington on Thames. His knowledge of the West Country was gained during a relatively brief period of his youth. His first sight of Exmoor would have been gained from across the Bristol Channel, for much of his childhood was spent with his grandmother in Glamorgan. As a boy he attended the same school, Blundell's in Tiverton, to which he was to send his hero John Ridd but after school and university he settled as a schoolmaster in Twickenham. At the age of 32 he came into a legacy which

enabled him to abandon schoolmastering and take up a combined profession of market gardening and writing, settling in Teddington. The novel which created one of the great rural characters of English literature and re-created the wild landscape of 17th-century Somerset and Devon was written on the banks of the Thames by a man who fancied himself as much a horticulturist as a writer. Certainly, he earned far more from his novels than ever he did from his gardening, but nevertheless stubbornly maintained this secondary profession.

Lorna Doone belongs, unabashedly, to the class of story once described as a "rattling good yarn". Here is no great analysis of the human condition, no universal truth expressed in perfect language. Blackmore himself described the novel as "a 'romance', because the incidents, characters, time and scenery are alike romantic. And in shaping this old tale, the Writer neither dares, nor desires, to claim for it the dignity, or cumber it with the difficulty, of an historic novel." And, in truth, the reader is scarcely aware of the novel being set in any particular period. Blackmore obviously had to move it out of his own time to give the outlaw band of Doones freedom to set up their reign of terror but, apart from a cursory explanation as to why Sir Ensor Doone retreated to his remote lair, little attention is paid to the supposed period. The action of the novel could just as easily have been transferred to the Wild West as a cowboy

story—except that no cowboy story ever succeeded in creating such three-dimensional characters. Carver Doone, perhaps, belongs more to a morality than a novel, but John Ridd is saved from being an impossibly heroic figure by an engaging streak of obstinacy, of sheer cussedness. Lorna herself could—indeed, should—have emerged as an equally impossible, insipid, cardboard character, so firmly is she placed by her author upon a maidenly pinnacle. But a touch of the acerbic comes through her too perfectly fashioned phrases, just a hint to sharpen the sweetness and improbably turn her into a real person.

The lesser figures, animal as well as human, return vividly through the alchemy of the author's memory, presenting a gallery of West Country men and women. Blackmore adopts the convention of his day in making his major characters speak standard English and his secondary characters speak the vernacular. But it is a real vernacular, not "mummerset". Betty Muxworthy's speech, in which she upbraids John Ridd for wanting to go to sea, virtually requires translation: "Zailor, ees fai! ay and zarve un raight. Her can't kape out o' the watter here, whur a' must goo vor to vaine un, zame as a gurt to-ad squalloping, and mux up till I be wore out, I be, wi' the very saight of 's braiches."

John Ridd lives in, and the action is centred around, the village of Oare some 3 miles from Porlock. The visitor who expects the "traditional" village, with

Popularly identified as the Doone Valley is this coomb above Badgworthy Water.

houses neatly grouped around a green with church and pub as neighbours, receives an object lesson in the fact that such villages are late-comers in the rural scene. Oare has no centre: there is no pub, no green, no natural place of meeting. John Ridd, when burying his father in Oare churchyard remarks: "There is not much of company here for anybody's tombstone, because the parish spreads so far in woods and moors without dwelling houses."

Irresistibly, Oare Church conjures up memories of the Wee Kirk of the Heather, that brilliant symbol of sentimentality masquerading as religion which Evelyn Waugh created in *The Loved One*. It is a totally unfair comparison. Oare Church is as real as the rock of which it is made, and for century after century it has been the only real focal point of the long, beautiful, lonely valley. But it now seems to exist simply through its association with the novel, and film versions of it. In 1978 more than 30,000 people came to this tiny, isolated church, an average of nearly 90 a day for every day of the year in a building that can accommodate a hundred or so. There is no public transport to Oare and there are no facilities on arrival—no pub, no café, no shelter, simply a car park and a lavatory—but in the summer season the queues form to peep into the church that

Oare

has been accorded the ultimate 20th-century accolade of being featured in a TV film. Guidebooks and placards draw their attention to this or that feature linked to the novel. In a southern window is a notice stating: "This is the window through which Carver Doone shot Lorna"; and attention is drawn to the names in the churchyard outside which supplied Blackmore with the names of his characters.

Oare Church is, indubitably, the place where Blackmore's grandfather was vicar even though, as the little guidebook notes coldly, "parish records suggest he rarely, if at all, came to Oare"; the place where John Ridd and Lorna were to be married; the place where historical Ridds and Snows were buried when they came to the end of their life. But the identification of Plover's Barrow, John Ridd's farm, is debatable. The most favoured locality is the building at Malmesmead which has firmly, unequivocally if quite unofficially christened itself "Lorna Doone Farm" and now runs a flourishing trade in up-market souvenirs and paintings. Its owner, Eddie Brown, required it in 1962 and conducted some research into its history. Certainly it has been a guest house for the better part of a century: in Mr Brown's possession is a visitors' book with first entries made in 1910. "There were at least 20 girls working in the guesthouse. One of them, Granny Burge, died only recently. She told me that, as a young girl, she'd leave the farm (as it was then) about nine in the morning and go with the other girls to meet the 12 o'clock train at Minehead. They'd all ride as far as Porlock Hill and then start walking."

Nothing gives a better picture of the robustness of Victorian and Edwardian tourists than this evocation of upper-class ladies and gentlemen, immaculately dressed for a country party, toiling up the stupendously steep Porlock Hill in the wake of their luggage in order to visit a farmhouse with largely mythical associations. At the top of Porlock Hill they could mount their carriages again

for the long, dramatic descent into Oare, arriving at their destination in time for the evening meal. The subsequent days of their visit could be spent following the beautiful Badgworthy Water to the Doone Valley.

And it is here that the full power of Blackmore's mythologizing skill is made evident. The warden of Minehead's Youth Hostel, Ken Twigg, recounts how he went down the supposed Doone Valley with a spiritualist: "All the time he was twitching and jerking. 'Yes, this is it. This is where it all happened. This is where Jan's mother met Sir Ensor. And the Counsellor. . . All this for a novel. A fairy story!'"

In one of its excellent guide books to the area, Exmoor National Park tentatively identifies one of the little coombs that enter Badgworthy Water as the Doone Valley, but with the warning that it "is not spectacular and may disappoint those who have read the book".

Nevertheless, tens of thousands of people annually walk along the clear, tumbling Badgworthy Water and climb John Ridd's modest waterfall to gain the coomb which, by general consensus, is the Doone Valley. It is little more than a shallow depression on the crest of a hill, topographically unspectacular as the guidebook warns, but with a charged and brooding atmosphere created by the low mounds of ruined buildings and gaunt, dead trees on the skyline.

At a time of increased leisure, with more and more people turning to country walks, all National Parks have a problem of over-use. "*Lorna Doone* presents a special problem to us," one of the Exmoor wardens admitted. "There's only one main pathway along Badgworthy Water, so everyone uses it. Erosion is already creating a problem." The tread of feet is only too evident. In some places the roots of trees have been exposed as the top soil has worn away; in other places, the bank has to be shored up with baulks. The path becomes wider and wider as walkers seek to avoid the churned-up area. It is an ironic comment on a valley dedicated to the memory of a lawless, if fictional, band that its future is threatened by a lawful, but only too real, multitude.



Right, sunrise over Porlock Hill. Below, left to right, the Ship Inn, Porlock; Porlock Hill, rising 1,400 feet; "Lorna Doone Farm", the generally acknowledged site of John Ridd's home; and the waterfall at the entrance to the Doone Valley.



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LIVING BEYOND YOUR MEANS AGAIN?

First ascent reconstructed

by Jim Curran, Paul Nunn and Tony Riley

Last August five climbers spent a week on Ben Nevis filming a reconstruction of the first ascent of the mountain's biggest buttress by Robin Smith and Dougal Haston in 1959. The film *The Bat and the Wicked* is to be shown this month at the 1980 Kendal Mountaineering Festival.



Rab Carrington makes his way across the traverse.

Predictably the first drops of rain splattered the windscreen as we left the M6 and drove into Scotland. Not for the first time the whole idea seemed ludicrously improbable and likely to prove an expensive experiment. Rab Carrington and Brian Hall were to be the climbers, Paul Nunn was to organize locations and provide back-up camera work, and Jim Curran and Tony Riley were the film-makers. We could manage only one week of shooting on Ben Nevis and that in the first week of August, potentially the wettest month of the year.

We were attracted to filming a reconstruction of the first ascent by the sheer liveliness of Robin Smith's classic article. The Bat refers to one of many falls, a great backwards swoop by Dougal Haston out of an overhanging corner: "Then his fingers went to butter. It began under control as the bit of news 'I'm off', but it must have been caught in the wind, for it grew like a wailing siren to a bloodcurdling scream as a black and bat-like shape came hurtling over the roof with legs splayed like webbed wings and hands hooked like a

vampire . . . I could have sworn that his teeth were fangs and his eyes were big red orbs."

Two extreme talents at the forefront of British climbing making repeated and stealthy attacks on this daunting rock climb, eventually succeeding in the middle of a moonlit night—it had obviously been a great adventure. Now a classic in climbing writing, Smith's account is as much about people as climbing, and it manages to combine several perspectives. Somehow he is himself intense about climbing yet sounds objective about the people who are intense about climbing. His use of language, particularly Scottish words, seems naturally suited to both the action and the atmosphere, yet communicates to a non-Scot. The writing evokes strong visual images and provided a challenge to us as film-makers. The narration had to be linked with suitable pictures which complemented rather than overpowered the words.

Somehow the limitations of the project turned to advantages. We were on a

very low budget in film-making terms, although the Yorkshire Arts Association gave as generous a grant as they could. Low-budget filming was no novelty to Tony and Jim, whose first film, *A Great Effort*, won first prize at the Trento Film Festival, Italy, in 1977 for contributions to art and literature in cinema. It was shown on BBC2 in 1975. Three Himalayan films had followed, *Trango*, *Barnaj 77* and *K2 The Savage Mountain*, shown on BBC1 in 1979. Limited finance meant that we could not afford extensive or sophisticated shooting techniques, or a large film crew. There would, therefore, be no helicopters or aerial shots; on the other hand there would be no time-wasting problems with co-ordinating such shots or a large team. The deliberate blurring of traditional film-making roles worked well in such a small group. Everyone involved had a stake in the project, all were familiar with Ben Nevis and its moods, and all were rock-climbers able to look after themselves and work as a team on a 1,000 foot overhanging

precipice. Paul had known both Smith and Haston and had also made an early repeat ascent of *The Bat* in 1962.

Jim had approached Rab Carrington at Easter and asked him if he would be prepared to act/climb the part of Robin Smith. Enthusiasm for the project was engendered by an immense respect for Smith and his climbs but tempered by the thoughts of having to fall off in front of a camera and of having his beard shaved. Such was the result of this latter process that everyone failed to recognize the friend of a decade—but he did look like Robin! Brian was taller than Dougal and did not resemble him except for a long head, wolfish grin and consummate boldness.

In Fort William it had stopped raining for the first time in weeks. The pile of equipment, said Rab, was more than had been taken to Nepal to climb Jannu. We were camping because the Scottish Mountaineering Club feared film might cause gross inconvenience to users of the Inglis Clarke Memorial Hut—despite the fact that we were trying to honour two of the SMC's most distinguished members; and that

First ascent reconstructed

hut remained empty for most of our stay. Such considerations hardly comforted the actors as they relayed two or three 60lb loads up "the knee-deep black bog". It rained that night and on Tuesday morning the great buttress on the north side of Cairn-more-Dearg dripped and glistened. A shambles of climbing and film gear had to be reorganized while Rab and Brian donned late-1950s period clothes and equipment. Much of the gear came from Paul's attic, though the hawser-laid ropes had been borrowed from friends. One of them had survived a 70-foot fall on the Black Cleft of Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu in Wales in 1959.

Past experience had shown the filmmakers that early shooting is often disjointed and contrived, but that with steady effort a project tends to come together. We had just one week to do the shoot and were lucky with the weather: it was dry enough for the climbers to get up the route in their old-fashioned climbing gear and for us to use the film equipment, but there was also sufficient drifting mist and water-streaked rock to capture the brooding and gloomy atmosphere so typical of the mountain. Compressing the shooting into a few days also allowed good lighting continuity, while filming without live sound recording is much quicker and involves fewer repeats. It was possible to use Smith's narration virtually as a shooting script and to proceed more or less chronologically.

Despite lack of previous film experience, Rab and Brian needed surprisingly little guidance. They were so much into their roles that they called each other Robin and Dougal and the cameramen felt as if they were invisible witnesses to the first ascent. As they climbed, one camera operated from the ground and another from a position prepared by Paul on the climb. It was still wet and the first section was initially led by Paul and rigged with some furtive protection, while the cameraman was brought up to the first position on a freehanging rope before Rab and Brian began to climb. Paul supervised climbing sequences and allowed the cameramen to concentrate on filming without worrying unduly about stances, belays and other security. He had occasionally done such rigging on BBC outside broadcasts since *Operation Overhang* in 1965, and on a few film projects as well.

The first day went remarkably smoothly. After filming the first pitch the climbing became very serious as it was necessary to traverse a long slab of rock which ends abruptly in massive overhangs. A fall would have put its victim straight into space without enough rope to be lowered to the ground. Rab and Brian put on a virtuoso performance in climbing this section at all, for it oozed wet and slime and their equipment gave far less protection than is available to modern rock-climbers. A chilling wind numbed the fingers but

took up a little of the moisture as the day passed. Despite the climbing difficulties ahead that would form the climax of the film, the potential dangers of this day seemed in many respects the greatest. Like their predecessors, Rab and Brian came down a freehanging rappel in gathering gloom: "Judging by the murky oaths floating up the rope he seemed to be down so I followed. Suddenly my feet shot away and I swung in under the great roof and spiralled down until I landed in a bog. Dougal was already away down to the hut for a brew and a bed," said Robin Smith in his article.

In poor conditions we had reached the Hoodie Groove and filmed the traverses which need not be repeated. A single nylon thread hung for 150 feet in space—it was the route to supper and back to work next day. Paul used climbing clamps (jumars) to get back above the overhang next morning. The rope was already beginning to chafe badly at the lips of two of the overhangs and from then on a second protection rope was used. A further fixed rope led more easily to the Hoodie Groove which was to be the starting point for more filming: "We stood looking into the little green Hoodie Groove. I was scheming to myself, now the groove will be terrible, but nothing to the corner above, and I will surely have to lead the crux but Dougal shamed me with indifference."

Now it was Brian's turn to lead, and as there was room for only one camera on the high angled slab at its base Jim and Paul hung far down in a cocoon of ropes while Tony filmed from the ground. Brian had to fish with a sling for a small spike on the left wall. Luckily he got it after only three or four attempts. Jim had visions of all the film being used up attempting authenticity in this manoeuvre. Brian reached the big corner and Rab followed: "... I had to wake up and follow it myself. Half-way he told me about the sling on the spike and I made a strange can-can move to get my foot in the sling. I came out at the top of the groove in a row of convulsions..."

It had taken eight hours to film 40 feet of climbing and ahead loomed greater problems. Paul, Rab and Brian were not optimistic about the great corner for it was running with moss and water as it usually does except on the few days of drought which Ben Nevis enjoys annually. Half the climb was filmed but it was taking longer and longer to reach our positions and the corner would be a very difficult proposition. That night decisions were taken. Rab and Brian would ascend the corner next day using every trick in the book to overcome its damp, slippery defences. Tony and Jim would concentrate on long-shots and Paul would ensure that there were enough supplies for several more days by visiting the fleshpots of Fort William.

Throughout the shoot we were fearful of normal Scottish weather. Rock-climbers do *The Bat* in the very best conditions, which we did not have. In-





Opposite, Tony Riley filming from a hanging rope. Top, Brian Hall, playing Dougal Haston, falls from the notorious corner—a still from the film. Above, Rab Carrington and Brian Hall prepare to climb the corner.

free rope, "Would you throw yourself off up there—just to be in a film?" Both thought not!

A lot of work went into arranging the falls, for there are three in the story. First it was Haston's turn. Brian calculated that he would fall about 10 feet free and rigged a friction system to allow a gradual rather than a sudden stop. A combination of the system working farther than intended and Rab allowing him to slide a little at the end of the fall gave a 30-foot slow-motion epic. Brian was stretched across the upper corner primarily attached to a modest right handhold. Tony and Jim checked out their cameras and Paul focussed his Bolex. "OK Brian—action."

"As Dougal neared his ledge he was slowing down but flailing all the more, left fingers clawing in the crack and right leg scything moss on the wall. I pulled down the sleeves of my jersey and took a great grip of the ropes. Then there came a sort of squawk as Dougal found that his ledge was not. He got a hand on it but it all sloped. Rattling sounds came from his throat. In his last throes to bridge he threw his right foot away out at a straw on the wall, then his fingers went to butter..." Brian just fell out of sight of Paul's position, too fast to stay in the frame. For Tony he almost fell into it from about 40 feet above. To Jim he fell all the way down the corner of the big open book. There were expletives and congratulations on the ledge.

Then it was Rab's turn, made worse by injury in a spring fall in Derbyshire and by the fact that Brian had already done his. He had to fall twice over the roof in the groove: "At full stretch I could just reach two pebbles in a crack but as I reached up I felt a lurch in my stomach like flying through an air pocket... desperately I seized a baby nylon sling and tried to thread it around the pebbles, then I was gracefully plucked from the rock to stop 20 feet under the roof hanging from the piton... with the traitor wedge hanging from me and the threaded sling sticking out of the corner far above."

Then there was an immense sense of relief and anti-climax. A little film of Rab leading, the eventual success, Tony's climber's eye view of the fall contrived by dropping a protected camera spinning down the corner. It remained only to withdraw slowly and carefully, clearing the equipment from the great buttress. Saturday was spent on cut-away filming and ferrying down loads to the road. The film was in the can and we were tired. "At last I emerged still fighting on to ledges and bewildering easy angles and great good holds... by this means we put an end to this unscrupulous first ascent."

Unusually for this film team, there was too much climbing footage. The climbing action had to be broken by expanding that part of Smith's narration where he and Dougal spent time in the valley between attempts on the climb: characterization could be developed by such scenes as buying fish and chips and waiting for the pub to open. Much of that came later ●

stead there was a compromise. After the first night it did not rain in the Allt-a-Mhuilinn, but rain occasionally came down past the bottom of the valley in great curtains, and it seemed to be falling everywhere else in Scotland. Each evening spectacular cloudy sunsets accompanied late camp meals.

Friday was crunch day. Brian and Rab had forced the corner and knew what was in store. Paul jumared up the ropes ahead and fixed a personal position far out on the left top edge of the great corner. From there all the action could be seen and it was possible to film and take still photographs downwards. He spent about six hours using one half-foothold. Tony was to film in the corner, right under the action, while Jim shot from the ground. Brian and Rab were wearing full body harnesses under their tatty sweaters and worn anoraks, with the ancient hawser-laid ropes and nylon slings weighed down by steel snap links for protection. Helmets were rarely worn in Britain for climbing before the 1960s, but the steepness of the corner seemed to minimize the chances of head injury. Tony quietly asked Jim before starting the hair-raising ascent of the



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Artifacts from the sea bed

by Rex Cowan

The author, who advises the Government on the designation and licensing of historic wrecks, describes objects brought to the surface from the *Hollandia*, an 18th-century Dutch East Indiaman wrecked off the Scilly Isles.

On September 18, 1971, the wreck of the *Hollandia*, a Dutch East Indiaman en route to the East Indies, was discovered off the Isles of Scilly. From the early days following the discovery, the intention was to treat the site according to archaeological principles—a pre-disturbance survey, followed by controlled excavation and the recording and study of the artifacts recovered. After nine years of continuous work it is now possible to analyse some of the problems, and the compromises they have dictated, in terms that are relevant to the increased number of diving teams now working on 17th- and 18th-century shipwrecks around the coast of Britain.

The preparation of an accurate pre-disturbance survey depends upon an amenable site, where the visibility enables measurements to be taken and recorded and which is free from intruders who might interfere with the site and the work. The site must be at a depth of water which allows a reasonable working period for each diver and minimizes the risk of decompression sickness. It should be free from severe currents which could destabilize the diving surveyor, and it should have a relatively passive undersea environment that does not destroy or change the visible and measurable features of the wreck. I have never encountered a site where these ideal conditions prevailed.

The reality is much more likely to mean grids and baselines, whether rigid or rope, repeatedly torn away or smashed by gales or fishermen's gear; large anchors and cannon moved several feet by gales and boulders hurled deep into wreck remains by underwater turbulence; numbering tags fixed to visible features torn away by the elements—all of which can change the topography of a site within days. Sand 15-30 feet deep can cover portions of wreck, making the recording of the position of recoveries difficult or inaccurate. The filling in of excavated holes by the next tide can frustrate even the most dedicated underwater archaeologist.

On a deep site like the *Hollandia* (95 feet) no-stop diving, which eliminates the need for decompression and so minimizes the risks, means an underwater work time of less than 22 minutes a day for each diver. Add to that extreme cold, strong currents and reduced visibility, which are frequent factors, and it is clear that the fine detail of measurement and the precise logging of the location of discoveries sometimes have to be



Brass cap badges, as worn by the East India Company's grenadiers.

sacrificed to practical necessity. Such problems are an ever-present factor in the work of many teams tackling historic shipwrecks.

In the case of late 17th- and 18th-century ships, a great deal is known from archival and iconographical sources about their construction, the loading and stowing of stores and cargo, the position and nature of ship armament, and the intricate details of rigging and fittings. I have yet to see published any important information obtained as a result of on-site measurement or recording which greatly elaborates or changes historical knowledge gained from other sources. The dilemma is that, because excavation is destruction, we must continue to measure and photograph and record before and during excavation in case that information later proves to be significant.

Most shipwrecks are complex phenomena, and may even be unexplainable when the seabed remains are examined. On some sites there may be degrees of integrity left in the hull, but on many others smashed, jumbled timbers and concreted remains are all that is left after the sea has done its work over centuries and after the uninhibited activities of early salvors. Material contained in or forming part of one section of the ship was often dragged or blown to another part. Records of the work of early divers



Top, a diver bringing to the surface a bronze mask, above, which was one of a series of brass moulds thought to have been used to make garden ornaments.

show them to have been adroit in the use of tongs, grapples and explosives. What is to be made of a wreck where horses were used in the 18th century to drag timbers apart, tearing the ship into pieces after the wrecking? We have often discovered fragments of the same artifact up to 90 feet apart on the *Hollandia* site. Under such conditions a pre-disturbance survey can be positively misleading unless carefully interpreted.

There is, however, one department of maritime archaeology where the novelty and importance of the discoveries is patent and unquestionable. This is artifact archaeology, the study and examination of the actual objects recovered from the sea bed in the con-

text of the shipwreck and the historical times. These new sights from the sea have distinct advantages over some other antiquities. They have a terminal date and a precise provenance, coming as they do from a site which, because of the nature of a shipwreck, constitutes a form of time capsule, comparable in terms of land archaeology only to sites, like Pompeii, where some overwhelming disaster annihilated a whole community in a single event.

Artifacts found on a shipwreck site consist of a wide range of material—items of marketable cargo, navigational instruments and other special sea-going gear, the ephemera of everyday life and pastimes packed by individual



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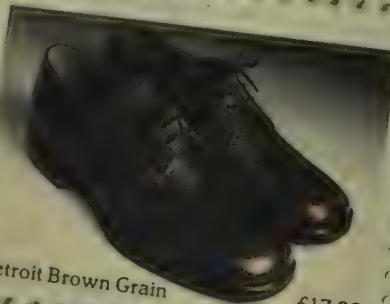
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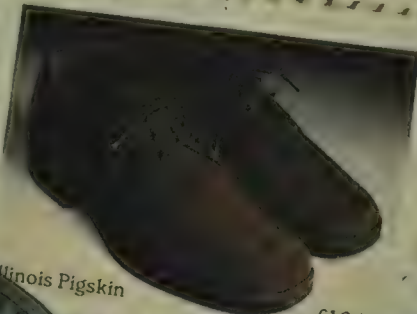


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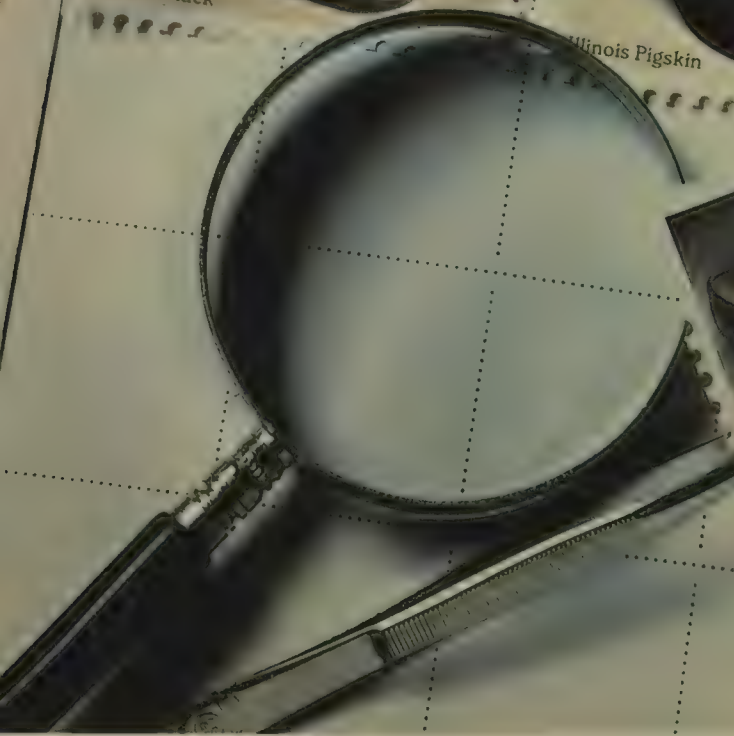
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crewmembers and passengers in their baggage. A number of such artifacts have already provided museums with objects never seen before. Their counterparts, abandoned or broken up on land, have simply vanished.

Almost 5,000 different items (apart from coins) recovered from the *Hollandia* have now been catalogued. About 600 drawings and several hundred photographs supplement the records. Many objects remain unidentified. For some, clues turn up in visits to Dutch museums and archives, and the study of printed sources. A copper plaque recovered in 1972 seemed to be a wall plate of some sort. Valves, joints, pipes, copper separators and pieces of a leather hose all appeared to be part of some drainage system or apparatus. Experts failed to make much sense of apparently unrelated items. Then, during research at the Amsterdam Historical Museum, a similar plaque was observed on a fire engine model. A study of 17th-century prints revealed the position on a fire engine of J. van der Heyden, the inventor of fire engines, of the maker's plaque, and two engines in use extinguishing a fire on an East Indian man in Amsterdam. From the latter, two portions of the brass water spout could be identified.

Curiously, little is known about the use of fire engines in old wooden vessels, or their construction. Edward Barlow in his journal of 1661 sums up the hazards succinctly: "Neither are ships and we poor seamen out of great danger of our lives in calms and fairest weather, for the least fire may set a ship on fire, many ships having been burnt by some careless man in smoking . . . in carelessness of the cook . . . or burning a candle in a man's cabin he falling asleep . . . by burning of brandy and other strong liquors . . . and also there is a great danger of the powder for the least spark with a hammer or anything else in the room where 'tis or the snuff of a candle causeth all to be burned into a blast, and in a moment no hopes of any persons' lives being saved from death in the twinkling of an eye."

The *Hollandia* fire engine, according to the records, was manufactured in Amsterdam by successors to van der Heyden. Together with two others it was delivered to the East India Company before the fleet sailed. The originality of the design is seen in the leather hose with connectors in bronze with standardized thread and in the pressure kettle that guarantees a continuous water supply. It has been possible from documents, models and the recovered fragments to produce a working drawing of the *Hollandia* engine. To add to the picture, a badge proving the presence on the ship of an experienced firefighter has also been found. These finds have stimulated research on the topic and illustrations of similar engines with printed instructions in Dutch translated into English have been found in the archives of the English East India Company, proving that Company bought Dutch



Above left, 17th-century print showing van der Heyden's fire engine, found in the Amsterdam Historical Museum. Above right, pieces of lead type; the *Hollandia* carried a printing press and accessories for use in Batavia.



engines for use in its ships.

When the reforming governor Baron Gustav Van Imhoff went to the Indies in 1742, one of the tasks he set himself was to translate into Malay, and print in Batavia, the Bible and other books. About 20 characters of lead type have been found on the *Hollandia* together with some brass pieces used as stamps for bookbinding and fragments of the printing press. The equipment for the fleet shows that a printing press, type and other accessories were carried aboard for use in Batavia, and that Arent Smits of Amsterdam supplied the type to the Company on June 30, 1743. The type found on the *Hollandia* is considered to be unusual by scholars of typography because the letters (of Garamond type) have a sign on their upper side which is usually cut off smooth. Some of the type consists of Arabic letters, as books printed later in Batavia carried the text in Dutch and Malay.

More enigmatic is the discovery of two silver medallions struck in 1740 to commemorate the tercentenary of Laurens Coster, Holland's rival to Gutenberg as the true inventor of moveable type. On one of the medallions a female figure stands with her feet on the book *Alexandri Galli Grammatica*, allegedly printed by Gutenberg in Mainz with stolen type. The presence of these two medallions leads us to speculate that a master printer was aboard the wrecked ship and that such medallions were presented to master printers by their guild as some form of recognition.

Edmund Gunter, a Hertfordshire man, invented a navigational aid for making logarithmic calculations with the aid of dividers instead of tables in the early 17th century. This rule and its variants, known as Gunter's Scale in England, was one of the first steps towards the modern slide rule. The fam-

ily of Johannes van Keulen were famous 18th-century chartmakers in Amsterdam. They had supplied the Amsterdam Chamber of the Dutch East India Company (from where the *Hollandia* came) with navigational instruments before 1743 when they became official hydrographers to the Company. On June 3, 1978, the diver excavating an area believed to be the forward part of the wrecked ship surfaced with a blackened piece of wood covered with concretion. Initial examination disclosed marks and lines. Kept damp and stable the wood went to the conservation department of the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich. After six months of elaborate conservation, all the markings on the rule were plain for drawing and study and the instrument proves to be a later variation of Gunter's Scale; and although itself a rare instrument its uniqueness lies in the maker's initial J v K and what is perhaps the maker's mark—six stars on the obverse side of the rule. Neither the Maritime Museums in Amsterdam or Rotterdam nor the Rijksmuseum have such a rule made in the van Keulen workshop, although the Amsterdam National Maritime Museum has a similar scale, undated and made by a Rotterdam instrument maker.

The Dutch East India Company maintained a large army to protect and expand its colonies and interests in the East Indies and India, which was well trained and equipped with small arms and cannon. One third of the ships' complements to the Indies were soldiers. Aboard the *Hollandia*, according to the records, was a detachment of grenadiers, armed with carbines, who wore a conical helmet that would not be knocked off by the movement of the grenade throwing arm. Old drawings and prints illustrate, none too clearly,

badges on the helmet and the grenadier's pouch. A number of brass badges, bearing the crowned monogram of the East India Company VOC have been recovered over the years from the *Hollandia*. One, different from the others, has an arm brandishing a cutlass. On the bottom, the device bears the inscription, *Pro patria et soc: orient*, (For Fatherland and Company). Some later versions of the badge are in the extensive collection of VOC equipment in the Rijksmuseum, but none dated as early as 1743. Nothing similar to the cutlass badge has ever been seen in the History Department of that museum, nor has it yet been possible to find anything similar described in iconographical sources.

The devilish mask recovered in 1978 was one of a series of unidentified brass moulds, some being negative and positive representations of the same image, representing flowers, plants, an anchor, whose functions were neither apparent from the objects nor ascertainable at first examination by experts. The moulds had fixings for wooden handles, and some bore the maker's initials P.V.E. During research carried out by the Rijksmuseum for its special exhibition "Prizes from the Sea", a print of the garden in Batavia of Governor Adriaan Valkenier, published in 1739, illustrated lead garden ornaments and furniture made by similar moulds. Over a dozen moulds have been excavated since 1972. Pigs of lead carried as kentledge, or ballast, have come up in their hundreds from the *Hollandia*. This lead was probably used among other purposes for the manufacture of these ornaments.

Museums have often been reluctant to open their doors to the damaged, fragmented, unattractive objects from shipwrecks, which frequently require extensive and expensive conservation and special methods of display. Now many museums are beginning to appreciate the important role that such recoveries play in filling in historical lacunae and are looking at new ways of treating and exhibiting collections of finds. Bas Kist, the Assistant Curator of History at the Rijksmuseum, has been appointed as special liaison officer to maintain contact and work with diving teams. On the occasion of the opening of the exhibition "Prizes from the Sea" he summarized his attitude that it is hoped will be adopted by museums elsewhere. He spoke of the difficulties of extracting a complete historical picture from traditional museum collections. "Only by accident do they contain material concerning daily life, technology, raw materials and products. To present a historical image to the public that includes material culture next to the official military and political historical objects . . . things that everybody knows as the fossilized pictures in the school books, we need another category of historical material. In the last decades archaeology, under and above water, has been providing that material." ●



Connoisseurship

Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky



The development of Gainsborough

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The Tate Gallery's exhibition of the work of Thomas Gainsborough which opens on October 8 is sure to draw big crowds. Gainsborough is well established in the pantheon of English artists, but, like Constable, he also enjoys a quite special kind of esteem: he is a painter for people who are not much interested in painting. In Constable's case this attraction is relatively easy to understand. He presents the spectator with what might be called "pieces of nature": it seems, at least at first glance, as if he has been able to transfer to canvas a vision of the English countryside which is precisely the way in which the same thing might be seen by the proverbial man in the street.

Gainsborough is not like this. He is, and quite flauntingly so, an extremely artificial artist. Even when he paints landscape, we are looking at something invented—the scene is a generalization, drawn from experience both of landscape itself and of what other landscape painters have done in the past. One does not need to be told that Gainsborough seldom painted or sketched on the spot: he made up landscapes for himself on a table at home, made of sprigs of greenery and pebbles and bits of mirror and even lumps of coal. These unpromising materials were transformed by the unremitting exercise of his imagination.

But it was not merely Gainsborough's methods as a landscape painter that were peculiar, it was his whole experience as an artist. He was virtually untrained. His rather sketchy apprenticeship to his chosen career was spent with Hubert Gravelot and Francis Hayman, minor artists influenced by the French rococo and producing a rather watered down English version of it.

There followed the three main periods of Gainsborough's career. First, he worked in his native Suffolk, painting the local gentry, and also some of the most solid of his landscapes, such as *Cornard Wood*. Then he moved to Bath, where he made portraits of the fashionable people who flocked to the famous spa. Finally, he came to London, where he was regarded as the great Sir Joshua Reynolds's chief rival.

The Suffolk period is typified by the double portrait of *Mr and Mrs Robert Andrews*, now in the National Gallery, and by other paintings like it. The rococo influence is very apparent in these little doll-like figures. (In fact, we know that Gainsborough, in the French fashion, made use of dressed dolls as an aid to painting them.) Yet there is an honest rusticity here which one never finds in the French painters of *fêtes galantes*, and the landscape backgrounds (in contrast to Gainsborough's independent landscapes) are convincingly matter-of-fact; the very acres are his sitters' own.



Gainsborough's Daughters, Margaret (1752-1826) and Mary (1748-1826), chasing a Butterfly, c 1756, 113.7 by 104.8 cms.

The move from Suffolk to Bath was perhaps the most decisive step in Gainsborough's career. Not so much in the material sense—he had married a wife who was not only pretty, but who possessed a private income—as because it marks the step from reality into fantasy. At first glance more naturalistic than the personages he has shown posing amid their Suffolk acres, Gainsborough's sitters now begin to acquire a kind of psychological distance which was something quite new in English art. One reason for this may have been highly personal. Gainsborough's wife, despite her good looks and her money, became a sore trial to him. She knew she was the illegitimate daughter of some great nobleman, perhaps even of royalty, though one of the Dukes of Beaufort seems the likeliest choice and she began to put on airs, became violently jealous, and at the same time extremely stingy. Gainsborough's two daughters also

started to show signs of the mental instability which was to haunt their lives; Gainsborough's enchanting portraits of them nevertheless seem, once one knows the facts, to be overcast by his anxiety for their future. The paintings done after Gainsborough left Suffolk are the work of a man looking back to a lost Eden, though they are also the productions of an artist who was developing rapidly, and who was filled with a new confidence about what he could achieve in a purely technical sense.

The portraits of the Bath period are on a much larger scale. Gainsborough now shows himself capable of producing the kind of life-size full-length pictures a socially ambitious clientele demanded. At the same time his actual technique softens, and he becomes a wonderfully adroit painter of silks and satins—and an equally adroit flatterer of women. In his own day Gainsborough was always considered better

at catching a likeness than Reynolds, a fact which seems strange now, since Reynolds's characterization is so much more firm and definite. But perhaps that was the real secret of Gainsborough's success—the ability to preserve a certain ambiguity, so that those who knew the sitter could read into the face what they believed to be a typical expression.

When Gainsborough settled in London, the stylistic features of his Bath period paintings were greatly intensified. The portrait of the dancer *Giovanna Baccelli* is an extremely wilful performance—artificial prettiness on the grandest possible scale. Yet it is worth comparing this to the equally late portrait of the successful brewer *Benjamin Truman*. Here Gainsborough painted a solid, middle-aged tradesman-turned-gentleman in a style which seems entirely appropriate to the subject. But the two pictures have in common the actual "hand- ➤



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writing": Gainsborough by this time was accustomed to use very long brushes, and to work at a great distance from the canvas. The paint is so thin and transparent that these big portraits are in detail rather like vast watercolours.

Gainsborough could by this time completely reproduce his customers' vision of themselves. It is no accident that these late Gainsboroughs frequently resort to fancy dress, for example, the Van Dyck costume worn by the celebrated *Blue Boy*, now in the Huntingtondon Library in California. Perhaps because he lacked a solidly conventional training Gainsborough all his life was almost excessively conscious of the artists of the past. His rival Reynolds often paraphrases classical sculpture—his sitters become Greek gods and goddesses in the costume of their own day. Gainsborough restlessly plunders the European painting of the preceding century, often bringing together influences which at first sight seem incompatible. Thus, in his Suffolk period, French rococo art is balanced by a passion for the work of Jacob Ruysdael, who is the chief inspiration behind *Cornard Wood*. Later, Gainsborough turns for inspiration not only to Van Dyck, but to Murillo. Murillo's paintings of young beggar children were the model for the so-called "fancy pictures" which make up a special category in his late work. Indeed, it seems appropriate that Gainsborough himself should in turn have exercised an influence on Spanish art. Goya knew his work through mezzotints, and there is something very Gainsborough-like in the combination of shimmer and awkwardness which is to be found in one or two of Goya's early portraits.

The comparison between Gainsborough and Goya is instructive in a larger sense as well. It is true that they lived in political and emotional climates which were at first sight very different. It is impossible to imagine how Gainsborough might have reacted to the cruelty of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and equally impossible to see him as the author of the quasi-surrealist *Caprichos* and *Disparates*. He is a less great as well as a less various artist. Yet the two do have several things in common. The most important, perhaps, is their adherence to a tradition which is not the main tradition—or not the main tradition as their contemporaries would have seen it. Neither will have anything to do with the academic teaching handed down from the Carracci. The Carracci invented a rational if strenuous method of picture-making which could in theory be imparted to anyone. Gainsborough and Goya would have none of this. They were interested in the art of the past, and felt free to pick and choose. But essentially each man's search was a personal one. Goya has always been thought of as a predecessor of modernism. His insistence on the artist's right to express his own personality strikes us as being at the very root of contemporary thought about art. Gainsborough



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WEBB



Top, *Rocky, Wooded Landscape with rustic Lovers and Cattle at a Watering Place*, painted about 1773–74, 119.4 by 147.3 cms. Above, *Sportsman with two Dogs*, painted in the late 1750s, 76.2 by 64.8 cms.

does not go as far as this, but once one sets his work beside that of Goya it emerges clearly how much he stands aside from the kind of painting which was being produced around him. It is this, perhaps, which makes him seem so fresh to us today.

This description of Gainsborough's development and influences leaves out the imponderable factor of personality. Philip Thicknesse, Gainsborough's friend and biographer, has this to say about him: "I believe I may venture to say, that all great geniuses are a little allied to a kind of innocent madness, and there certainly was only a very thin membrane which kept this wonderful man within the pale of reason." This verdict is reinforced by the knowledge that both Gainsborough's daughters were mentally unstable. Yet insofar as it affects his work Gainsborough's flightiness (if one can call it that) lends his work a special charm, a butterfly unexpectedness, even when it is at its largest and most ambitious.

Sometimes Gainsborough's quirkiness is balanced by outspoken good sense. It was he, after all, who exclaimed: "Now damn gentlemen! There is no such enemies to a real artist as they are, if not kept at a proper distance." This is a rule which many English painters after him would have done well to bear in mind. But the best of Gainsborough is not good sense but a kind of poetry which belongs to no one else. It emerges in what were reported as his last words, as well as in his art: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company." ●

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Southwark and its authors

By Paddy Kitchin

This extract from *Poets' London*, recently published by Longman at £6.50, describes Southwark past and present and some of the borough's literary associations.

Drawings by Gerry Downes.



Southwark Cathedral has a long literary history of its own.

George II was not the only man to accuse Shakespeare of writing bombast—Dryden did, too. But with Dryden we get the full picture, an intimation of what turns part of Southwark into hallowed ground. It is a ramshackle, neglected, ill-planned area, but the fact that Shakespeare's plays were first performed there makes it unique. As Dryden explained: "He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul... He was naturally learn'd; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there... He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some occasion is presented to him."

The part of Southwark that concerns us lies near the river, around Bankside and Borough High Street. The gap between what once happened there and what may be seen today is enormous. But simply because it has not been totally transformed by modern developments (though these are continuously

appearing), it is possible to reach quite far back into the past. The surroundings are not quaint or even attractive, but hints and memories emerge through the urban decay and muddle like dulled old coins in a ploughed field.

There are exceptions to the area's general mixture of dilapidation and commercial brashness, of which Southwark Cathedral (or the Church of St Saviour and St Mary Overy)—just south of London Bridge—is the most outstanding. It is beautifully looked after, flourishes as a local centre for worship and music, and although much rebuilt has traces of its long history dating back to Norman times. And it has some interesting literary associations.

John Gower, Chaucer's contemporary, spent the last years of his life in the precincts of the cathedral (then known as the Church of St Mary Overy) and left it many gifts and bequests. He was married there in 1397, soon after going blind, and his tomb, which has been restored several times, is one of the finest

monuments in the cathedral. Brightly painted in red, green, black and gold, it has an effigy of Gower wearing a long damask robe, and with his head resting upon his three main works: *Vox Clamantis*, *Speculum Meditantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*—which he wrote in Latin, French and English respectively.

It was from *Confessio Amantis* that Shakespeare (1564-1616) drew the plot of *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, and the character who acts as Chorus in the play is actually called Gower and his speeches are written in the verse metre which Gower used. Although Shakespeare was living mainly in retirement in Stratford when he wrote the play, the effigy of Gower might have been particularly fresh in his mind since his youngest brother, Edmund, had very recently been buried in that church and he would presumably have attended the funeral. Edmund was an actor, and it is recorded that his burial was marked "with a fore noone knell of the great bell". The site of his grave is not known.

Shakespeare himself is commemorated in the cathedral by a full-length figure in alabaster (1911) reclining in front of a relief sculpture of Bankside as it was in his time. This includes the southern end of London Bridge where the heads of decapitated criminals were spiked over Bridge Gate. Not only was this then a familiar sight, but when Shakespeare was 19 one of his mother's relatives suffered such a fate after being involved in a Catholic conspiracy. There is also a stained-glass window (1954) showing characters from his plays. It was during Shakespeare's time that James I organized a new translation of the Bible, known as the Authorized Version. Fifty-four translators undertook the work, one of whom, Lancelot Andrewes (Bishop of Winchester) is buried in the cathedral. The translators consulted other experts, and the poetical sections—such as the Psalms and the Song of Solomon—were shown to literary men. Rudyard Kipling wrote a short story in which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson (1572-1637) discuss a problem presented to them by one of the ➤



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Southwark and its authors

translators; although there is no proof that such an incident took place, it is not totally unlikely.

Southwark Cathedral has a strong American connexion in its Harvard Chapel, restored in 1907 in memory of John Harvard, founder of Harvard University, who was born in Southwark in 1607. The chapel contains a memorial tablet to Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960), and if this seems a massive jump from Shakespeare, perhaps one should remember that the ability to write words for musical settings was as popular in Elizabethan times as it is in ours. Members of an audience might come away singing "Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me" from *As You Like It*, as audiences of this century have recalled "Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, I gotta love one man till I die" from *Showboat*. (And both lyricists have been included in the same programme when the incomparable Cleo Laine is in concert.) There is an unusual monument in the south transept of the cathedral which has a miniature effigy of William Emerson (died 1575), a supposed ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82).

Once outside the cathedral, order and cleanliness recede. Nineteenth-century warehouses, many now disused, dominate the area. In Clink Street the remains of a 14th-century great hall is embalmed in the side of a warehouse, and the name of the street reminds us that it once housed a prison for heretics as "in the clink" survives as a slang expression for imprisonment. On Bankside, the splendid Anchor Inn, built in 1775, was a regular haunt of Dr Johnson. On the wall of a brewery in Park Street a plaque records that the Globe Theatre once stood nearby. This is where many of Shakespeare's plays were performed, and he was both a shareholder and a member of the group who acted there. Known as the wooden "O" because of its shape, the Globe was burned down in 1613 when a stage-effect cannon, used at the first performance of *Henry VIII*, caused its thatch roof to catch fire. Luckily no one was hurt (though one man's breeches had to be doused with "pottle ale") and the theatre was rebuilt the following year.

Rose Alley near by marks the site of the Rose Theatre, where Shakespeare acted when he first came to London, and where his earliest plays were performed. Bear Gardens was originally the site of a bear garden combined with the Hope Theatre; bear-baiting was a popular sport, rightly criticized by Pepys as "a rude and nasty pleasure". Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted at the Hope, a farcical play presenting scenes from the holiday fair which used to be held in the churchyard of St Bartholomew's Priory, Smithfield. In 1972 the Bear Gardens Museum was opened in an old warehouse, and it contains an interesting permanent exhibition relating to the Elizabethan theatre.



The George Inn, which dates from 1676, is the only galleried inn left in London. It is owned by the National Trust.

Although run on a shoe-string, it is well worth visiting for an impression of the buildings and activities of Shakespeare's time, and it has an excellent model of one of the frost fairs that used to be held on the Thames when it froze right across.

The Falcon Inn at the east end of Bankside occupies the site of the Swan Theatre, the third of the trio of famous Elizabethan theatres in the area. In the summer of 1596 its owner, Francis Langley, was accused with Shakespeare of threatening the life of William Gardner, a justice of the peace in Southwark of bad reputation. The charge was probably unjustified, and it meant the burden of a lawsuit in a summer darkened by the death of Shakespeare's son Hamnet. He was trying to write *King John*, and the words of Constance, mother of the doomed Arthur, carry special meaning: "Grief fills the room up of my absent child, Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me, Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

Returning westwards to Borough High Street, it is hard to imagine that the latter was once the main medieval route to Canterbury. A plaque on the wall of Talbot Court (now a service entrance for Guy's Hospital) is all that remains to record the site of the Tabard Inn, the place where Chaucer's pilgrims in *The*

Canterbury Tales met at the start of their journey. It was, Chaucer recorded in the Prologue, a "gentil hostelrye", with generous-sized rooms and stables. Present-day visitors need not, however, despair of finding a decent hostelry for themselves in the High Street, since in the courtyard just north of Talbot Court lies the George Inn, a National Trust property dating from 1676. It is the only galleried inn left in London, and has miraculously escaped modernization. The benches, tables, beams and fireplaces are all genuinely old, and there is a 1797 Act of Parliament clock: one of the communal clocks built to avoid individual tax on watches. In summer, Shakespeare's plays are sometimes performed in the courtyard. Nearby, White Hart Yard marks the site of the White Hart Inn mentioned by the rebel Jack Cade in *Henry VI*, Part 2.

Farther south along Borough High Street, on the same side as the George Inn, are the sites of two prisons with literary associations. The Old Marshalsea Prison was situated near the entrance to Mermaid Court, and in 1605 Ben Jonson, George Chapman (c 1559-1634) the poet, translator and dramatist, and John Marston (c 1575-1634) dramatist, were briefly imprisoned together for their collaboration on the play *Eastward hoe* which slighted the Scots, thereby upsetting James I. The story goes that Jonson imprisoned himself voluntarily, and after his release gave a banquet to his friends in the middle of which "his old mother

drank to him, and shewed him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison; and that she was no churl, she told him she minded first to have drunk of it herself".

King's Bench Prison used to stand near the entrance to Angel Place, and Thomas Dekker (c 1570-1632) was confined there for five years for debt. He wrote plays for the Rose Theatre in collaboration with Jonson and others, and one of his lyrics has remained a popular lullaby: "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise..." It received its widest audience when sung by Paul McCartney on the Beatles' album, *Abbey Road*.

The Church of St George the Martyr (which is not always open), on the junction of Borough High Street and Long Lane, has strong connexions with Charles Dickens, and its one poetic connexion is with the now somewhat obscure Nahum Tate (1652-1715) who is buried there. He was poet laureate, and was pilloried in Pope's satire *The Dunciad*. He wrote a watered-down adaptation of *King Lear* (in which Cordelia survives and marries Edgar) which was performed for many years. His words are still heard today in the libretto to Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and the carol "While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night" (written in collaboration with Nicholas Brady, and readily parodied by generations of schoolchildren). The Church of St George ➡

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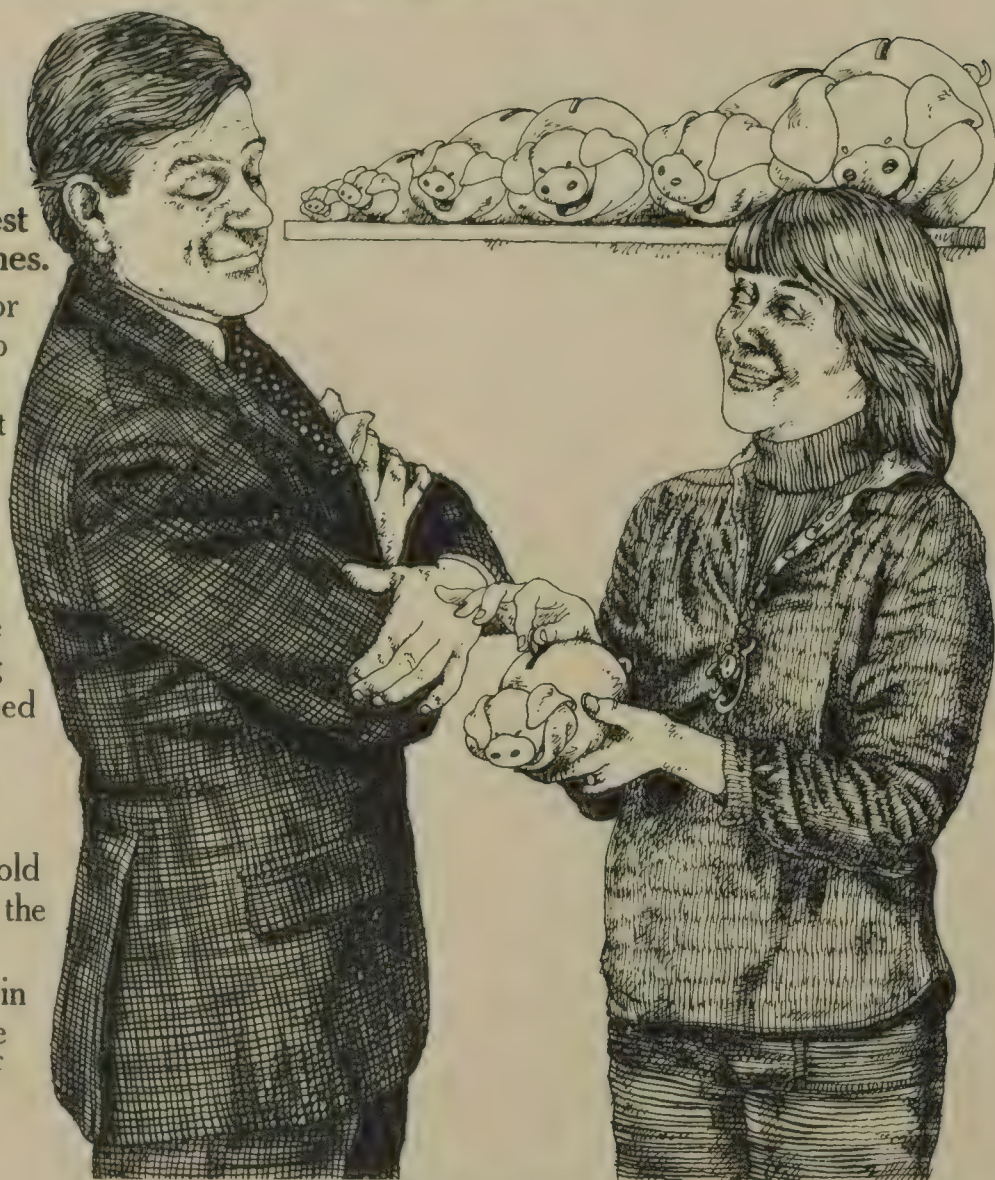
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Southwark and its authors

represents the point of penetration into Southwark where all but the most zealous might begin to retrace their steps, though a few more sites should be mentioned.

Opposite the church Marshalsea Road leads into Mint Street where W. H. Davies (1871-1940) stayed in a lodging house called the Farm House (now demolished), recalled in his poem "An Old House in London":

"In fancy I can see thee stand
Again in the green meadow-land;
As in thine infancy, long past,
When Southwark was a lovely waste;
And larks and black birds sang
around..."

... Instead of those green meadows,
now
Three hundred hungry children show
Rags and white faces at thy door
For charity..."

At the bottom of Mint Street is Leigh Hunt Street, commemorating the nearby site of yet another prison, Horse-monger Lane Gaol where Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was held for two years for calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of 50". However he received frequent visits from his friends, who included Byron and Charles Lamb, and continued to edit the paper in which the libel had appeared. He wrote this enchanting description of his cell: "I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-

cases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the borough and passing through the avenue of a jail was dramatic..."

Scovell Road (a short walk south from Leigh Hunt Street) is near the site of the final (demolished) prison in the area to have housed a poet. The King's Bench Prison moved there in 1758, and Christopher Smart (1722-71) was imprisoned for debt and died there. He had previously been confined in an asylum—a punishment Dr Johnson thought excessive: "My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question... His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else..."

These are lines from Smart's must for all catlovers.

"For I Will Consider My Cat Geoffrey:
For first he looks upon his fore-paws to
see if they are clean.

For secondly he kicks up behind to clear
away there.

For thirdly he works it upon stretch with
the fore-paws extended.



In Clink Street part of a 14th-century great hall survives preserved in a warehouse.

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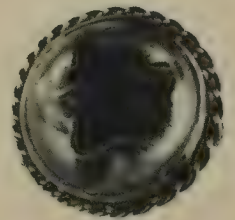
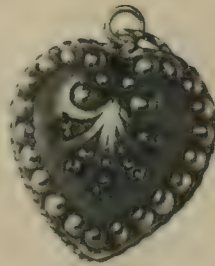
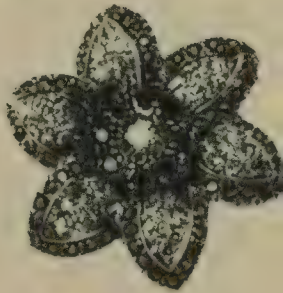
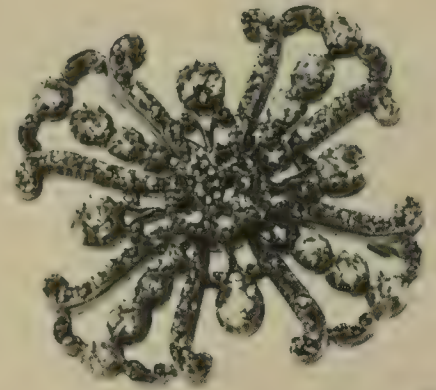
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Southwark and its authors

For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.
For fifthly he washes himself.
For sixthly he rolls upon wash.
For seventhly he fleas himself, that he may not be interrupted upon the beat.
For eighthly he rubs himself against a post.
For ninthly he looks up for his instructions.
For tenthly he goes in quest of food."

Returning back towards London Bridge station, Guy's Hospital (in Thomas Street) reminds us that John Keats (1795-1821) used to lodge in Dean Street (now demolished under a railway arch) when he was working as a dresser at the hospital. In October, 1816, he went to visit a friend in Clerkenwell and they sat up all night reading and discussing Chapman's translation of Homer (the same Chapman who had been imprisoned with Ben Jonson). Keats walked back to his lodgings at dawn, and immediately wrote the sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer", beginning "Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold".

A 20th-century poet, Richard Church (1893-1972), who often used to cross London Bridge
"Among commuters by the million;
Part of that long, black caterpillar
Nosing northward every morning,
Slipping southward every night..."
was always intrigued by Hay's Wharf, the large warehouse on the south-east side of the bridge. He remembered how as a boy the scents emanating from it "... coffee berries, orris-root, Nine-and-twenty kinds of tea, Geranium oil, and oil of pine..." would make him imagine coming "To land beyond the coral reefs Where all adventurers have longed To voyage through the innocent years..."

The present London Bridge was rebuilt between 1967 and 1973, the

1825-31 version (used by Richard Church) having been carefully dismantled and shipped to Arizona. Before that, 100 feet downstream, there was a wooden bridge, which until 1729 was the only bridge across the Thames in London. During Shakespeare's time it was not only a display site for criminals' severed heads, but also a street with wooden houses on either side and a chapel. He would have walked over it leaving the Globe on his way to meet friends in the Mermaid Tavern, and in its different way it would have been as busy as the London Bridge described by Richard Church. Later, when Shakespeare left his friends and went to his house in Silver Street, perhaps he had an hour of solitude before sleep during which he forgot the triumphs and tribulations of the theatre and turned his mind to the expression of his most private feelings. It was Wordsworth who described the sonnet-form as the "key" with which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart", moved by lines like these: "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee." ●



The Anchor Inn on Bankside, built in 1775, was a regular haunt of Dr Johnson's.

"I'm Jennifer. I'm 4. They said I'd never be able to speak."

You ought to see Jennifer today. She laughs, she cries, she speaks. Sometimes she speaks so much it seems she's trying to make up for lost time

And of course, she walks, runs, plays hop scotch, chases the house cat, and runs after the ball in the tennis court of one of Dr. Barnardo's homes for mentally and physically handicapped children

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And after that, it will be sewing, needlework, knitting, pottery, or any of the other vocations that will give her a purpose for living

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Won't you send what you can today? For only £2, one of our residential homes could get four sets of knitting needles for children. For £10, we can buy a sand tray and little aids like this help so much. For £100, we can feed a child for a whole year at the centre. Everything helps. And it helps even more if you covenant to pay regularly. That way we can claim back tax. So every £1 you give is worth £1.50. Not a penny is wasted, because we know it is your money we are using. And all our helpers feel exactly the same way

Dr. Barnardo's run temporary relief homes, day care centres, residential centres and schools. Please send what you can today

Your caring will reach out to many children like Jennifer who could one day be earning their own livelihood and living instead of just existing

Please send what you can to me, Nicholas Lowe, Appeals Director, Room 777 Dr. Barnardo's, Tanners Lane, Ilford, Essex IG6 1QG

*We don't reveal our children's identities so as to spare distressing publicity



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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth

10: H. G. Wells's house

H. G. Wells lived for four years just before the First World War at no 17 Church Row, NW1, an early 18th-century house in what Pevsner describes as "the best street in Hampstead".

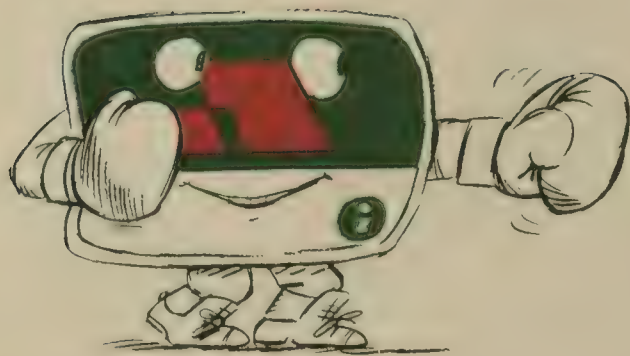
Ann Veronica and *The History of Mr Polly* were published while he was there. Wells died in 1946 at a house in Hanover Terrace where he had spent the last ten years of his life.



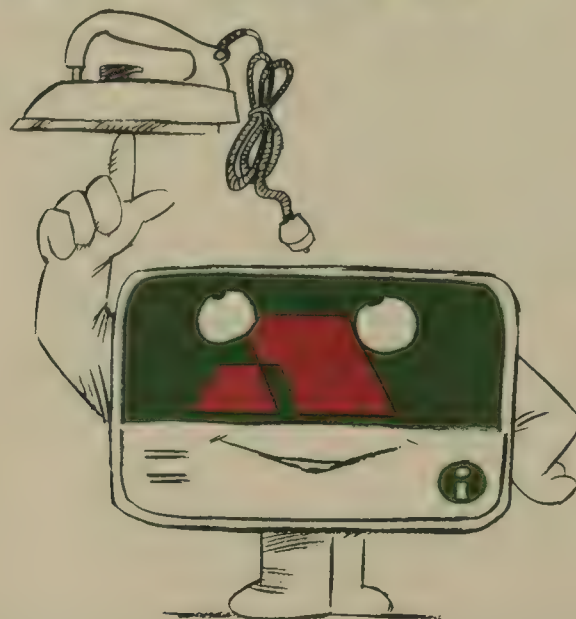
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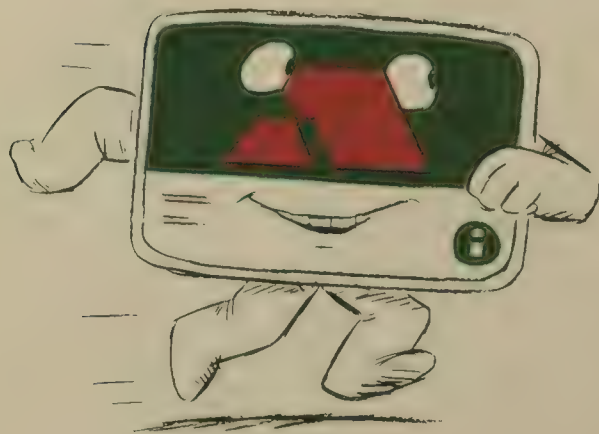
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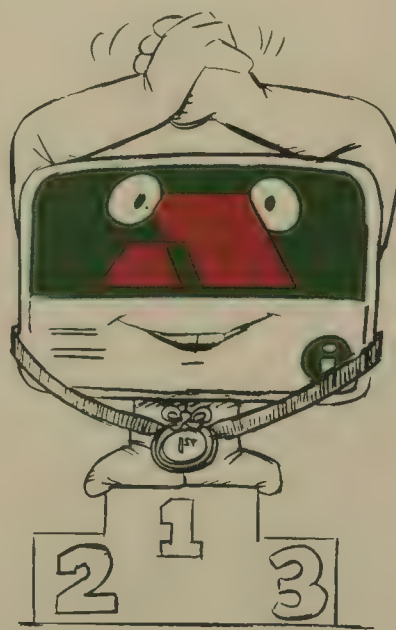
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Centenary pieces

by Ursula Robertshaw

Rosenthal, the china firm, celebrates its centenary this year and to record the event has produced a series of specially commissioned designs by leading contemporary artists in the Studio-Line production and limited art editions. The Finnish artist Tapio Wirkkala has designed a new tableware series in the aptly named Century shape, and all pieces in the Studio-Line collection made in the centenary year will carry a special centenary mark, in-glaze on the porcelain, engraved on glassware.

On these pages we illustrate some of these pieces. They present a startling contrast to the florid, highly gilded and decorated china in rococo taste which Rosenthal made at the beginning of their history—and indeed until the establishment by Philip Rosenthal, son of the founder of the firm, of Studio-Line in the 1950s. Walter Gropius designed the Rosenthal factory at Selb in Bavaria at around the same time, and also the exquisitely simple Gropius service, whose combination of the functional with the beautiful takes us back to the Bauhaus tradition, of which he was one of the founding fathers. Gropius died in 1969, but his and the Bauhaus's concept of the alliance between usefulness and



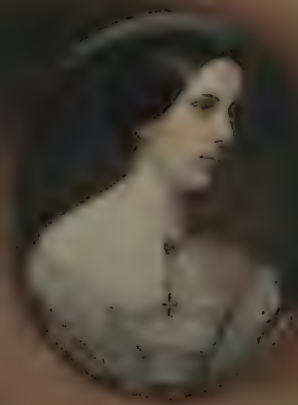
Cup and saucer with delicate white-on-white Cumulus pattern by the Finnish artist Rut Bryk, £12.50.



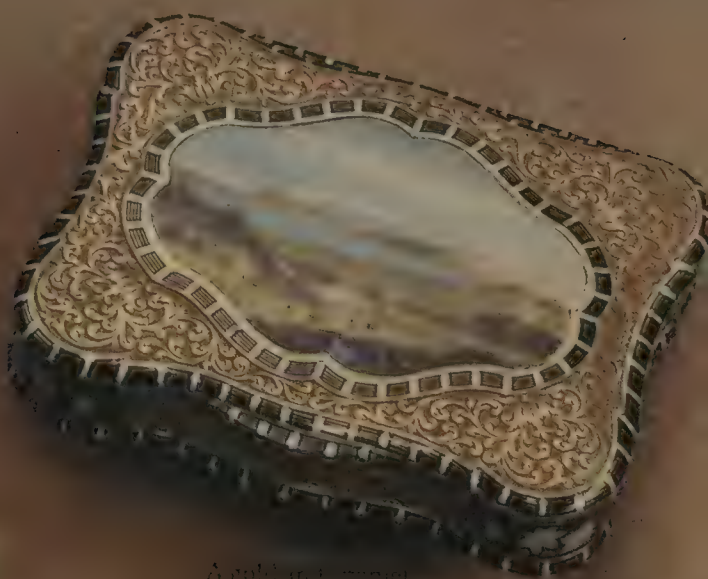
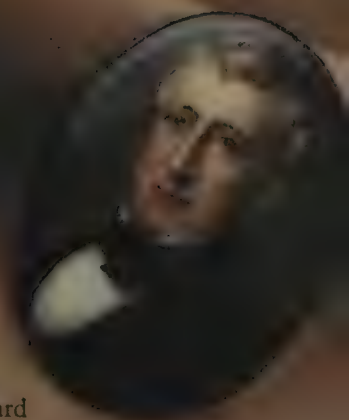
Above left, vase with Hills of Colour decoration by Rosemonde Nairac, £47.50; coffee pot with geometric design by Eduardo Paolozzi, £319. Centre, Petrouschka decoration by Bjørn Winblad on a coffee pot, Berlin shape, £60.25. Above right, lidded jar with design by Victor Vasarely, £250.



A gold and enamel
Swiss box, length 2 1/4 inches,
date circa 1780.



Enamel miniatures, on gold,
of Miss Harriet Eliza Garrard
and Sebastian Garrard
by John Simpson 1851/2.



A gold and enamel
Swiss box, length 3 inches,
date circa 1825.

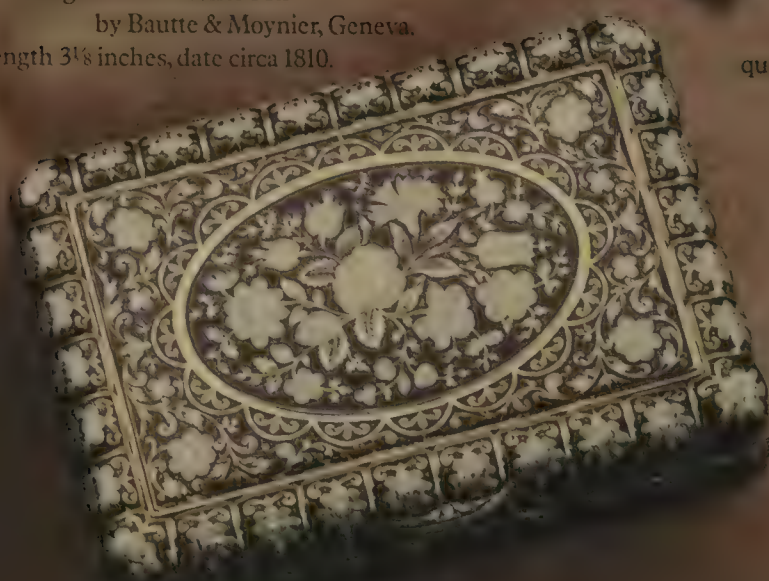
Holbeinesque
enamel and gold
suite set
with emeralds,
diamonds,
rose diamonds
and pearls,
date circa 1850.



Holbeinesque
enamel and gold
pendant set
with diamonds,
rubies and opals,
date circa 1870.



A gold and enamel box
by Bautte & Moynier, Geneva.
Length 3 1/8 inches, date circa 1810.



A verge automaton
quarter repeating pocket watch
in 18ct gold and enamel
by Menard de Mons.

Diameter 2 1/4 inches,
date circa 1820.



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aesthetics, of good design expressive of contemporary life, true to material, well executed and true to total function, still pervades the Studio-Line productions.

But total function includes a side that is not solely practical, whose aim is to delight; there is a place for decoration and a touch of fantasy. As Philip Rosenthal once put it, "A home should not be a machine for living, but a place which is fun to live in."

The centenary objects, as are all Studio-Line pieces, were submitted to and passed by an international jury of experts on art and design; the panel includes the Marquess of Queensberry, Professor of Ceramics at the Royal College of Art. The other members are Madame Josine des Cressonnières of the Brussels Design Centre, Professor Herbert Lindinger of Hanover Technical University, Dr Heinz Spielmann of the Hamburg Museum of Applied Art and Dr Christian Walters, former conservator to the Bavarian State Art Collection.

The artists are as international as the jury and they work in widely differing styles. The subtle Cumulus pattern needing the translucence of the fine porcelain to reveal its full beauty, is by Rut Bryk, a Finn, whose compatriot, Tapio Wirkkala, designed the colourful carafe with the huge stopper as well as the Centenary shape; the other carafe we illustrate, which must be judged as an art object, not a piece for use, is by Michael Boehm, a young German still in his 20s who studied at Murano and Venice, historical centres of the glass-maker's art. The delicate design of rising hills of contrasting hues, patterned with and separated by gold, is very soft and feminine and is by an English girl, Rosemonde Nairac, who studied in Sunderland, Lausanne and the RCA. Her work contrasts with the bold geometrics of Eduardo Paolozzi (British, of Italian descent) or the vibrant colours used by Victor Vasarely (born in Hungary, he has lived and worked in France since 1930). The pieces by Paolozzi and Vasarely are in limited, numbered and signed editions of 500. The playful fantascinations of Petruschka are typical of the designs created by the Dane Bjørn Wiinblad; he started as a painter, studying at the RCA, and has now produced designs for posters, stage productions, book illustrations, glassware, porcelain and silver. He has been a member of Rosenthal's design team since 1957.

Yet different as all these objects are, they have an overall, very 20th-century style, partly imposed by the elegant and simple shapes. They are, unmistakably, Rosenthal ●

Two of four carafes specially made for collectors. One, in clear glass with a long, attenuated neck and drop-shaped stopper, is by Michael Boehm, £104.35. The other, with swirls of blue and green glass and a large spherical stopper, is by Tapio Wirkkala, £60.80. The two other decanters in the series are by Petr Horak and Bjørn Wiinblad.





IF THIS VENETIAN ROCOCO CHAIR WASN'T IN THE DANIELI, IT WOULD BE IN A MUSEUM.

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This palace was named after the family who ordered its construction, one of the most distinguished and wealthiest in the city; the Dandolo.

History suggests that the Dandolos were not a family without nerve. For, they built their palace—the most magnificent in all Venice—right next door to the Doge, where it rivalled his palace as the showpiece reflecting the splendour and power of the Venetian Republic.

Time has hardly altered the Dandolos' palace. Only its name has changed significantly. It is now called the Danieli.

The golden staircase that once led from the patio to the second floor is no longer there. This has been replaced by a new one (150 years is hardly long enough to call something old in the Danieli), made of marble.

But portraits of the daring Dandolos still hang in the corridors and halls. The furnishings still reflect the lavish splendour of those bygone days. The historical greatness still echoes from wall to wall, room to room.

And it is still, to this day, the place where dignitaries rest their crowns when visiting Venice.

If you half-close your eyes and let the valuable paintings, precious Venetian glass lamps and rare oriental

carpets fuse into a single image, it is not hard to imagine the hotel that Richard Wagner knew when he stayed there.

Or Charles Dickens. Or lovers like Musset and George Sand who spent romantic hours leaning on the window sills staring out over the Laguna to the Santa Maria della Salute and the mouth of the Grand Canal.

Neither, if you examine the decorations at close quarters, is it hard to imagine why three out of a total of 215 staff are employed full-time as antique restorers.

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Shirts are still ironed by hand. Bed linen is changed every day. You need never leave your room to get everything you need (but few guests stay 'indoors' when Venice waits outside).

Upstairs, the famous roof restaurant praised by Gault and Millau, gazes out across to the islands of San Giorgio Maggiore and Giudecca.

Whoever eats there not only experiences the delicacies and specialities of Venice's finest cuisine (it is not unusual to find over 20 species of fish at one time in the kitchens), but also one of the most awe-inspiring views of Venice.

The Danieli now belongs to the Cigahotels Group whose hotels are regarded internationally as the best in Italy. And the world.

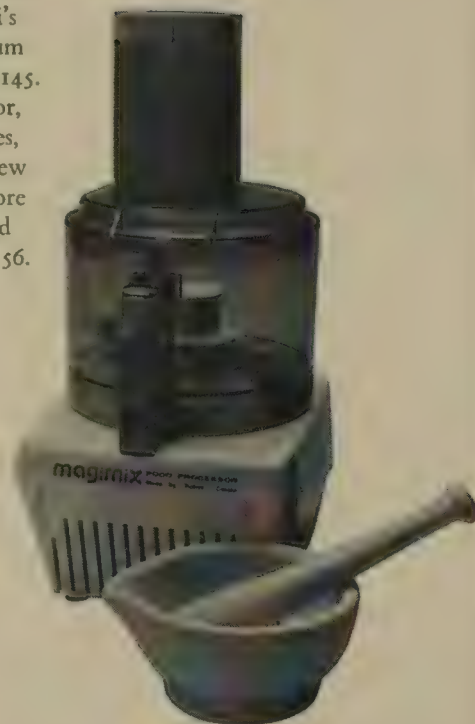
For more information about the Danieli, or any other Cigahotel, please contact your travel agent or write directly to Cigahotels, 67 Jermyn Street, London SW1 (tel 01-930 4147).

HOTEL DANIELI VENICE





Left Antique Chinese vase converted into an elegant lamp, £165. The silk shade £38. Both from a selection. Magistretti's lamp, as shown in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, £145. *Right* Magimix food processor, £79.95 complete with blades, discs and spatula. There are new optional extras, making it more efficient than ever. Pestle and mortar, 1-pint capacity, £6.56.



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come jubilate at the GTC!

Hand-cut crystal Waterford decanter £59.75; there are glasses to match. Vacuum jug, Danish prize-winner, has a clever self-closing stopper. £16.50.



Above Rattail fork £8.45, knife £13.10. 7-piece setting £59. *Below* Knife £3.46, fork £3.28. 7-piece setting £20.52.



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Farmhouse into gallery

by Kenneth Hudson

Li Yuan-Chia was orphaned during the wars in China that formed part of the struggle for power between Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek. He eventually reached Taiwan along with Chiang's retreating army and received most of his education there, ending at an art college, where he became an accomplished painter. He found Taiwan increasingly oppressive, so he went to Italy, where he painted and studied for a year or two before deciding that what he really wanted to do was to help other artists rather than to be one himself. With this in mind he came to London. That was in 1971.

London was not at all what he was looking for. It was too big, too noisy, too dirty and too anonymous. But fate was kind. A student friend in London happened to have parents who had a big country house near Carlisle and the Roman Wall. Li, invited there for a fortnight's holiday, never went back to London and he never painted again. He bought a dilapidated farmstead with borrowed money ("You'll pay us back some day," his friends told him) and converted it into an art gallery. In the past two years a major extension has been added to the original building and this time, having previously watched the professionals at work, Li did the whole job himself, including the installation of central heating and the electric wiring, to the highest professional standards. "Building is just common sense and being careful," he says. The materials alone for the extension cost £25,000. The finance for it, he adds, "came from the birds".

There, near the small town of Brompton, he lives alone, inspired by the peace and the views, and devoting his whole attention to the gallery. There are nine separate galleries, together with a museum of finds from the Roman settlement of Vindolanda, near by. At any given moment there are nine one-person exhibitions, each usually lasting for a month. Administration is a formidable task but somehow it gets done, with the help of a school-teacher, Mrs Joy Dee, who walks 2 miles across the fields summer and winter, to devote what time she can spare from her family to looking after Li's correspondence and keeping the office in order.

"This place is special," she says—and indeed it is. Both as an individual and as an art impresario Li has an honest philosophy. Nationality, he says, is totally unimportant and indeed a nuisance. The fully mature person should have no feeling of allegiance to this or that country. Possessions are meaningless. One person cannot and must not tell another what to do. Artists should be helped to criticize their own work and the best way to encourage this is to provide them with gallery space in which



they can see their creations with new eyes. By having nine galleries, all in operation at once, Li makes fruitful comparisons possible. There are always one or two artists of obviously superior talent and achievement represented there, and this, he says, is "very good for artists who have not yet found their way". The experience may sometimes convince a painter that he ought to give up painting altogether and that, as Li points out, may well be to the benefit of all concerned. But it has to be a personal discovery.

The LYC Museum and Art Gallery (the name comes from his initials) is now solidly established. Artists are queueing up to exhibit, there is an annual subsidy from Northern Arts, and the visitors' book reveals the appreciation of people from all over the world, with Americans and Australians particularly in evidence. Geographically, the gallery is well placed. Tourists come to see Vindolanda and the Roman Wall and discover LYC by accident. A handsome donation, a piece of impulse giving, not infrequently follows. Art students are always dropping in—the remoteness of the place seems to cause no great difficulty—and there are as many school parties as he can handle.

Li has a workroom for children. When they come in, they are faced with tables, materials, and a notice telling them: "Everyone can draw. You can write a poem or draw a picture, or write a story with a picture. Put it up on the wall or take it with you, or leave it neatly on the table. Enjoy yourselves, but don't waste paper. The paper is free. Please leave the tables tidy." And they do.

Volunteer help comes and goes and, miraculously, there is always just about enough money. But the whole place revolves round Li himself, and, fit and energetic as he is at the moment, Li is only human and therefore mortal. His own very modest living expenses come from the commission on pictures sold in the galleries. The rest of the income is ploughed back into the improvement and running of the galleries—a 20 acre sculpture park is the next project. Li, with good reason, is a contented, optimistic person, satisfied to leave the future to fate. But I came away hoping with all my heart that the next year or two might bring this remarkable man an apprentice, assistant, disciple or even housekeeper, someone to take a little of the burden of work off his shoulders and to offer the promise of continuity.

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The pro-Nazi 30s

by Robert Blake

Fellow Travellers of the Right
by Richard Griffiths
Constable, £12.50

The sub-title of Professor Griffiths's fascinating book is *British Enthusiasts for Nazi Germany 1933-39*; title and sub-title raise an interesting point of political nomenclature. In what sense was it a sign of being on the Right if one supported Nazism and on the Left if one supported Russian communism? We are conditioned by imagery. The political significance of Right and Left originates from accidents of placement in the first French National Assembly. The chamber was shaped like an amphitheatre; the nobility sat on the right of the President and the Third Estate on his left, the right being the place of honour appropriate for the aristocracy. The centre came to be the place for moderates; the further you were to the right, the more conservative you were supposed to be, and the further to the left the more radical.

Does this concept of gradation from moderate to extreme make sense in terms of parties which repudiate parliamentary democracy altogether? Surely not. Two divided semi-circles would be more appropriate, with the parliament-

arians sitting in one and the totalitarians—fascist, Nazi or communist—opposite them in the other. It was not accidental that Hitler found some of his readiest converts among former communists and that post-war East Germany found some of its converts among former Nazis.

Nazism was not, in fact, a conservative type of movement. It was, after all, national socialism, and if nationalism came first socialism was not far behind. Hitler, that "demon figure sprung from the abyss" as Churchill described him, was a nihilistic radical. One of the best books on Nazism is entitled *Germany's Revolution of Destruction*. Mosley's British Union of Fascists attracted some Conservative support to begin with but never very much, and the anti-Semitism which was central to the party from 1934 onwards alienated middle-class support. Professor Griffiths tells us that the immediate reaction of those to whom he has mentioned the subject of his book is "Mosley" but, in fact, the fascist groups of Mosley and others did not play a major part in British pro-Nazism. The Anglo-German Fellowship, the Link and the Anglo-German Brotherhood were more important. Not the least absorbing part of Professor Griffiths's book is the detail which he discovered of a host of strange, eccentric movements and people. Like all good historians he looks at what people said at the time as well as what they said

afterwards. In the case of the pro-Nazis the contrast is often instructive.

Take George Ward Price, special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, whose proprietor, Lord Rothermere, was strongly pro-Nazi and which took a consistently pro-Hitler line, alone among British daily papers. In a book written after the war he is "astonished" that a man of Hitler's "neurotic character and limited perceptions should be able to maintain personal domination over a race possessing such varied and conspicuous qualities as the Germans". But in 1937 we find that Ward Price thought he had "a pleasant human personality" and praised his "fondness for children and dogs". It was true that he "laid a heavy hand . . . upon the people who opposed or looked like opposing his plans", but this was necessary. "The jockey who pats his horse in the paddock may lash him in a hard finish." Examples can be multiplied.

Professor Griffiths brings out several unexpected aspects of this curious streak in British politics during the 1930s. He shows that there was never a monolithic pro-dictatorship or pro-fascist movement. Those who admired Mussolini did not necessarily admire Hitler. Some of the supporters of Franco were also in favour of Hitler but not all, Churchill being the classic example. Sir Charles Petrie, who used to write this column was interested in Mussolini and the corporate state, sup-

ported Franco, but was a staunch anti-Nazi. Despite the title of his book Professor Griffiths shows that by no means all the "Fellow Travellers" were "of the Right". The three most celebrated political figures who flirted for a time with Hitler were Lord Londonderry, a Tory, Lloyd George, the most famous Liberal of his day, and George Lansbury, who had led the Labour party for four years. On the latter there is an enjoyable quotation from Malcolm Muggeridge's spoof volume, *1938—A preview of Next Year's News*: "After an interview yesterday in his Long Island home with 'Migs' Carlo, American ace killer, Mr George Lansbury said 'I think this talk has cleared the air. There is a long way to go, but Mr Carlo and I found ourselves in substantial agreement on a number of topics.'"

Pro-Nazism combined four features: sheer silliness, which is always with us; anti-Semitism, which is odious; anti-communism, which is commendable; Francophobia, which is—understandable. It reached its apogee when Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland on the pretext of the Franco-Soviet Pact. It was not much diminished by the Pogrom of November, 1938, but with the seizure of Prague in March, 1939 it vanished except for a few extremists—Mosley, Admiral Domville, Captain Ramsay. This was an external threat. Most of the pro-Nazis, however dotty, were British patriots when it came to the crunch.

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A Few Green Leaves

by Barbara Pym

Macmillan, £5.95

Collin

by Stefan Heym

Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95

Missing Person

by Patrick Modiano

Cape, £5.95

Barbara Pym's reputation as a delicate, ironic miniaturist with a sympathetic insight into the comedy and pathos of the lives of unremarkable people is due largely to two of her later novels, *Quartet in Autumn* and *The Sweet Dove Died*. *A Few Green Leaves*, which she completed shortly before her death last January, is an attempt at a portrait of English village life.

Her heroine, Emma Howick, is an anthropologist-cum-sociologist lately involved in heavy urban studies who now welcomes the opportunity to observe the behaviour of the inhabitants of the village she has settled in. She makes notes on the flower festival and its possible bearing on village status, and on the ritual of the coffee morning, while the sight of a heap of derelict cars near the church suggests "A Note on the Significance of the Abandoned Motor-

Car in a West Oxfordshire Village". The coy suggestion of parody here is typical of the novel's tentativeness and the irony does not fare much better. "Could one make this kind of use of one's estranged wife?" Emma wonders when her old flame Graham Pettifer cavalierly proposes to send Claudia off to a memorial service he is too busy to bother with himself.

We meet the pivotal figures of village life, the Rector and two doctors; a good-food inspector who was once a Church of England clergyman; and others who are representative of their class or character-type. In fact we keep meeting them without ever quite getting the feel of them. The Rector's sister Daphne, who pines for Greece, abandons her brother to his cold house and goes to live with a friend in Birmingham. Miss Vereker gets lost in the woods, and Miss Lickerish dies. They all come and go with little urgency: it is not the still centre but the active, vibrant one that is missing. Of course the reader has no difficulty in identifying with Emma precisely because she is the outsider looking in, curious and hopeful, or half-hopeful. The Rector, a widower, shows some interest in her but is really taken up with the medieval history of the village. Graham settles there to finish a book but there is no sign of a renewal of his interest in her either. It all comes to nothing. The narrative is no more than a slender framework even though, like

Emma's headings, it sometimes shows the promise of substantial development.

There is no lack of urgency about Stefan Heym's *Collin*. Like many modern political novels it inhabits a closed, menacing and violent world in which "wherever you turn, everywhere you hit against walls, everywhere you get chafed and bloodied". Collin, like Heym himself, is a successful and highly esteemed novelist living in East Germany. Unlike his creator, whose previous novel *Five Days in June*, as well as the present one, is banned in the GDR, he is acceptable to and well looked after by the authorities. He has come to terms with the society in which he lives and with the régime to which he is of some value. Now an old man under care in a clinic because of heart trouble, Collin ponders the writing of his memoirs.

Also a patient there is Urack, a top security official, a man with a violent past on his conscience who wonders if the discreet Collin can be led into betraying himself at last in his memoirs. The old man dies before getting very far with them but his notes are rescued by another writer.

Heym analyses not merely the dilemma of the artist but the deadening effect on anyone with doubts about the "system". His characters often speak for themselves with an oddly formal directness but it is clear they feel a need to do so, and from these exchanges emerges a nagging, life-destroying sense

of guilt, of fateful compromises and betrayal, and the inevitable loss of faith when, as Christine, one of Collin's doctors, says, "Today we know so much that we can no longer believe."

Missing Person begins with the words, "I am nothing. Nothing but a pale shape, silhouetted that evening against the café terrace..." and ends with the same narrator's haunting evocation of the evanescence of human existence. Somewhere in between is a Prix Goncourt-winning novel about this character's search for his own identity which he somehow lost during the Paris Occupation. Guy Roland's quest has neither the banality of the conventional loss of memory theme nor the foggy pretentiousness of something more existentialist. But we have to accept that for ten years he has lived without a past. When Hutte, who has employed him in his detective agency, retires to Nice, Guy is free to investigate his own origins. He has some clues, follows up leads from two bartenders and studies photographs given him by a Russian émigré. Reports come to him from contacts provided by Hutte and the process of reconstruction unfolds with all the tension of a skilfully crafted thriller.

The book is finely, tautly written but the author has baulked at bringing his hero's quest to a successful conclusion. Difficult to pull off without anticlimax, perhaps, but Guy's hesitation seems disappointingly evasive.

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The jewels of Barbados

by Ursula Robertshaw

How soon the memories of the average holiday fade. Often you fix Italy, 1978, as "the year Dad got stung by a jellyfish", or France, 1976, as "the year it rained every day". Frequently it is the disasters and discomforts that linger in the mind, rather than the pleasures.

But the memories that my husband and I have of Barbados, 1980, are different. We recall sunshine—sunshine for 14 days, with only a dust-laying spattering of rain on two nights. We recall warmth—warmth that soaked right down into our northern bones, melting our inhibitions and forcing us to relax as we had not done for years. Above all we recall colour—colour so brilliant that the little Caribbean island gleams in memory like a box of jewels.

The sand is yellow gold and white gold, and silver—miles and miles of it. And like a setting it fringes a sea as colourful as a lapidary's workshop: sapphire and emerald, amethyst and jade, lie in shifting layers as though strata of gemstones were being laid down even as you watch.

Barbados's flowers and shrubs contribute to the jewel box. When we were there in April we were dazzled by the magnificent hibiscus, in all shades of red, pink and yellow to white, with their long, protruding styles like quivering tongues. They were much beloved by the Barbados humming bird, an enchanting elf in plumage of green and black shot silk. In our hotel garden were several frangipanis, with red or white waxen blossoms and a wickedly sweet smell; there was also a huge, shady mahoe tree, its heart-shaped leaves setting off the canary yellow flowers which fade attractively to brick red.

The whole island is a garden. There are hedges of oleander, and of bougainvillea, brilliantly nicknamed the Tissue Paper Tree, with its outrageous colours of magenta and screaming pink and hot orange. The eye turned almost with relief to the feathery palms, rustling or clashing their leaves in the pleasant breeze with which the island is always blessed and which mitigates the heat.

Barbados is small, only 21 miles long by 14 miles wide at its widest point, so that it is possible to explore it pretty thoroughly in two weeks. We hired a Mini Moke and were able to see all the places recommended to us before we arrived, and others beside.

The only city is the capital, Bridgetown, to which all roads lead; indeed, they are helpfully signposted "to city" and "from city", an aid not to be despised, for the Bajan maps are gaily haphazard. Bridgetown is colourful, full of life and rather hell in traffic. It is best explored on foot—there are frequent bus services from all over the island but the visitor is well advised to plan his trip outside the rush hours.

The Careenage, the old harbour where ships used to be brought to have their bottoms scraped, caulked and painted, is historically fascinating and picturesque. There are also imposing government and official buildings among the charming jumble of architecture which composes the Bridgetown, as it does all the Bajan, backcloth. But the main attraction, and it is a real one, is the lively bustle of the many stalls, selling all kinds of fruit, fish, leather goods and crafts, and the colourful, friendly and completely unselfconscious Bajan people as they go about their business. For they, too, are among the jewels of Barbados. A beautiful and friendly people, who seem to move to some unheard music in a fluid, unhurried gait which we christened the Bajan saunter, they wave and smile at you as you explore their island. They direct you to those parts they think you personally will like; so they did not recommend us to the night spots and the discos—though there are plenty for those who enjoy such things—but to the relatively undeveloped eastern side of the island round Bathsheba, where the rolling, terraced hills have given it the sobriquet Little Scotland, the rollers crash round strangely shaped rocks, hundreds of crabs semaphore to one another, and if you are lucky you may glimpse a turtle plying for fish in the shallows.

The Bajans directed us to Andromeda Gardens, near Bathsheba, where we wandered for hours among ravishing trees and shrubs set among small pools and streams, along twisting paths every turn of which revealed a new delight. They sent us to the cool peace of Codrington College, with its fine avenue of Cabbage Palms and its little chapel where we heard one of the theological students playing Bach most beautifully; and to St Nicholas Abbey, a 17th-century sugar plantation house where we watched a film shot by the owner's father depicting Bajan life in the 1920s and 30s.

The local people advised a trip in a glass-bottomed boat, so that we could peer down at the fish and corals through the clear water; and when my husband left his beautiful Bajan straw hat behind after the trip one of them took the trouble to bring it back to the hotel for us. All in all, the Bajan people contributed a great deal to one of the best holidays we have ever had.

We went to Barbados on a Thomson holiday. For the coming winter they are offering a series of two- and three-week holidays there with a choice of self-catering, bed and breakfast or half board costing between £350 and £700, including flights from and to Gatwick. Several other firms, including Rankin Kuhn, Kuoni, Sovereign and Thomas Cook, have similar holidays.

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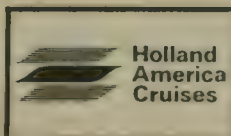


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WEEKEND AWAY

Around Durham city

by Kate Toner

You get a splendid view of the medieval city of Durham from the train as it pulls into Durham station. The railway is high up on a viaduct and, as you look across to the city, the huge cathedral and castle, set together on a hill above the river Wear, dominate the scene.

The view is particularly dramatic at night when the cathedral and castle are flood-lit, as I saw when I arrived one Friday evening to spend the weekend exploring Durham and its environs.

Durham city has many attractions, both historic and modern. I began with a visit to the municipal buildings in the market place. On request the janitor gives guided tours and he took me first to the 14th-century Guildhall, with its impressive display of silver and the coats of arms of the city's guilds. In the lobby was the 3 foot 3 inch life-size statue of a celebrated local character, the Polish dwarf and violinist Count Joseph Boruwlaski, who lived in Durham for 17 years until his death aged nearly 100 in 1837. I visited the council chamber, which has 18th-century panelling and then went on to the 19th-century town hall where a bustling crafts market is held on the second Saturday of every month.

Leaving the market place I climbed Saddler Street and then steep Owengate leading to the grassy expanse of Palace Green and, towering above it, Durham Cathedral, where I took another guided tour. There is much to see in this great Norman cathedral which contains the tombs of St Cuthbert, whose preserved body was brought to Durham in 995, 200 years after his death, and St Bede, whose bones were brought to the city in about 1022. Bede's tomb lies beneath the sweeping arches of the Galilee chapel, where rare 12th-century wall paintings are carefully preserved. The guide also showed me the Chapter House, a late-19th-century restoration in Norman style, and the dank, windowless prison cell where heretics and witches were held before trial.

Visitors can also see the Benedictine monks' dormitory, built in 1398-1404 and still with the original timber roof; the treasury, with St Cuthbert's coffin and cathedral gilt plate; and can climb the tower for a spectacular view.

At the other end of Palace Green is the magnificent Norman castle which dates from 1072 and has a medieval Great Hall. Most disappointingly the castle was closed to visitors, having been hired out for a wedding reception, although according to the guide books it should have been open on a Saturday.

A pleasant, 20-minute walk from here to a hill-top just outside the city centre is the Durham Light Infantry Museum, a light, spacious, modern building set among grassy slopes and with a stream flowing in front of it. The

museum houses a permanent exhibition of relics connected with the DLI, an arts centre and a café.

The military exhibition traces the history of the DLI: there are innumerable photographs dating back to the 1860s, officers' campaign diaries, uniform throughout the DLI's existence and an array of volunteers' hats from 1796-1908. There is also a series of enlarged photographs of those men of the Regiment who won the Victoria Cross.

Saturday evening was spent at a jolly medieval banquet in 13th-century Lumley Castle between Durham and Newcastle. A good five-course dinner, eaten with fingers and a dagger plus a wooden spoon for coping with dessert (finger-bowls were provided!) was served with plentiful mead and wine. Musicians played during the meal and the highly efficient staff, all dressed in medieval costume, formed a chorus and sang between courses and again at the end of the meal.

Beamish open-air museum, which vividly re-creates aspects of past life in the north-east, is 10 miles from Durham city. I spent an enthralling Sunday visiting Beamish Hall, with its extensive display of Victoriana and more recent artifacts, and a pub with a Victorian interior; going down a drift coal-mine; looking round mid-19th-century Rowley railway station, transported in its entirety from a village near Consett and with real blazing fires in the waiting-room and booking office; riding on a steam train and a tram; and exploring meticulously restored pit cottages with each interior depicting a different era from Victorian days to the 1930s.

During my visit I stayed at the Crest Motel in Croxdale, 3 miles outside Durham city. I was dependent on public transport and fortunately the area is well served by buses. A local taxi service is contracted to the hotel and transport to and from the station and Lumley Castle (about £1 and £2.50 each way respectively) was added to the hotel bill.

A weekend here costs £34.95 per person sharing a twin/double room; if there are in addition three children under 14 their accommodation in one room is free, though meals must be paid for. The weekend package includes two nights' accommodation, two breakfasts and two dinners (with the option of one dinner at the medieval banquet).

There is ample car-parking space attached to the hotel, which has a restaurant, bar and eight bedrooms (without private bath) in the main building and a single-storey annexe with 46 bedrooms with bath. The hotel complex is in a rural setting and my room looked out on to fields and woods.

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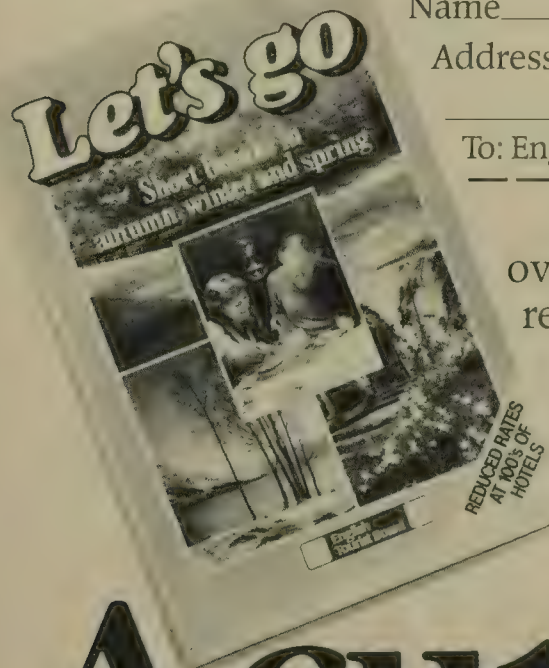
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Observing the Sun

by Patrick Moore

To us, the Sun is the most important body in the universe; it sends us virtually all our light and heat. Without it we could not exist for a moment; indeed, the Earth itself would never have come into being. Yet even though it is so close to us on the astronomical scale—a mere 93 million miles on average—there is still a great deal about it that we do not know. Studies of the Sun are not nearly so straightforward as used to be thought a few decades ago.

Solar research involves using equipment of specialized kind. Much the largest solar telescope in the world has been set up at Kitt Peak, near Tucson in Arizona, and it is from here that many results of outstanding importance are being obtained.

The story of the Kitt Peak Observatory began as long ago as 1950, when the National Science Foundation was considering setting up a new major astronomical research centre. High altitude above sea level is usually an advantage and more than 50 sites were examined. Kitt Peak seemed to have many advantages. Its height is of the order of 7,000 feet; weather conditions are usually good, and Tucson is not far off, though the distance is great enough for the city lights to be unobtrusive. There were, of course, many points to be settled. Kitt Peak is in the reserve of the Papago Indians, and the sacred mountain Baboquivari is regarded by them as the centre of the entire universe, while the gods live in caves nearby. After prolonged negotiations, everything was settled; the observatory acquired the lease, with a firm guarantee that the sacred caves would never be disturbed—a promise which will most certainly be kept.

The first dome on Kitt Peak was erected in 1958, and others have followed. Today there are 17, containing powerful optical telescopes: reflectors of 24, 36, 50, 84 and 90 inches aperture, and finally the great 158 inch telescope, which is one of the largest in the world and unquestionably one of the best. The solar telescope is quite different, and at first sight it does not look like a telescope at all; it gives the impression of being a huge, white, inclined tunnel. Its whole design is revolutionary, but it has well and truly proved its worth.

The upper mirror, 80 inches in diameter, is called the heliostat. It can be rotated; it catches the Sun's light, and directs the rays down a 600 foot tunnel in a fixed direction. At the bottom of the tunnel is another mirror, 60 inches in diameter, which is curved, and which reflects the rays back up the tunnel to "half way house", where there is a flat mirror which sends the rays down through a hole into the solar laboratory, where the analyses are made. The great advantage of this arrangement is that

the sunlight always arrives at the same point, and so the heavy analytical apparatus does not have to move at all; indeed, the only movable mirror in the whole telescope is the upper heliostat.

Generally, solar telescopes are not of this size, because so far as the Sun is concerned there is plenty of light available; the Kitt Peak instrument is considerably larger than any other solar telescope in the world, and there are considerable advantages. The Sun's image is almost 3 feet in diameter, and there is so much light that it can be spread out into a very long spectrum. With other "tower telescopes", with upper rotating heliostats, the tunnels are usually vertical; but with the 600 foot Kitt Peak tunnel this would involve an inconveniently great height, which is why it has been set at an angle (even so, the heliostat is 100 feet above the ground). There is a cable-car inside the tunnel, and riding up and down is easier than negotiating the dozens of steps!

The Sun is a star. The temperature of the bright surface or photosphere is about 6,000° Centigrade, while near the core the temperature rises to the incredible value of about 14 million degrees; the solar energy is produced by nuclear processes—basically, hydrogen is being converted into helium, with the release of energy and loss of mass. The Sun loses about 4 million tons per second, though fortunately there will be no major change in output for at least 5,000 million years. By stellar standards the Sun is only middle-aged.

Darker patches, known as sunspots, are often seen on the surface. They are centres of considerable magnetic fields, sometimes 3,000 to 5,000 times as powerful as the magnetic field of the Earth. Yet rather surprisingly, the Sun's general magnetic field is negligible, and is merely made up of the fragments of the magnetic fields of sunspot groups that have disappeared (no spot lasts for more than a few months, and many persist for only a few days or even less). Investigations of the magnetic properties of the Sun form an important part of the solar research at Kitt Peak, and here the great size and light-grasp of the telescope is a major factor.

Today Kitt Peak is regarded as the national observatory of the United States, and Tucson is fast becoming the astronomical centre of the world. As has been emphasized by the British-born director, Dr Geoffrey Burbidge, visiting astronomers from all countries have about half the observing time with the major telescopes. In the future it is hoped to add new great instruments—perhaps optical reflectors of 300 to 500 inches aperture. At any rate, Kitt Peak is certain to remain in the forefront of astronomical research—even though the Papago Indians were mistaken in their belief that the sacred mountain close by is the centre of the entire universe ●

Thirty years on

by Ursula Robertshaw

1950, the year before the Festival of Britain: Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed* was produced for the first time; "C'est si bon" was one of the year's pop songs; *All About Eve* won an Academy Award; and Festival Ballet, as it was called then, made its debut in October, at the Stoll Theatre.

In the ensuing years the company has earned a place in the affections of dance lovers, not least for its indomitable touring policy, and its reputation has steadily grown. It has surmounted a series of financial crises and, more recently, a palace revolution. Now it has its own base, close by the Albert Hall, and a new artistic director, John Field, who took over last November after the departure of Beryl Grey.

The 30th season at Festival Hall illustrated his declared aim of encouraging new talent from within the company, and among the novelties were a first ballet, *1914*, by Michael Pink, Geoffrey Cauley's *Metamorphoses* to a Richard Strauss score, and Barry Moreland's *Journey to Avalon*, danced to Peter Maxwell Davies's *Missa super l'homme armé*.

The Moreland work, which was the most ambitious, had provisionally been titled simply *The Armed Man*; perhaps the choreographer himself felt that a clue or two would not come amiss, but even as it was those who were not sure if Avalon was a ski resort in Scotland or an American pop singer, and who had not read the programme notes, would hardly have guessed that the work was all about King Arthur. For although it contains inventive choreography, particularly for Kenn Wells as the bastard Mordred, making the most of steps which well illustrated a slithy, villainous traitor—even if the motives for his beastliness were left obscure—as an attempt to encapsulate the Arthurian legend the work fails.

It opens with an over-long episode with Arthur (Jay Jolley, dancing strongly and looking handsome) and the Lady of the Lake (Manola Asensio), and these two also end the ballet. Excalibur makes the third in these *pas de trois*, but there are only a limited number of things you can do with a sword without hurting yourself and Moreland does them all, several times over. The relationship between Arthur and Guinevere (Mary McKendry, one of LFB's promising young dancers), and Guinevere and Lancelot (Jonathan Kelly), which should have depicted sacred and profane love, was inadequately differentiated. Merlin featured in the programme and we waited his entrance with impatience—only to discover that we had missed it: he was that dark shape rushing across the stage in dark tatters on two occasions. I muddled him up with the "invisible" *kurogo*-like

assistants who manipulated the curtains behind which various acts of love took place. If the intention is to present some kind of narrative content, or to comment on a legend, the choreographer's characterization and grasp of dramatic shape needs to be firmer than this.

1914 was rather better. Set to Dimitri Kabalevsky's haunting and tuneful *Spring* this was basically a *pas de deux* for Patricia Ruanne and Jay Jolley, in which the girl at first rejects then comes to terms with the knowledge that her soldier lover has been killed in the war. The choreography well expresses at first ecstasy and delight, then grief and despair. A few infelicities need banishment: the girl's mother and father are introduced solely to prove the Soldier is a ghost—they cannot see him. Some other way should be devised to make this point and avoid the introduction of two extraneous, non-dancing roles. And the Soldier, dancing like a live lover, suddenly gets an attack of stomach cramps, indicating he has been shot; then he stands rigid with limp arms and stony face (perhaps he is dead but won't lie down?), then he seems to come to life again at his sweetheart's kiss. As Lady Bracknell complained of Bunbury, he really should make up his mind if he is going to live or to die; this shillyshallying is not only confusing, it is ridiculous.

But Michael Pink can compose expressively and he deserved the encouragement of production.

Metamorphoses was first seen in March this year. It is one of many ballets set in a rehearsal room with the *barre* running round the sides. The focus is Patricia Ruanne, in body tights (that make her appear naked) and a state of angst. There is a corps of 11 girls, Freya Dominic and Michael Pink form a pair, and Matz Skoog is an off-and-on partner for Ruanne. There is no plot—this is a ballet of mood, and that mood dreamy and rather sad. The movements, too, are often slow and dreamlike, but if metamorphosis implies a change from one state into another the word in its plural form is a misnomer for what these dances portray; the feeling of sustained melancholy persists throughout. But *Metamorphoses* is accomplished, good to look at and was extremely well performed. I would only quarrel with the changing projections of various bits of anatomy which enlivened the screens that bounded the set. One was distracted by trying to work out what was what, and whose.

In its 30th year LFB is looking good. It has some excellent dancers, some others who look most promising, a corps that is both tidy and rather prettier than the Royal Ballet's, and a repertory that, while it is still weighted with crowd-pullers such as *The Nutcracker*, shows signs of trying new things. The company also has perhaps the best new production of the last few years: Peter Schaufuss's fine *La Sylphide* ●



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Insurers get tough

by John Gaselee

Most insurance companies, not content with increasing the rates of premium which they charge to insure the buildings and contents of private houses, have also been taking a much tougher line on paying out money in cases where householders were underinsured—whether deliberately or accidentally.

Most insurers calculate the premium they charge as a percentage of the sum insured. They stipulate that the insurance must be for the full value of the property, even though it is unlikely that any fire would result in the complete destruction of the house. Similarly if thieves get into your home it is most unlikely that they will take everything—although there have been occasions when thieves disguised as furniture removers have stripped houses bare.

Clearly, it is in the interests of insurers for their customers to avoid being underinsured, otherwise the insurers will not receive the premium which they reckon they need. Various measures have been taken to prevent underinsurance. Some years ago the Provincial Insurance Company introduced index linking—which subsequently has been taken up by many other insurers. Here the principle is that the insured value increases in line with a suitable index. For houses this may be an index of building costs; for household contents either the Retail Prices Index (generally known as the cost-of-living index) may be used, or an index reflecting the increase in price of durable household goods. Neither is ideal but for all practical purposes either should be adequate.

Index linking is not the complete solution to insurers' problems. In the first place it will provide an adequate sum insured only if that sum was adequate at the outset; otherwise, of course, the index linking will simply magnify the shortfall in cover. Second, index linking takes no account of improvements or extensions to houses, or the acquisition of new household contents. In theory, therefore, besides the index linking, there should be an arbitrary increase in the sum insured from time to time. That is particularly important in the case of household contents which are insured on a new-for-old basis. Here, apart from clothes and household linen, in the event of the complete loss or destruction of an item its full replacement cost will be paid, irrespective of its current value.

Increasingly a penalty is being introduced which applies at the claims stage if there has been underinsurance. The technical term for this is the average clause—although some insurers adopt different terms, intended to convey the particular meaning of the condition. Basically, its effect is that, in the event of a claim being made, if there is underinsurance the amount of the claim will be scaled down proportionally.

The British Insurance Association, which represents most insurance companies, commissioned the Building Cost Information Service of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors to publish a guide to help the public. Based on this the association has issued a free leaflet which is available through some insurers, Citizens' Advice Bureaux, or direct from the BIA at Aldermar House, Queen Street, London EC4.

The guide gives a suggested sum insured per square foot of floor area, dependent on the type of house (whether terraced, detached or semi-detached, or detached or semi-detached bungalow), its age, whether it counts as being large, medium or small, and its location. An additional sum must be added for separate garages, special architectural features, swimming pools, garden walls, fences and drainage.

It would be much simpler if, as with motor insurance, insurers did not need an insured value. One or two companies have taken this approach, and others may follow. For instance, a few years ago the Northern Star Insurance Company introduced a policy without a sum insured—and thus there was no risk of a claim being scaled down because of underinsurance. The premium is calculated according to floor area and is increased from time to time to take account of higher building costs.

For household contents there is really no alternative to going round the house and pricing everything in every room—and not forgetting clothes, household linen, food in the kitchen and deep freezer. If the insurance is on a new-for-old basis it is the full cost of replacing everything which must be insured, although a deduction should be made in the case of clothes and household linen. With the older type of policy which makes a deduction from a claim for wear and tear some deduction from replacement costs can be made across the board.

It is not always easy for people living in bed-sitters or non-purpose-built flats to obtain cover on their possessions—especially when unauthorized access to the premises is relatively easy. Sometimes insurers insert a clause stating that they will not cover theft losses unless there has been forcible entry or exit.

An Oxford firm of brokers which specializes in the student market has a scheme with the Norwich Union for young professional people who are living in rooms or a flat on either a temporary or permanent basis. The protection is not as wide as that available under a normal household policy, but basic cover is provided at a reasonable cost. The scheme, arranged by E. Harrison, of Witney, is on a package basis, but additions can be made to it. Cover is provided for personal property against fire and theft, but it excludes cash, contact lenses and theft from an unattended vehicle. Items of value can be covered on "all risks" terms

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FOOD

Hidden delights

by Nicholas de Jongh

There are some restaurants in London which are well kept secrets, hidden by accident of location in the metropolitan vastness, their delights only communicated by word of mouth, or people who write food columns. This month I have visited two such places.

Pomegranates in Grosvenor Road is situated in a basement with signs upstairs to entice you down. Imagine an underground salon or a drawing room in exile and you will have an idea of its atmosphere—a hazy colour scheme of greens, beige and dark browns, with fawn settees, basket chairs, Art Deco lamps and gilt mirrors.

The tables are set reasonably apart and the service is exceptional, swift but not over-attentive. An additional convenience for executives is a mobile telephone, no wires attached, which reaches all parts of the restaurant.

Pomegranates' menu is, refreshingly, a hybrid. There are dishes from China, Scandinavia, Indonesia, Russia and Mexico, Wales and England. The list of hors d'oeuvres is particularly lush and we were given a selection: smoked salmon and dill sauce, washed down with a glass of schnapps; burek, which consists of little pastry parcels filled with spinach and fetta cheese; beef satay—strips of beef grilled on satay sticks with peanut sauce; and finally *Pastelitos de Gambas*, giant prawns marinated in almond and mayonnaise sauce.

These were all delicate and delicious; the dill sauce takes away some of the smoked salmon's astringency and the peanut sauce combined with tender beef, although it sounds unappetizing, tastes very well. This selection of hors d'oeuvres excludes house specialities like Lebanese pâté made with sesame seed, lemon juice and aubergine, a cheese pâté with port and brandy, and an iced soup of watercress and mint.

The main course menu is just as various, with wild duck, Malaysian chicken, giant prawns and crabs. We chose Malaysian chicken at £4 which was hot, dry and appealing and an equally pleasant *Rond de gigot* at £4.80; there was a choice of superb vegetables at £1.20. There was also Chinese chicken with pineapple (£3.70); *Empanadas*, an Argentinian dish which resembles a most superior Cornish pasty, made with fillet steak and herbs (£3.20); and *Kemangi*, spicy meat balls served with home-made lemon chutney and rice (£3.40).

As the honey and cognac ice cream (£1.50) had all gone, we selected raspberry sorbet with *crème de cassis*, and lime and mango water ices. These were exceptionally good. The house wine—excellent—a £1 cover and a 15 per cent service charge and VAT can bring the average meal for two to £30: but Pomegranates is a gourmet's

pleasure-dome.

Granby's in the Royal Horseguards Hotel in Whitehall Court, though it is only a few hundred yards down the road from Trafalgar Square, is well off the usual restaurant circuit, hidden in the vastness of official Whitehall. Whitehall Court was built in the style of a French château in the mid 19th century, and the north end of the building still houses the National Liberal Club. In the First World War the eighth floor of the hotel was used by the Secret Service and in the Second the British government commandeered the entire building: the Russian embassy was on the fifth floor and, hard to believe in these tense days, the American embassy was close by on the sixth. Granby's reeks of history and grandeur. It is rather like a gentleman's club.

The menu, like the place, is a vast edifice. I was anxious to try Michel Guérard's *Cuisine Minceur*, which the menu says is acclaimed as "the healthy low-calorie alternative" to the traditional French addiction to cream and butter. I was not much taken with the *Salade à la geisha*, consisting of a tomato stuffed with crabmeat and tinned grapefruit accompanied by a salad which included grated carrot and bean sprouts. It was dry, and the grapefruit seemed misplaced. My companion, eating an appetizing plate of smoked salmon, was far more content. She next chose a sumptuous underdone fillet steak (£5.50); I tried another example of *Cuisine Minceur*—a grilled fillet of beef with what was described as a "cold marinade" blended from cucumber, green pepper, onion, tomato, gherkin, capers and white wine (£5.90). The beef was fine, but the marinade was no substitute for a good salad and I much preferred the *Confit bayaldi* which came as a consolation for lack of potatoes (£1.50). This consisted of courgettes, aubergines, mushrooms, tomatoes, onions and garlic, all baked together to delectable, mouthwatering effect. I could have had another *Minceur* course as dessert—fresh fruit tossed in sweet red wine and served with mint leaves (£1.75) but decided to go the way of fatness with a concoction including a biscuit base, stuffed with ice cream and banana and decorated with cream (£1.50): pleasant if not outstanding.

The menu includes a set lunch for £6.95 which takes in cover charge and VAT, and a dinner for £7.95 inclusive. These are outstanding value. A meal for two, à la carte, may cost as much as £35, but Granby's is a place for an occasion. It also boasts, for fine-weather lunchtimes, a secluded open-air section within yards of the river Thames.

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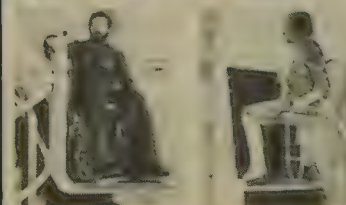
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Hamlet in the French style

by Margaret Davies

It was inevitable that Buxton, a music festival with a strong literary flavour which last year chose Sir Walter Scott as its theme, would find Shakespeare an irresistible subject. His plays have furnished some hundreds of *libretti*, yet scarcely a handful of the operas composed around them are performed today. Apart from Verdi's three Shakespearian masterpieces, few others deserve to survive. Londoners may remember a version of *Hamlet* staged at Covent Garden a few years ago—at least they will remember the subject—but so great was the composer's respect for the play that his music remained firmly in the background, doomed to be forgotten when the curtain fell. But there is another *Hamlet*, by a French composer who recognized a good story and was not afraid to adapt it to his own ends, though it might come as a shock to dedicated Shakespearians.

Ambroise Thomas, whose best, if not only, known work today is *Mignon*, had a string of successful *opéras-comiques* behind him before he composed his *Hamlet* for the Paris Opéra, where it was first given in 1868. It was an immediate success and stayed in the repertory for 70 years. Surprisingly, since the 1860s were the years of Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* and Verdi's *Don Carlos*, when spectacle was the order of the day, *Hamlet* is not a work that lends itself to large-scale staging, though the score does include the obligatory ballet (cut in Buxton) favoured by Parisian audiences. In reducing Shakespeare's play to a manageable length Thomas's librettists, Carré and Barbier, sacrificed much of the exploration of Hamlet's character to create a more personal drama, concentrated on the mutual love of Hamlet and Ophelia.


The opera opens, unfamiliarly, with the marriage of Claudius and Gertrude and ends with Hamlet's accession to the throne after he has killed Claudius. The tragic love story having taken precedence over the psychological drama, his survival after Ophelia's death is the more poignant. In spite of cuts the essential framework of the play remains: the battlements scene and the appearance of the Ghost, the players, Claudius at prayer, Hamlet with Gertrude, Ophelia's madness and the Grave-diggers. Apart from the love motif, "*Doute de la lumière*" based on "Doubt thou the stars are fire", one of the finest melodies in the score which is heard a number of times, there are powerful arias for Hamlet, one marking his first scene with the Ghost and a drinking song heralding the arrival of the players. The crowd scenes, which provide a modest excuse for spectacle, occur in the first two and last two acts; the central act, which is the crux of the drama, is taken up with "To be or not to be" and

the superbly written scene for Hamlet and Gertrude.

Malcolm Fraser's excellent production, with designs by John Gunter and Fay Conway and lighting by Nick Chelton, set the action in the late 19th century and combined visual simplicity with a high level of dramatic tension. The battlements and the water swirling round the drowning Ophelia were imaginatively created by means of lighting alone. Elsewhere minimal scenery conveyed the enclosed atmosphere in the castle at Elsinore, and huge puppets lent added menace to the play. Anthony Hose's conducting revealed the many gems in this too long neglected score, last performed in this country in 1910.

It was sung in French at Buxton by the largely British cast. Thomas Allen's performance in the title role was a *tour de force*. It is no mean feat for a singer to tackle the part most coveted by every actor and portray it with such poetry and sensitivity as well as sustaining, through his singing, Hamlet's complex character and changing moods. It was a deeply felt and strongly projected performance. Josephine Veasey's Gertrude was sung with accomplishment and Christine Barbaux's clear, bright soprano was not taxed by the coloratura demands of Ophelia's mad aria—it was a touching portrayal but without much depth. Donald Maxwell sang soundly as the Ghost and Grave-digger and Paul Hudson was a tense Claudius.

Another festival rediscovery was Haydn's *La fedeltà premiata*, which owed its success at Glyndebourne to John Cox's ingenious production. By staging it as a country house entertainment he provided an elegant framework for the series of arias which derive from a maze of amorous intrigues whose very artificiality negates the emotions expressed in the music. In support of this light-hearted approach the conductor, Simon Rattle, drew effervescent playing from the LPO, and the singers switched back and forth with ease from their roles as guests to their parts in the charade. John Rawnley and Linda Zoghby revelled in the extravagant excesses of Perruchetto and Amaranta; Kate Flowers was a vivacious Nerina and James Atherton a stylish Lindoro; and Evelyn Petros and Max-René Cosotti endowed Celia and Fileno with the right degree of emotional intensity.

In a season unusually rich in productions of *The Magic Flute*, Glyndebourne had the last word with its pictorially enchanting version designed by David Hockney which, although it presented a naïve view of the work, treated its deeper implications seriously. New to the cast were Ryland Davies's ardent, purposeful Tamino, Stephen Dickson's well sung but not strongly characterized Papageno, Norma Burrowes's warmly personified and clearly projected Pamina and Rita Shane's venomous Queen of the Night. 

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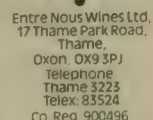
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The cult of Brecht

by J. C. Trewin

There must always be cults; and for year upon year now critics and directors, men of goodwill, have sought to persuade us that Bertolt Brecht is a great dramatist. It has been a stern fight, hardly rewarding, though Brecht's work—and he was certainly prolific—has been constantly revived and his theories paraded. Doubtless it was inevitable that the National Theatre should turn to *The Life of Galileo*, a long trudge through the career of a subversive genius denounced for heresy because of his view of the solar system.

Usually this has seemed to be a journey across a flat plain with here and there an unexpected rise. But at the Olivier John Dexter's treatment of *Galileo* is so good that the play seems to be better than it is. Though we cannot escape from those expository passages—simplification is vexation—the casting can solve several difficulties. Michael Gambon, unlikely choice of protagonist, immediately establishes Galileo the man, his intellectual force, his human defects, and bears us with him beyond public humiliation to that strange private victory. For that matter, on past record I would never have cast Stephen Moore as the Cardinal In-

quisitor, inflexible in purpose and here chillingly in key.

No one in this big National company falters. By his swift guidance, and in Jocelyn Herbert's décor, Mr Dexter keeps us from dwelling on the poverty of the text. The scene for which the piece is most generally remembered keeps its impact: the transformation of Pope Urban VIII, growing from a man into a symbol as he is invested in the Papal robes. But the night must be, overwhelmingly, Michael Gambon's.

Similarly, in another Brecht play, his first, *Baal*, written long before *Galileo*, Ben Kingsley rules an RSC production at the Warehouse. The choice of so wretched a piece had puzzled me. Mr Kingsley and his director, David Jones, manage to give some true theatrical feeling to the progress of an alleged poet, a ruthless boor, through a nightmare world of the wind and the rain. If nothing can justify Brecht's chaos, at least we can see, as in *Galileo*, how a writer can be fortified.

Unluckily there was too little fortification in a revival, by the Horseshoe Theatre Company, of J. B. Priestley's *I Have Been Here Before* at the Old Vic. Brecht has been glorified, Priestley diminished. Though not the best of the time-plays, this narrative, set in a Yorkshire inn and based on the theory of recur-

rence, can develop so compellingly and emotionally that I was grieved to find a merely laborious performance.

Certainly, players at the Open Air Theatre responded to Shaw's fable, *Androcles and the Lion*, even if it was not really a sound idea to present in the bar area behind the auditorium those central scenes backstage at the Roman Colosseum. This had to be cramped and complicated. Maybe I am prejudiced against the fashionable idea of "promenade" production. Acting was first-rate, especially by Philippa Gail and Bernard Bresslaw as two types of potential martyr; James Cairncross, in thorough control of the Emperor; Chris Harris who had—Shaw's miscalculation—to use baby-talk to the lion; and Stephen Brigden as the lion itself, articulate in every growl and grunt.

The dear creature was rather more expressive than most of the people—with one cascading exception—in Nigel Williams's *Line 'Em* (Cottesloe). This is about a picket-line of strikers outside a closed factory on the Thames marshes, apparently a month or two into the future. When a squad of soldiers arrives to get the gates open, a straggling piece begins to tighten. The end is inconclusive; I had been baffled much earlier by a dreary torrent of obscenities in the "realistic" dialogue.

It is a relief to leave this shuddery occasion and to think of the Aldwych *Othello*, Ronald Eyre's production from Stratford, 1979, with some passages sensibly reconsidered. All said, the revival lives for Donald Sinden's Othello who never betrays that early phrase—a natural quotation, I think, but often curiously overlooked—"I fetch my life and being/From men of royal siege". The growth of jealousy is subtly judged. Bob Peck's capable Iago is not especially enthralling; but Suzanne Bertish wisely makes Desdemona more than the usual milky junket of a girl.

Nikolai Erdman's *The Suicide* (Warehouse), a Russian comedy from 1930, never acted in Moscow for political reasons, depends upon the resource of Roger Rees as he copes with an accumulation of repetitive incident. Will the unemployed man shoot himself, or not? Of course he won't, but the dramatist runs on in misplaced enthusiasm. Finally, the inventive *Writer's Cramp* (Hampstead), by John Byrne, lets us into the imagined life of an appalling Scottish author-of-all-work called McDade. He is principally talented as a man of begging letters, each with detailed postscript. Managed relishingly by Bill Paterson from youth to death, he is at the heart of a posthumous cult rather less extensive than Brecht's ●

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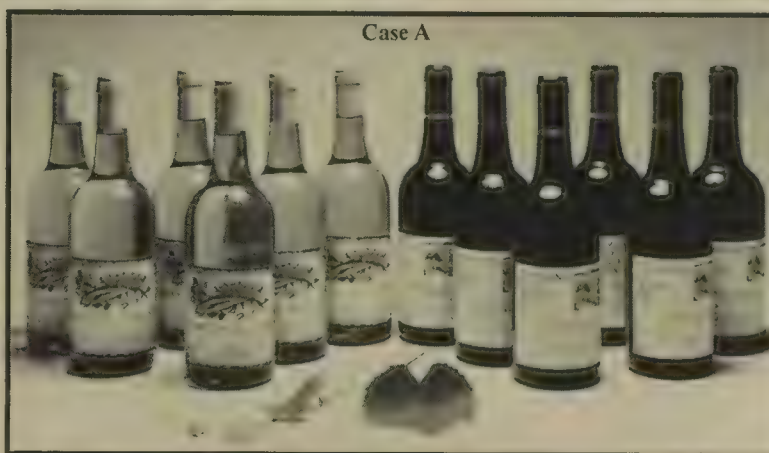
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Peta Fordham

To produce, at this moment, a wine offer which is really helpful to the readership means having a definite objective in view. The market has become chaotic because of inflation, and been flooded with lower-priced (and graded) wines, which are sometimes good but sometimes, unfortunately, indifferent to poor; and it is by no means easy to discover value or consistency from the label. In the classical field there have been enormous and not always justified price increases. The thinking behind this, judging by talks I have had recently with producers, is that there will always be a market for the top growths, which is possibly true though wine merchants whose sales have been affected will not agree. What is certain is that those of us who love wine and require it to be sound and reliable at an honest price find things confusing.

This offer aims to fill two gaps. The inexpensive case provides examples—one red, one white—of sound, well made table wine which can be offered confidently to any guest. The white Blanc de Blancs, a splendid "fish" wine, is fruity and crisp and certainly good enough to double as an unpretentious aperitif, with 11° alcohol. As a general all-purpose accompaniment to a light dish it is well above its class.

The red Domaine des Bories 1978 has impressed me very favourably. Amazingly full for its 11°, it is made by M Bories-Azeau, who is interested only in producing a good wine, mainly from "noble" roots, and does not merely increase the alcohol. It comes from his vineyard near Narbonne. As a consistent, full table wine for many purposes it is hard to beat.

In the more expensive case we think we have found quite outstanding value. As Muscadet is a popular wine of its type we looked for a good example, which is not always easy as the Loire is prone to suffer in some districts where damage to the flowering is all too common. The Muscadet de Sèvre et Maine, Ch le Jaunay 1979, is nicely balanced and crisp: it is light in style and, like all its companions from the region, needs

thorough chilling to bring out its best. Muscadet is the perfect accompaniment to sea food. (If you can spare a drop, marinate prawns for a cocktail in it.) I found it good with fish in a creamy sauce as its acidity "cut" the richness.

The Ch Marcelin Laffitte 1979 is a very fine example of the Appellation Bordeaux Sec Contrôlée. It is smoothly dry, with a lasting, long finish and comes from a vineyard of high repute which dates from 1820. Built on the best, chalky-clay soil of Gabarnac, it is planted with the country's finest *cépages*. Both owners, Pierre Dulou and Patrick Maes, have degrees in oenology and their wines, lively and full-bodied, collect numerous medals. (This particular example won the Bronze from the Concours Général Agricole de Paris this year.) I tried it out successfully with a type of Chicken Kiev.

Ch Lyssandre 1978 comes from a small vineyard at Branne and is made with 70 per cent Merlot and 30 per cent Cabernet, which produces a smooth, very agreeable dry wine for a "youngster", well advanced.

We have also included a Beaujolais, Ch de Bel-Air 1979, to represent this delicious vintage and there is no need to emphasize the versatility of this wine.

But the star performers of the case must be the Burgundies. The Chablis 1^{er} Cru "Vaillons" 1978 is a real find. It is made on a small estate by M René Dauvissat, his wife, son and two local men and has all the virtues of a wine made by family care. With Chablis at a wildly inflated price this is real value, the colour, bouquet and finish all combining to make the true classical wine which is now so difficult to come by. And, finally, an old friend, a red 1^{er} Cru from Montheilie, the tiny district that can produce outstanding wine which is in great demand in France, with the result that there is not much to spare for export. We included this wine, Les Champs Fulliots, from another year in a previous offer with great success. This 1976 is even better: here is a truly noble wine for the Christmas dinner.

A moral tale

by Michael Billington

The trouble with films about the rock industry is that they always tell the same story: the meteoric rise to stardom, the declension into exploited zombie. *Breaking Glass*, a new British movie written and directed by TV's Brian Gibson, proves in fact that *The Rose* by any other name would smell as sour: for this is the home-made equivalent of the Bette Midler film which showed a bright female star being marketed and machine-tooled by the Machiavellis of the rock world.

To be fair, Gibson's film does earn credit by starting almost literally at rock-bottom and showing the heroine, Kate, as a back-alley anarchist sticking up posters by night for her own little ruined band. A zealous young record-pusher, Danny, offers to promote her. They bring together a new band, play sleazy pubs where young Fascists gather round the billiard table, and finally break into the Big Time. But students of the genre can safely predict what happens next: the recording smoothies move in, Danny is edged out by a dandy tycoon in black, and Kate is transformed from a rough-edged protest singer into a Bowie-like robot swathed in glittery production values.

A moral tale: the rock equivalent of *A Star is Born*. Indeed it strikes me that it ill behoves the film business to attack the music world for doing what it often does itself, and it will be fascinating to see whether Hazel O'Connor, a 24-year-old telephone operator catapulted into stardom as Kate, will be able to withstand the pressures that now surround her. With her pale face, circular-saw voice and Wurzel Gummidge straw-coloured hair, she certainly comes across on screen as a distinctive personality, and she also holds her own against more practised performers like Phil Daniels as her ferret-looking manager and Jonathan Pryce as a dedicated, deaf, junkie saxophonist.

But, although the film is well performed and slickly made, it never really rises above the clichés of the genre. Stephen Poliakoff in his play, *American Days*, caught infinitely better the bland opulence of the record producers, the new Princes of Denmark Street. And there is something a bit pop-tabloid about Mr Gibson's notion of a Britain always on strike with only rotting plastic bags, young Fascists and cockatoo-haired punks to be seen on the streets. It is good to find a native film that is at least proficient. But isn't it time our movie-makers got out and about a bit and realized there is infinitely more to discover in modern Britain than rock, punk and crime?

While we are asking rhetorical questions, how many more times is Hollywood going to remake that old Damon Runyon story about the mis-

anthropic bookmaker who finds himself saddled with a small female child as security? *Little Miss Marker* is the fourth version of the 1932 story but at least this one has something special going for it: Walter Matthau. The great Matthau is Sorrowful Jones, the bookmaker in question, to the life, and his particular gift is for being utterly convincing both as the lugubrious world-weary and as the surrogate daddy. Looking after the child for a night he hurls her venomously on to his bed with a cry of "Stop botherin' me"; yet he also pulls off a potentially excruciating moment where he has to thrust his face between the bars of a cot and apologize to the mite for not telling her that her father is dead.

Matthau is a W. C. Fields in whom there is a man of sentiment struggling to get out and this film gives us both halves of his split personality.

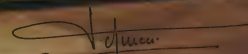
The rest of Walter Bernstein's film is only so-so. Julie Andrews, who always seems to get a bad press, struck me as truthful and touching as the widow who sees through Sorrowful's mask. But Tony Curtis as an intellectual hood and Bob Newhart as the bookie's sidekick are not given enough to do. More crucially still, if you take Runyon's stories without Runyon's baroque-slang prose you lose a lot of the essential fun. "Nobody likes a chatterbox" is not really a substitute for "Nobody likes a gabby doll" and the Runyonesque contrast between street-smart language and fairy tale happenings is somewhat lost in the cinema.

In short, *Little Miss Marker* is a bit lacking in real style and flavour; but to anyone (and I include myself) who relishes the sight of Matthau charging down a street in his underpants like a bad-tempered moose the film certainly offers momentary rewards.

It is, without doubt, several cuts above another American product, *Caddyshack*, which aims for the rude, crude, ramshackle humour of something like the phenomenally successful *National Lampoon's Animal House*. This is part of the new American cult of the dire, the worship of the juvenile. The peg here is a thin story about a high-school senior who takes a job as a caddie in the hope of winning a golf scholarship that will take him to university. What follows is a pitched battle between, in the publicity handout's words, slobs and snobs. The slobs win hands down with jokes about breaking wind, excrement, self-abuse and what have you. But it is all acted with such eye-popping frenzy (an exception is the veteran Henry Wilcoxon putting in a good appearance as a golf-crazed bishop) and directed by Harold Ramis with such ineptitude that you eventually begin to side with the snobs. Bad taste is fine. But it has to be done, as Billy Wilder has repeatedly proved, with immaculate style. ●



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Not just a pretty flower

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The autumn crocus or meadow saffron, *Colchicum autumnale*, is not just a pretty flower. There is much more to it than that, starting with the fact that it is not a crocus at all. It has six stamens instead of three and other botanical differences. There are true crocuses that flower in the autumn including the saffron crocus, *C. sativus*, and there are colchicums that flower at other times of year, but the largest ones, which are luckily the easiest to grow, all appear in autumn.

Colchicums are named after Colchis in Asia minor. They are members of the lily family and have all the beauty that this leads us to expect, but there is something a little sinister about them. They have always had a reputation for being poisonous, particularly to cattle, although E. A. Bowles wrote that cattle normally avoid eating them.

In recent years an astonishing fact has been discovered about colchicine extracted from *Colchicum autumnale*, which is that it can affect other plants. It causes abnormal behaviour of the cells so that they do not divide properly and the chromosome numbers are doubled. If this happens to the cells in a growing point the plant may produce a freak tetraploid sport or mutation. If it is

applied to a flower bud it affects the sexual cells and consequent seedlings may also be tetraploid and extraordinary in some way. The use of colchicine has already resulted in some exaggerated plant forms. Experts in the Chelsea Physic Garden tell me to warn readers on no account to attempt any experiments themselves since the extracts used are highly carcinogenic and should be handled only in laboratory conditions.

But do not let this deter you from growing colchicums, lovely flowers that gardeners have enjoyed for generations. The broad, handsome leaves start to unfold in February and make a pleasant contrast with daffodils and hellebores, but they take a long time dying and are at their largest, limp and yellow, swamping everything nearby, as late as June. This means that they must be put in some position where you grow winter and spring flowers. At all costs they must be kept well away from the roses and lilies and other flowers in your best border, where they would be like a death's-head at a feast.

Colchicum autumnale, a British native plant, was once a common sight in the west country and can be expected to do well. Several starry flowers, 6 inches high, spring from each corm and are usually pale purple, darkening to a deep, reddish purple, darker than any other

colchicum. Sometimes they are faintly chequered like the flowers of some fritillaries. There is a lovely white form *C.a. album*, and double forms of which *C.a. roseum plenum* can be recommended.

C. byzantinum has pale lilac flowers similar to those of *C. autumnale* but larger and more numerous, as many as 20 springing from the largest corms which have been compared with a clenched fist; it is a marvellous plant if you can endure the prolonged sight of giant dying leaves in summer. The leaves are 12-16 inches high and 6-8 inches across and so strongly ribbed that they look like those of a veratrum. The related *C. cilicicum* has many rosy lilac flowers, honey scented.

C. agrippinum is comparatively small and has less ebullient leaves. Its charm lies in the heavily chequered or tessellated flowers, purple on pink and white, in small square patches. It is possibly a garden hybrid. *C. speciosum* has the largest flowers. It was discovered in 1828 in the Middle East and introduced in 1850 and is almost tulip-like in appearance. This is the species from which most of the best hybrids are derived. They include the superb *C.s. album*, The Giant which is chequered. Violet Queen, Princess Astrid which is purple, the double rosy-lilac Waterlily, and Pink Goblet.

PARKS AND GARDENS IN CHINA

The Illustrated London News has arranged, with Study China Travel Ltd, a 19-day parks and gardens tour of China in 1981. China has over 3,000 years of gardening tradition and this tour gives an opportunity to see some of the most attractive Chinese gardens and to study their historical evolution. The party, which will be limited to 26, will be led by Nancy-Mary Goodall, the ILN's gardening correspondent.

The party will leave London on April 24, 1981, and fly by Swissair to Hong Kong for an overnight stay before moving to Guangzhou. The tour will include visits to the ancient city Suzhou, to see "The Humble Administrator's Garden" and "Pavilion of the Waves", two of the most famous gardens in China; to Guilin, the beauty spot of China in the centre of the spectacular tropical Karst scenery; to Peking, where the tour will stay for four days visiting the famous sites—and, in addition, there will be a special trip to the Summer Palace at Chengde. The party will return to London from Peking on May 13, 1981.

The total cost of the 19-day tour will be £1,500, inclusive of air fares and full board throughout China in good hotels with twin-bedded rooms.

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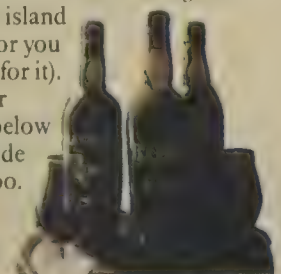
You'll find the people warm and courteous and the service in the hotels equally so. Many of Madeira's finest hotels have an opulence that recalls another age – gracious living is still alive and well.

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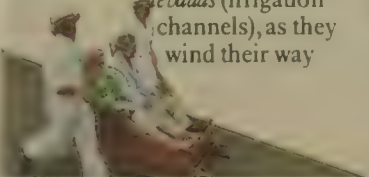
dishes are extraordinary – try *espada*, tunny fish steak or *caldeirada* (fish soup). Naturally, you'll head straight for some Madeira wine; the island's most famous export comes in many intriguing types, including *Sercial*, delicious cold as an aperitif.

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Double contrivances

by Jack Marx

It is naturally gratifying to have brought home a contract through the planned execution of some advanced manoeuvre in dummy-play, such as a squeeze or a reversed dummy. It must be doubly so when success has been contrived through a combination of two such.

♠ 73 Dealer South
♥ K J 84 Game All
♦ K Q 5
♣ K Q 9 5

♠ Q J 10 5 ♠ 9 6 4 2
♥ 9 6 3 ♥ A Q 10 5 2
♦ 10 3 ♦ J 9 8 2
♣ J 10 4 2 ♣ void

♠ A K 8
♥ 7
♦ A 7 6 4
♣ A 8 7 6 3

After an unopposed auction South had become declarer at a quite reasonable contract of Six Clubs and he won the lead of Spade Queen with his Ace. He saw that if trumps broke two-two the contract could be claimed forthwith; if three-one, the diamonds might break evenly or he might, for once, guess right in hearts.

But suppose trumps broke four-nought? If East had the four trumps nothing could be done, but if West had them all was not necessarily lost. With this possibility in mind, South played his Ace of trumps and was pleased in a sense, on East pitching a heart, that his foresight had been rewarded, if that is the right verb. Tackling the hearts, he could not of course guess right and East returned a small spade.

South won, played a trump to West's Ten and dummy's Queen, ruffed a small heart in hand, finessed dummy's Nine of trumps and led the third round of hearts to be ruffed with his own last trump. Entering dummy with Diamond King, he had arrived at this position:

♥ K
♦ Q 5
♣ Q

♠ J 10 ♥ A
♦ 10 ♦ J 9 8
♣ 10

♠ 8
♦ A 7 6

When West's last trump was drawn with dummy's Queen, East at that trick was faced with the choice of unguarding diamonds or parting with Heart Ace.

♠ A 4 Dealer West
♥ Q 5 3 Game All
♦ A 10 6 5
♣ K Q 6 4

♠ J 9 3 ♠ Q 10 8 2
♥ J 7 4 2 ♥ K 10 6
♦ J 8 3 ♦ K Q 9 7 4
♣ 10 9 3 ♣ 2

♠ K 7 6 5
♥ A 9 8
♦ 2
♣ A J 8 7 5

North-South arrived unopposed at

perhaps a rather too hopeful Six Clubs, since even the Heart King with West does not absolutely assure the contract.

North 1NT 2♦ 3♦ 5♣

South 2♣ 3♣ 3♠ 6♣

On the partnership's methods, South's Three Clubs was both natural and forcing after his first Stayman response. Though North's no-trump was minimum (15-17), he seemed to have the right cards to justify his jump to Five Clubs. South's last bid was in keeping with a naturally sanguine temperament. South won the lead of Club Ten with his Ace and returned Nine of Hearts. West promptly played small "without animation" and South, persuaded that he lacked the King, ran the trick to East's Ten. South won East's return of a small spade with his King and was now able to ruff all three of dummy's small diamonds in his own hand. He ended in dummy with this three-card position:

♥ Q 5
♣ K

♥ J 7 ♠ Q
♣ 9 ♥ K 6

♠ 7
♥ A 9

King of Clubs drew West's last trump and at the same time spelt out East's downfall.

This last hand is quoted in that admirable work *Adventures in Card Play*, a joint product by the Hungarian Geza Ottlik and the Scot Hugh Kelsey.

♠ K J 5 Dealer South
♥ 4 North-South
♦ A J 6 3 Game
♣ A Q 9 4 2

♠ 7 2 ♠ 10 9 6 4 3
♥ J 10 9 7 6 ♥ 2
♦ K 8 ♦ 10 9 5 2
♣ K J 10 8 ♣ 7 6 3

♠ A Q 8
♥ A K Q 8 5 3
♦ Q 7 4
♣ 5

Greed had led West to double South's chosen slam contract of Six hearts and honour demanded that he double again when South withdrew to Six No-trumps. South needed all the luck that was going and he duly seized it. He won West's lead of Club Jack with Queen, came to hand with Spade Ace, finessed Diamond Jack and cashed the Ace, dropping West's King. South is now in command of an "entry-shifting" position with the spade suit. When he now emerges with his Spade Eight West has to leave himself with no more than four hearts or no more than two clubs. In either case declarer can establish the suit with the loss of only one trick. According to West's choice of discard either Spade King or Jack is played from dummy to leave the entry for the set-up suit in the right hand. So far from being wasted, the fourth honour in spades is needed to provide flexibility to counteract difficult communications elsewhere ●



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Playing machines

by John Nunn

These days we hear a great deal about the potential of microprocessors in industry but in the field of chess the potential has been converted to reality in the last few years. In a remarkably short space of time a number of chess-playing machines have appeared on the market at a fairly reasonable price. I am frequently asked to give my opinion of their value so in this article I will survey the machines currently available and offer some necessarily subjective views on their merits.

In general such a machine contains a small keyboard for entering the player's moves, a one-line visual display for the output of the machine's moves and an ordinary chess set on which the player can follow the game. At the moment there are three major machines in the shops, namely Chess Challenger (which comes in several different varieties), Sargon 2.5 and the recent Chess System III/Chess Master. These differ in physical capabilities as well as in chess-playing ability and price.

Chess Challenger has several models, differently priced, but the most basic machine costs about £70. For more money one can have a version which speaks moves aloud (in a distinctly mechanical voice) or one with switches under the squares on the board so that a move made in the normal fashion is automatically entered into the device without any pressing of keys. Sargon 2.5 also has a version with an automatic board, but the basic machine costs about £280. One unique feature of this machine is that the programme is removable so that if a better programme is developed it can be used without buying a whole new machine. System III has a basic unit for about £150 but two accessories are available which plug in to the basic unit. These are a liquid crystal display of a chessboard on which the current position appears and a printer which can produce a score of the game and diagrams on a roll of paper. The complete system costs about £380.

In terms of chess-playing ability there is great variation between these machines, but basically the more you pay the better they play. However none of these machines is capable of beating, or even testing, an expert human player. Some of the advertising which has accompanied these machines has been rather misleading in this respect. Nevertheless they do have valuable uses. One of the great problems for beginners in chess is that of finding suitable opponents, since most players quickly tire of beating a beginner repeatedly and the beginner is likely to give up chess if he loses all the time! But a machine, with infinite patience, provides a more suitable opponent and since all these machines have several levels of play (naturally the machine takes longer to

play a move on the higher levels) a beginner can gradually improve until he can eventually beat the machine at its highest level. For this purpose one of the less sophisticated machines is adequate and one of the cheaper Chess Challengers is a good buy. System III and the more expensive Chess Challengers play at a somewhat higher level, but to pay £380 for the complete System III, which is capable of overlooking a mate in one by its opponent, seems rather a lot to me. In terms of chess ability Sargon 2.5 is well ahead of its rivals. At tournament play speeds (about two minutes for each move) this machine will play at a British grade of about 130-140 (medium club standard) and so can give the average player a good game, although it does play somewhat more weakly in the endgame. However all chess machines suffer from this flaw.

Prospective customers aiming at the upper end of the market should seriously consider another alternative. In the last few years cheap microcomputers have become available and it is possible to buy one of these and a chess programme to run on it. For example a Tandy TRS-80 microcomputer costs about £440 and needs to be attached to a domestic TV and cassette recorder. Then the Sargon II programme (far and away the best microcomputer programme) only costs £20. Surprisingly the Sargon 2.5 machine and the corresponding Sargon II microcomputer programme do differ. The machine seems to be slightly stronger but on the other hand it will not underpromote in any circumstances whereas the programme will, although both accept underpromotion by the opponent. If one has a microcomputer then it is possible to buy for £10-20 programmes for draughts, backgammon, space invaders and so on to run on the same machine. Those with more diverse interests can, with the addition of suitable programmes and hardware, process accounts, assemble VAT returns and efficiently solve many business problems. Other popular microcomputers are the CBM Pet and the Apple but it is important to check that a Sargon II programme is available for these since programmes are not transferable from one make of microcomputer to another.

It is a measure of the advance of microelectronics that these small and relatively cheap machines outperform the chess programmes of the largest computers of a decade ago. Today a computer world champion is still a long way off although the best programmes run on the most powerful available machines have reached strong county level (British grade about 190) and at speed chess they are of International Master standard. It is hard to predict the future in this area but I would expect to see the first computer grandmaster in about 15 years from now. Humans watch out! ●

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